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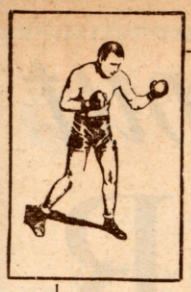

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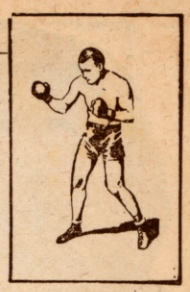

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The general conception of a fighter in the old days was that of a good mixer who passed into the pan handle class once his fighting days were over. But while that may have been true in the bare-knuckle period, the tendency in later years was to save for the "rainy day." Harry Harris, the "Hairpin bantam" and Frank Erne, lightweight king, were among those who have done as well in business as they did in fisticuffs. Read about the career of these two stars of a quarter of a century ago, who are now "big shots" in a new field.

You've heard of brothers in fisticuffs and brothers in wrestling but how many of you are aware that there is a family of seven boys all of whom are wrestlers? Jackie Farrell's story on, "Seven brothers — All Wrestlers", will tell you all about them.

"Nicknames, and how they are acquired", is the subject of an interesting article by Wilbur Wood.

Those who have been following the splendid wrestling stories by America's oldest active sports writer, A. D. Phillips, will have as their next chapter in his series on the history of the sport in America, "From Milo to Londos," the story of the famous Hackenschmidt-Gotch match.

These in addition to fiction by that superb writer, Daniel M. Daniel, and contributions by Nat Fleischer, "Tex" Austin, Joe Humphreys and Arthur Lumley.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Bare Facts About BAER

WITH the coming of spring the fight fan's fancy turns to heavyweights. Particularly, those few big fellows who will appear in the major acts of the summer's heavyweight drama—Jack Sharkey, the champion; Max Schmeling, the champion that was; Primo Carnera, king of the dreadnaughts, and Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper who regards himself as the champion to be.

Left,—Max Baer, the Idol of the Pacific Coast.

Of this imposing quartet, Baer is perhaps the one about whom the least has been written and about whom the most may be written before 1933 becomes history.

Baer is to meet Max Schmeling, generally considered the most formidable heavyweight in the world, under the promotion of Jack Dempsey in June, in New York City. Tim Mara will help Dempsey in the promotion and the Calvary Cancer Hospital will share in the proceeds.

Before we survey the heavyweight situation as it now shapes up, it might be a good idea to go into some detail concerning Baer.

The first glimpse this writer ever had of the Livermore Larruper was in December, 1930, when Maxie came East to box the late Ernie Schaaf in Madison Square Garden. At that time Max was a rather crude young slugger with possibilities of becoming a great heavyweight.

* * *

"WHAT'S your full name?" we asked him as he reported at the Garden, convoyed by his manager, J. Hamilton Lorimer, and Lorimer's adviser, Ancil Hoffman, well-known California promoter and manager.

"Max Adalbert Baer," crackled the 200-pound youngster as he sat down in Francis Albertanti's favorite chair, which promptly fell apart.

"Not Maxmilian, is it?"

"Not yet, I still have the million to get."

Aha, so this Baer is a wisecracker. Yes, indeed. Max Adalbert Baer, then 21 years old, was very much the wisecracker. He figured then to crack the whole fistic world wide open just about as he pleased. He still figures to crack it wide open, but since that first trip to New York he has learned it takes some doing.

Max was a good-looking youngster that afternoon in December, 1930, six feet three inches tall, lithe, brimming over with energy, with dark hair and a challenge to the world in his dark, restless eyes. Somehow, he reminded you of Dempsey early in the career of the Manassa Mauler, except that Jack never talked so much.

Baer related the story of his life. As he told it, he was Jewish on one side. Whether that is so, the writer cannot say even now. Also, as Max told it, his father was a wealthy California rancher and he had lived a carefree life on his dad's extensive ranch, serving as one of the cowboys when it suited his fancy. Actually, Baer senior was a pig rancher in a modest way and if Max did any riding around the ranch, it was on pigback and not on horseback. Pigs, not cows, were his earliest concern.

At that time—December, 1930—Baer already had taken part in 27 fights in a year and a half, winning all but one, with Les Kennedy, to whom he dropped a decision. Most of his early opponents had gone down to defeat via the knockout wallop. Max had been idle for about five months when he came here to show the effete East what a real heavyweight looked like.

* * *

BAER'S idleness had been due to the death of Frankie Campbell, who died as a result of the punching he took from the Livermore Larruper. You might think the unfortunate occurrence would have had a dampening effect on Baer's enthusiasm for the fight game. But apparently such was not the case. "It was just a bad break for Frankie," he said. "It might just as well have been me."

Baer was extremely proud of his punching power, mentioning he had scored 110 knockdowns in less than 100 rounds of fighting.

"I figure the fight game like this," he explained. "I am a puncher. I can knock 'em over with either hand. I figure the smartest of them will get careless once in ten rounds. That's all I ask. Let him slip up once and I've got him. I can take it, too. My knees have sagged more than once, but they always came up again."

At that time Max, as we said before, was a very cocky young man. He had made more than $50,000 fighting in California. He was under contract to a millionaire who denied him nothing. Max rode about in an $8,000 car with a chauffeur in livery that would have put a South American general's uniform to shame. He spent money like water.

By now Max has tamed down considerably in his conduct outside the ropes, but he still bids fair to make good his boast of his prowess in the ring. It has been slower and harder than he expected it to be, but he is now within a couple of jumps of the championship. As fine a judge of fistic bric-a-brac as George Blake accords him a grand chance to take over the title before the end of the year.

J. Hamilton Lorimer, son of a wealthy manufacturer of Diesel engines in Oakland, started Baer on the fistic trail. Baer was employed in the Lorimer plant, where "Ham" happened to notice him working out after hours in a gymnasium he had rigged up in the establishment. Lorimer considered Baer had in him the makings of a first-class machinist and disliked the idea of a man who could make a good living as a machinist throwing away his future to become a ham fighter.

Californian, in Fistic Spotlight, May Land a Heavyweight Championship Match Before the Year Is Over

By WILBUR WOOD

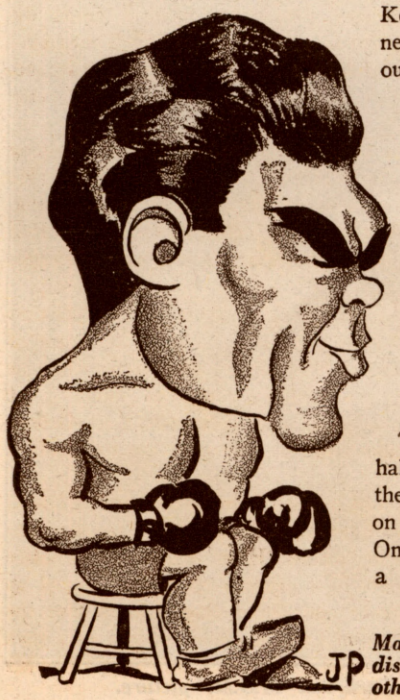
IT was because Lorimer wanted to make sure that Baer's pugilistic ambitions were knocked out of him speedily, that he consented, in an unguarded moment, to become Maxie's manager. Lorimer knew practically nothing about managing a fighter. That has caused him many a headache since he took that flyer with Baer.

Instead of being beaten up in his first start, Baer knocked out his man in jig time. After he had flattened two opponents Lorimer began to think that maybe he had guessed wrong—that he was trying to make a machinist out of a boy who had it in him to be a great fighter. Lorimer went to work as best he knew how to help make Maxie's dreams come true.

The manager, knowing little about boxing himself, hired Bob McAlester to teach Baer something about the Queensberry art. After trying to make a boxer of Max for a few months, McAlester came to the conclusion that fighting and not boxing was the young man's forte. It seems to have been a wise decision. Today Max knows a thing or two about boxing, but it is when the punches are flying thick and fast, when the going is roughest, that he is at his best.

In his first New York fight, that with Schaaf, Baer lost a close decision. Many thought he should have had the decision. Lack of experience against sturdy opposition and the long layoff handicapped the Californian. Max made a great start. It seemed he would score a knockout, but Schaaf would not go down and Baer tired badly, giving Schaaf a chance to come on. Then, in the last round, Baer put on a final storm. It was a great fight and caused most of those who saw it to predict great things for Baer. Now he seems in a fair way to make all their predictions come true.

The only bad point about Baer was his "flightiness." Max didn't seem to take life generally or his business in particular seriously. In 1931 he lost three decisions—to Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcudun—but won verdicts over Risko and Arthur DeKuh and knocked out Tom Heeney, Ernie Owens, Jack Van Noy, Josa Santa and Les Kennedy, the same Kennedy who previously had outpointed him.



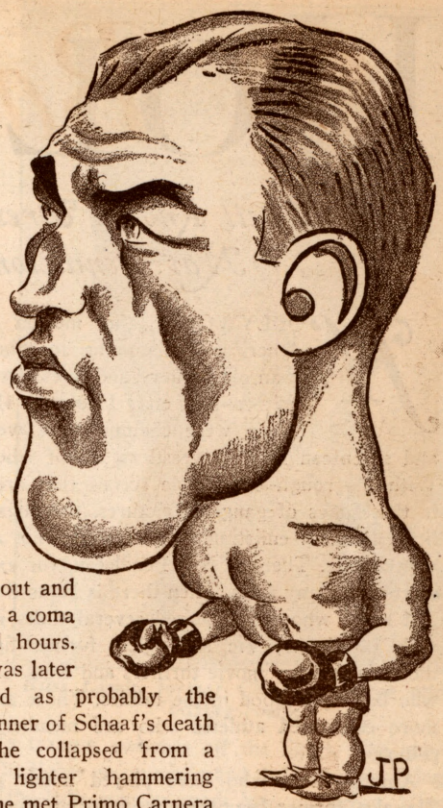
Max Schmeling, who must dispose of Baer to get another chance at Sharkey.

* * *

IN 1932 Baer outpointed King Levinsky twice, won from Heeney in ten, stopped Walter Cobb in four and Walter Swiderski in seven, took the honors over Schaaf in ten and knocked out Tuffy Griffiths in seven.

Three victories in the last half of the year centered the Queensberry spotlight on the Livermore Larruper. On July 4 he gave Levinsky a sound beating in a twenty-round tussle under a broiling sun at Reno. On August 31 Baer met Schaaf in Chicago. In the closing seconds of the tenth and last round he floored Schaaf. Ernie was unconscious when the bell saved him from being counted out and remained in a coma for several hours. This fact was later stressed as probably the forerunner of Schaaf's death after he collapsed from a much lighter hammering when he met Primo Carnera in the Garden. Baer's knockout of Griffiths added further to Max's prestige.

Primo Carnera, who gets first crack at the heavyweight king.



Jack Sharkey, the champion.

Late in the year there began a promoterial contest for Baer's services, between Madison Square Garden and Jack Dempsey, who had signed up Max Schmeling.

To understand the frenzied efforts of the rival promoters to land Baer, we must go into the heavyweight situation briefly. In June, Sharkey had been given the decision over Schmeling in their New York fight, a decision that aroused a nation-wide protest and which made Schmeling, in defeat, an even greater figure.

The circumstances surrounding the fight caused Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager, to break with the Garden and align himself with Dempsey, who had decided to become a major promoter. In September, Schmeling proved his greatness by knocking out Mickey Walker, after giving him a terrific beating.

These events left only three outstanding figures in the heavyweight picture—Sharkey, Schmeling and Baer. The Garden had Sharkey under its control. Dempsey had Schmeling. That led to the struggle between the rival promoters to land Baer. Max and his acting manager, Ancil Hoffman, signed with Dempsey, to box Schmeling next June.

The Garden made terrific efforts to break up this combination. Baer was offered the 1933 shot at Sharkey and the title, if he would break with Hoffman and sign with the Garden. The situation was complicated—still is complicated—by the court battle between Lorimer and Hoffman for the managerial control of Baer. So far, Hoffman holds the high cards and at this writing, there is no reason to believe that the Schmeling-Baer fight, which looms as the outstanding heavyweight brawl of the year, with the exception of a third Sharkey-Schmeling fight, will not be consummated.

* * *

LOSING Baer, the Garden was without a man who would serve as an acceptible challenger for Sharkey in June. Jimmy Johnston, the Garden ringmaster, made the best of a bad situation by signing Ernie Schaaf and Primo Carnera, announcing the winner would box Sharkey.

This action created a great deal of unfavorable comment. Carnera was looked upon largely as a freak. His unsavory past record was raked up. It was pointed (*Continued on page* 35)

HOLLYWOOD

Well Known Wrestlers and Fighters Join Movie Colony— Nat Pendleton, Hans Steinke and Russ Clark, Star

HOLLYWOOD, the motion picture factory of America, is beginning to take on the appearance of an old fighters' and wrestlers' colony. On a recent visit to that city, I located 41 pugilists, many of whom were champions or were close to the top and seventeen famous wrestlers, all of whom had fine records. With the rough-and-tumble scenes that are so often portrayed in these days of gangster pictures, the pugs and grapplers have little difficulty enlisting as extras. But not all take part in only minor roles. There is Nat Pendleton, for example. He has been starred in many roles. Then there is Hans Steinke, another famed mat artist who has appeared several times in Columbia Pictures with Pendleton; Vic McLaglen, former fighter who has been the hero in many movie thrillers and Russ Clark, another pugilist who has made good in the talkies. Those are only a few of the more celebrated athletes who are members of the Hollywood colony.

Among those who have played minor parts are Stanislaus Zbyszko, former heavyweight wrestling king; Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Jack Root, Willie Ritchie, Jack Johnson, Billy Papke, Al McCoy, Joe Rivers, Phil Bloom, Bert Keyes, Frank Moran, Ivan Linow, and Bull Montana. In a recent "M. G. M." picture, called "Whistling in the Dark," Nat Pendleton starred with Ernest Truex and Una Merkel. With his wrestling training, the former Columbia University captain fitted in well for his part.

But when that was completed, Pendleton, who has been in pictures for several years, tried to induce the casting directors to give him a part other than a tough guy, but was turned down flat. The answer he always received was that as a former wrestler he couldn't fit into any other role but that of a tough "mug"—or as a character comedian.

SO Nat went out to show those directors that he could. He wrote a story which he called "Deception" and in order to convince the skeptics that he could play the leading role, he decided to center his story on a college athlete who cashes in on his athletic prowess after graduation.

On that role Pendleton felt at home because he starred on the Columbia wrestling team of which he was captain and participated in other branches of sport when in college and he knew every move that a star college athlete might make to gain favor with those he met. When Pendleton completed the story, he offered it to Columbia Pictures. The story was accepted and Nat was starred with Leo Carillo, Dickie Moore, Thelma Todd and Barbara Weeks.

As Bucky O'Neill, the grid star, Nat does a swell job. The production is a forceful romantic drama of a crooked sports promoter who induces a popular college hero to step from the fame of the gridiron to the fortune of the world of professional wrestling, while the girl who loves him stands by and watches the glitter and glamor that surrounds a champion in any line, sweep away all she holds dear, before her eyes. It is a gripping, entertaining story of a lad who, in the very peak of his career, is dealt a demoralizing blow and fights back with all the fierceness of a cornered wildcat to prove to himself, to the girl he loves and to the world in general, that he is not a quitter. The story in brief, follows:

* * *

JIM HURLEY, the sports promoter, is seeking to revive interest in wrestling and signs Bucky O'Neill, famous grid star, who gladly accepts the offer so he can make enough money quickly to marry Joan Allen. The "build up," which forbids Hurley's tug-and-grunt experts to evade Bucky's famous flying

Nat Pendleton (center) with Ernest Truex and Una Merkel, in "Whistling in the Dark," an "M.G.M." picture.

BECKONS

By "BILL" MILLER

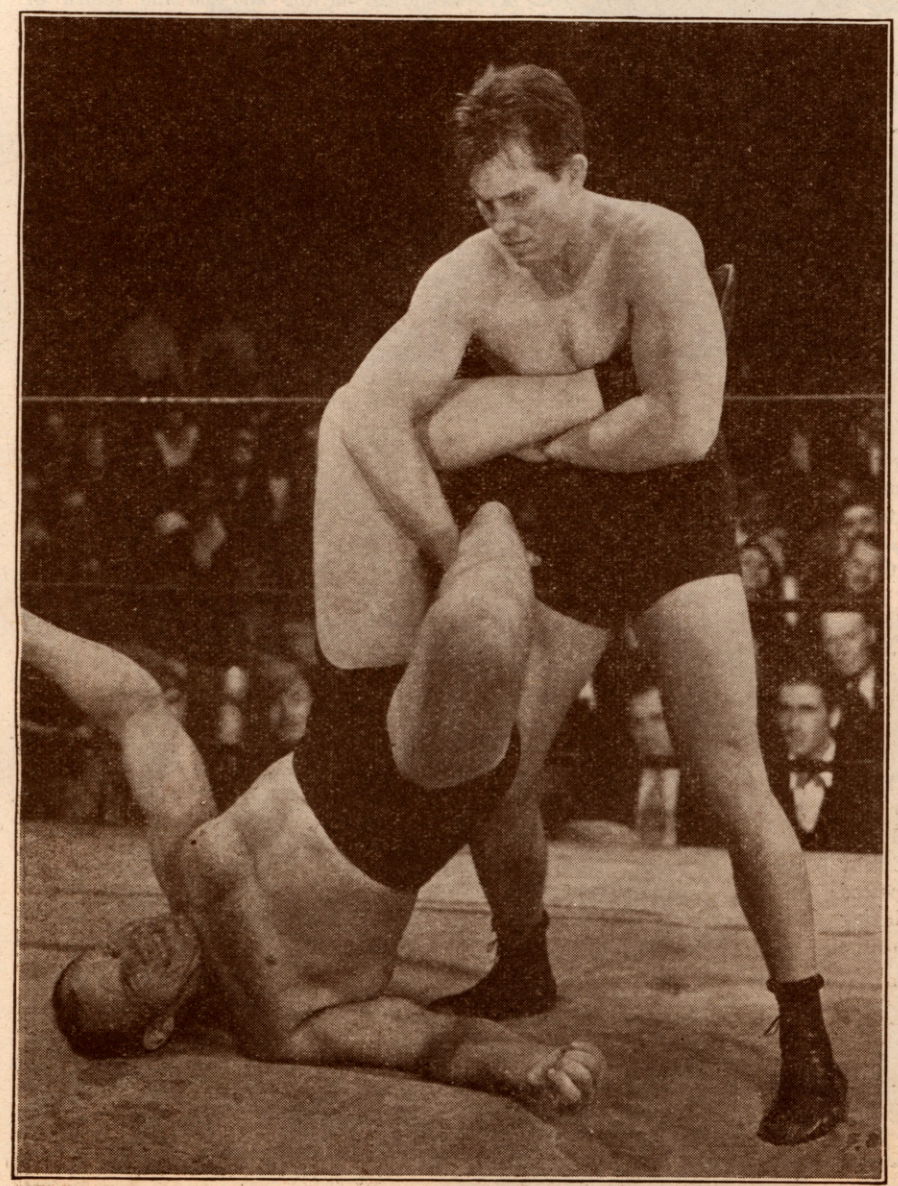
tackle, lands him quickly at the top of the heap on the strength of this trick alone. It is at this juncture that Hurley's girl, Lola, always stringing along with a winner, falls for Bucky.

Enraged, Hurley sends Bucky in against Ivan Stanislaus, the world's champion, with instructions that he finish off O'Neill as quickly as possible. Stanislaus is none other than the famous German wrestler, Hans Steinke. It is a badly beaten Bucky who awakens to the fact that he has been allowed to win right along and wants to quit the game. But Leo, his trainer, bundles him off to the country where he schools Bucky in all the tricks of the trade so that he need no longer rely on the flying tackle alone and is more than a match for any wrestler.

Hurley has arranged a fixed match between Stanislaus, the champ, and the Masked Marvel, which Stanislaus is to win. A prize of $50,000 is at stake. The night of the match Bucky gets into the Masked Marvel's dressing room, knocks him out, dons his mask and enters the ring. Bucky is allowed to win the first fall according to plans and then unmasks, also according to schedule. When Bucky reveals himself as the Masked Marvel, the crowd goes wild; Stanislaus is dumbfounded and Hurley, realizing he has been tricked, sends a gunman to the top of the stadium to shoot Bucky when he gets Stanislaus' signal.

Bucky knows he is in a spot but can't quit. He sees Stanislaus give the signal and manages to keep the champ's body between himself and the gunman. Just as the referee pats O'Neill in signal of victory, Leo, Bucky's trainer, switches off the lights. The gunman's shot misses. The lights go on again and the crowd, realizing the lad's courage, goes into an uproar. Now that he is champ, there is nothing to stop his marrying Joan. Besides, he has proved to her and to himself that he is not a quitter.

Russ Clark, former Chicago referee and boxing coach



Nat Pendleton, as Bucky O'Neill, wrestles with Ivan Stanislaus (Hans Steinke) in "Deception," a Columbia picture.

* * *

WHILE Pendleton is starring among the wrestlers, Russ Clark, known to the boxing world as Joe Ferry, fighter, Chicago referee and boxing instructor, heads the list of pugilistic stars in the movies.

Russ is playing his fourth important part in talking pictures at the Paramount studios in Hollywood.

He is one of the featured players in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" with Wynne Gibson, Pat O'Brien, Frances Dee and Russell Gleason.

Since entering motion pictures last fall, Clark has worked in a number of minor parts and three other character rôles. His first important work was as a reporter in "Two Kinds of Women." He then appeared as a mechanic in "Sky Bride" and recently completed his most outstanding part in "Sinners in the Sun," wherein he is Carole Lombard's brother.

Clark, who changed his name professionally to that when he entered film work, began his career as an athlete. As a youth he was catcher in the Schuylkill Valley League. He began boxing at fifteen, under the tutelage of Adam Ryan, former trainer for Joe Gans. He also trained with Johnny Loftus, who had worked with both Stanley Ketchel and Jack Johnson. Among Clark's early sparring foes was Harry Greb in the Philadelphia gymnasium.

At sixteen, Clark went to Pittsburgh to serve as sparring partner for George Chip, later middleweight champion. Later, he trained with boxers in Detroit and Canada and when the United States entered the War, he enlisted in the Motor Transportation Corps. He served for twenty months in France and fought *(Continued on page 37)*

WHEN GRANDPA

"Beauty and the Beer"—A pretty girl's practical protest against teetotalism.

THE saloons of New York! The dives of the old days where ring history was made! The "Gas-Lit Era"—a rough and tough era when Grandpa was a kid!

What memories those days bring back to us of the "Golden era of pugilism!"

In our wanderings through the colorful files of the *Police News,* the *Police Gazette* and the *Spirit of the Times,* we come this month to the illustrations which are expressive of the amber fluid that flowed so freely in those drink emporiums frequented by the sports elite and many of both sexes who didn't belong to the social set or even to the next lower strata. One of the most famous gathering places in New York in the "good old days" was Harry Hill's, the sportsmen's rendezvous on Houston and Crosby Streets, where a heterogeneous multitude passed through its door over which, under a swinging lantern, a sign had been painted to inform the world of

"Punches and juleps, cobblers and smashes,
To make the tongue waggle with wit's merry flashes."

Notorious dives and dens existed in the immediate vicinity, and the only reason why Harry Hill's flourished and prospered and was the show place of the city for the slummers who liked to visit "Murderer's Row," as the thoroughfare was known, was because Harry Hill never permitted a robbery nor an assault if he could avoid it. And he made certain of that by having many hefty bouncers in his employ.

And Hill's was the sports' favorite drinking place when prohibition was unheard of, because there were sixteen comely barmaids and waitresses in his place, and though they were what they were, the male patrons enjoyed their company. Hill's was favored for its attractiveness, its atmosphere of good cheer, and because it was the hang-out of America's leading pugilists and wrestlers. But Hill's was not the only place of prominence. There was Owney Georghegan's "Bastile on the Bowery" and The Allen's "Bal Mabille" in Bleecker Street, among others.

* * *

AND, with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in the air and the return of legalized beer, Grandpa decided to take for this month's illustrations some lively scenes in the beer "gardens" of the period when Hill's was in its flower. Even then there were those among our citizens who favored prohibition, and the old files tell us of the formation of societies to force "teetotalism on the nation," and others that started a campaign against the saloons that hired barmaids and waitresses or permitted unescorted women to enjoy a sip of the amber fluid either at the bar or at the table.

But picture No. 1 in this month's illustrations shows what one girl thought of that movement.

"They gave him the cold shake"
What happened to a dude who undertook to make a conquest of a woman with a stronger head for a beer-drinking match than his own.

WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

"Beauty and the Beer," it is captioned, and then the artist goes on to tell us:

"The subject portrays an incident in the beer-makers' strike in New York. It shows the handsome daughter of a brewer supplying the place of one of her father's striking employees and also defying those who are now preaching teetotalism."

And then we come to our second illustration, and we see why the agitators were opposed to the saloon and those to whom it catered.

"They Gave Him the Cold Shake," says our artist. He explains that the young dude went sightseeing in a saloon on East Thirteenth Street, near Third Avenue, which was frequented by the tough East Side fighters, and the girls not only "took" him, but manhandled him after they had proved that, as a beer drinker, he was a good milk shaker.

* * *

AND, let us not forget that almost every sports rendez-

(Continued on page 35)

"The Beer Drama in Gotham"
A metropolitan entertainment where no one is permitted to remain thirsty.

THE SPORTING

THE "Three Jacks"! Two are gone and the remaining one recalled their great deeds a few weeks ago as he sat in the home of James J. Corbett where he had gone to pay his last respects to "Gentleman Jim."

It was Jack McAuliffe who had the floor and a dozen or more sportsmen were gathered about him as he related the story of the "Three Jacks"—Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan and himself. A trio of real gladiators were they, fighters each of them, champions whose names will live in ring history so long as boxing exists.

Can you imagine a welterweight of this era good enough to fight his way to the top of his own division, and to add victory after victory in the next higher class against worthy opponents and take the title in that division also? We doubt that you'll find any. Yet "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey did just that thing! He not only won the welterweight championship but he fought every top notcher in the middleweight ranks in which he also became the king, and didn't lose a contest until illness sapped the vitality from him and he bowed to the prowess of the mighty Bob Fitzsimmons but only after he had fought desperately for thirteen rounds.

Dempsey fought in the era of skintight gloves. He piled up no decisive record as a knockerout, but he did win often because of his cleverness. He was the master boxer of his day—the Jim Corbett of his period in the lighter divisions. He proved that a ringman didn't have to be a killer of the Sullivan type to triumph. And unlike the rough-and-ready boys of his day, the ruffians who made fighting their vocation, he was a quiet, unassuming young Irishman—always a gentleman, and that is why to his dying day, he was so beloved by his followers.

In the era when the "Nonpareil" was at the height of his career, boxing was an Irishman's game. It was seldom that a fighter of any other race, came to the top. Today, of course, things are different.

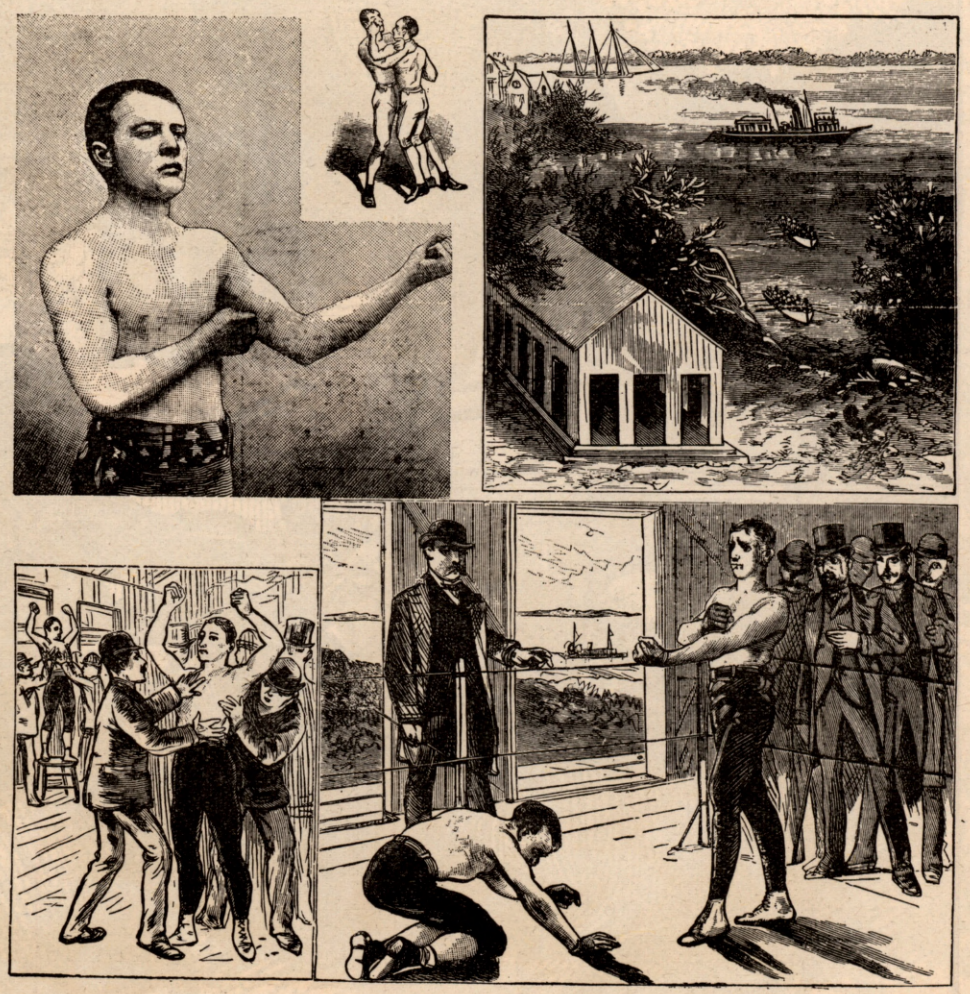
* * *

DEMPSEY, born John Kelly in County Kildare, December 15, 1862, worked with Jack McAuliffe in a Williamsburgh, Brooklyn cooperage before he entered the ring and in that same place, another good Irish lad who later fought George Dixon for the featherweight title, was employed. His name was Jack Skelly but he did not gain the fame of the other three Jacks.

* * *

IT was at the Corbett funeral that McAuliffe, one of the mourners, recalled the deeds of his pal, "The Nonpareil," whom he had seconded in the fight with Fitzsimmons in which Ruby Robert won the middleweight title.

"I'll never forget that fight," said McAuliffe. "That defeat broke Jack's heart. I've seen many great fighters in my time, but



Left to right: 1—Tom Cleary, Dempsey's trainer and second. 2—A scene in round thirteen when both were groggy and clinching. 3—The landing of the party at Larchmont, N. Y. 4—Rubbing down the contestants before the battle. 5—Dempsey knocks out La Blanche. Time 50 minutes, 5 seconds.

GAZETTE

Edited By

FINLEY PARK

there were only a few who could compare in ability to the original Jack Dempsey. Here I am, paying my respects to 'Gentleman Jim,' and back in 1892 I seconded the man from whom Corbett won the title and the man from whom Corbett's conqueror gained the middleweight crown.

"They're all passing," he continued. "Of the old guard there's just a few of us left."

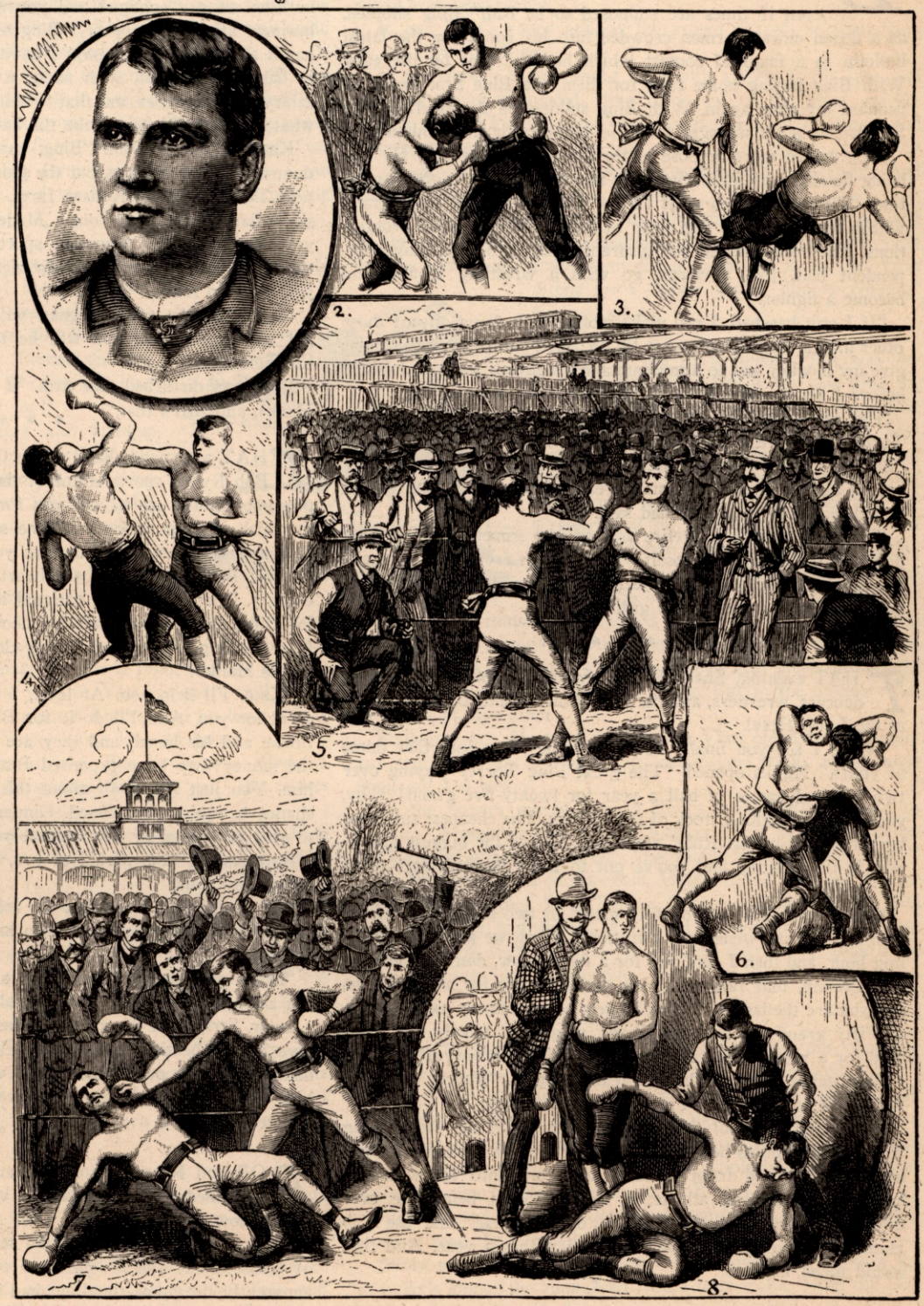
McAuliffe's praise of Dempsey's prowess was warranted. Ring history proves that "The Nonpareil" was one of the greatest fighters in American ring history.

Take the drawings on the first page which appeared in the Police News story of the famous fight between Dempsey and George La Blanche. The artist captioned this:

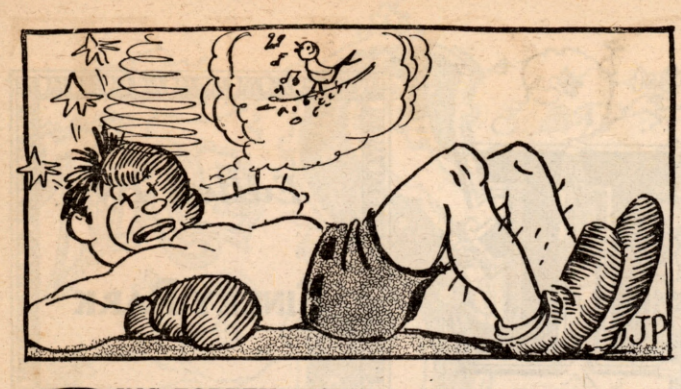
"The most scientific ring general of the age crowns his career by defeating La Blanche, the Marine, in the thirteenth round at Larchmont, N. Y. The victory was 'The Nonpareil's' thirty-fifth and with it, went $2000 in stake money, a $1500 purse and the middleweight championship of America."

And on the second page, we have a series tracing Dempsey's early career, entitled, "The rapid rise and progress of America's most representative pugilist, 'Nonpareil' Jack Dempsey."

And there you have the completion of another episode in the drama of sports as the old-timers view them.



1—Jack Dempsey as he looked in civilian clothes. 2—His defeat of George Fulljames. 3—He whips Billy Dacey. 4—Bob Turnbull throws up the sponge to him. 5—He fights a draw with Harry Force under the elevated structure at Brighton Beach, near Coney Island. 6—He lays out Billy Frazier. 7—He defeats Jack Boylan. 8—He vanquishes Tom Henry.



THE

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

BING TORREY again was a holdout. For two months he had resisted the efforts of the Blue Sox to cut him $15,000 and make him sign for $25,000. "Nothing doing, even if times are supposed to be bad," Bing shouted, as a dozen newspapermen crowded into his room for the latest bulletin in a financial contest which had the fans by the ears. With Bing hitting home runs for them, the Blue Sox would be pennant favorites again. With Bing sulking on the sidelines, the Sox would be no stronger than the Senators or the Athletics.

Bing waxed more verbose as the interview proceeded. He was being flooded with ideas. Suddenly he struck a downright inspiration. "I'll retire, that's what I'll do, unless I get the forty grand within five days. See that heap of letters? All business propositions. They want me to sell insurance, play pro golf, play independent ball, join a circus, go with a wrestling troupe, and become a fighter.

"If I quit baseball, I can make more dough doing any of those other things. Yeah, that's what I'll do. Sure. Retire from the game, give my monkey suit to a museum and get myself some real dough before I get so old folks will mistake me for a gate tender."

The afternoon editions gave the yarn a strong play. "Bing Torrey to Retire Unless Demands Are Met," shouted the *Star*. "Bing Says Bye Bye to Baseball," yodeled the *Bulletin*. Torrey bought all the papers, read and reread his interviews, and wound up believing everything he had said.

"By George, why not retire and go into something with more dough in it?" he asked himself. "I am known from coast to coast. I'll show Colonel Sellers he can't scare me and get the great Bing to play for twenty-five grand!"

* * *

THAT evening, Snake Hanks, manager of boxers, marathon dancers, wrestlers, and the like, slithered into Bing's quarters at the Loop Hotel.

"Well, I see you finally have got some sense into that dome of yours," Hanks opened. "The great Bing Torrey playing over two hundred games of ball a year for twenty-five grand! Why, you'd be the laughing stock of the country. The cheapest sideshow barker would holler 'Rube' after you. You're the biggest attraction in the country and you've got to make baseball feel sorry for itself.

"Now, Bing, I'll get you fifty grand in two nights. And from then on, you can write your own ticket. First, we put on a wrestling bout, and then I sign you for a fight. Now, don't get uneasy. Kid Crenny, that famous tanker, is hankering for another dive, and you are the lad to see that he gets his customary exercise.

"Fifty grand for two exhibitions, as against twenty-five thousand for a whole year of baseball. What's the answer?"

Bing gazed upon the latest evening papers. "Torrey Retires." Well, he'd do it. "Snake, I'm your man. Let's go!"

And in an hour all the morning papers had the story. Bing Torrey, the famous holdout of the Blue Sox, the great home-run hitter, had retired from baseball and gone into the wrestling business. "A natural athlete, a wrestler even before he ever thought of batting little baseballs over fences," said the glib Hanks. "He will be the mat champion within a year. And that would mean millions."

* * *

THE next morning Kate Reighter found Bing busy at his late breakfast, smiling as he read the morning gazettes.

"Why, Bing, you don't mean all this is serious—that you are going to quit the game that made you and become a wrestler? Why, you couldn't wrestle a sand bag!" she insisted. "Tell me it's just ballyhoo, just a scare for Colonel Sellers and the ball club."

"No, Kate, it's not the bunk. I meant to ask you first, being as how we are engaged and you ought to know all about my business affairs, I suppose," Bing explained. "But Snake Hanks has it all doped out. He says I have only four or five years more in baseball, at most, with about a hundred grand as my total salary. He promises me that within six months. Can't you see what a sucker I'd be to take the ball club's terms?"

Kate shook her head. "Bing, baseball is your life. You have done a lot for the game, but the game also has done wonders for you. Took you off a Kansas farm, where you were working for six dollars a week and found. Made a fortune for you, educated you, made you the American sports idol. Why, you owe it to the game, to the boys, to keep right on playing ball until you just have to retire.

"Snake Hanks and his gang will take you for all they can get out of you, and you will be too ashamed to appear on a ball field again."

Bing was disturbed, but firm. "I have signed a contract with Hanks, and that's that."

* * *

THAT afternoon, Kate sat in Cardi's, having luncheon with Bob Rydel, sports editor of the *Bulletin*. "Now, Bob, it's a presumption for me to ask you for help, especially in anything in which Bing is concerned," she started.

"I suppose I am a fool to turn you down and go for that big bohunk. But, in affairs of the heart, girls do things they cannot explain. There is nothing rational in passing up a man like you for Bing. But I have made my decision, and you must help me. How am I going to make Bing change his mind and quit that Snake Hanks?"

"Kate, I'll help you. At least, I think I can," Bob said. "I'll do it for you. And I'll do it for Bing and for baseball. I know Snake and his bunch and they are poison. Even if they do get the money they have promised Bing, they'll take it away from him. You just forget all about this, and give me an occasional chance to squire you around. Dinner or a show. You don't have to give me the go-by just because you like Bing better."

Kate smiled. "I'm afraid of you, Bob. Afraid you'll make me change my mind."

And so it came about that the following day Bob was in conference with Billy Trinkler, who had been picked as Bing's mat opponent.

"Don't get scared, Billy," Bob assured the behemoth. "I am not asking you to double-cross Snake. But I want you to do me a favor. String out the match. Make it last at least an hour. And give Bing a beating. Crack his neck, stand him on his ear, only don't throw him out of the ring. I want Bing to win, but I want him to come out of the ring a very tired and very disgusted athlete. Savvy?"

* * *

BOB and Kate sat some distance away from the ring and watched it all. Trinkler, a veteran campaigner, put on a great show. The fans went wild. Anybody at all familiar with the fine points of wrestling could see that Bing was the greenest of tyros. Snake and his men had coached Bing for a week, but apparently the home-run king had learned very little.

Trinkler rolled Bing, he charged him, he messed him, gouged him—in fact, Snake and his crew were in confusion, for they suspected Trinkler of making an effort to win. But always Billy

HOLDOUT

Bing Torrey Tries His Hand at Boxing and Comes Out of It All, A Home-Run Star

slipped or lost his hold and then let Bing work on him for a while. After an hour of this, Bing fell over Trinkler from exhaustion, and the referee announced that Bing had pinned Billy's shoulders to the mat.

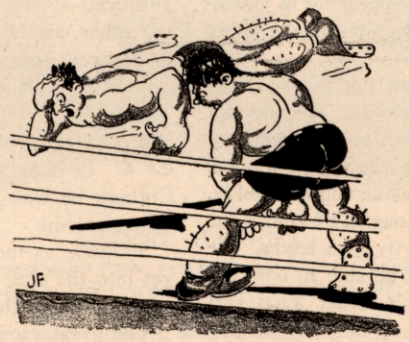
Bing wobbled to the dressing room on rubber legs. Sam, the rubber, worked on the home-run hitter for an hour before he could get Bing into his street clothes. The next day Torrey could not get out of bed. Every muscle ached.

"Snake, this is worse than I had thought," he wailed. "I have played double-headers in St. Louis in August and never felt like this before. I don't think I am going to like this wrestling game.

"Better make the next one a fight—yeah, with that tanker. Two rounds, or something like that. I can use my fists. Fact is, I can lick anybody in our league, and we have some ex-pugs playing ball."

* * *

THE baseball season had got under way. The Blue Sox already had won seven out of their first nine games, and Drake Powell was going great guns in Bing's place. "Sox Do Not Miss Bing," the *Bulletin* said. Torrey snarled. "That guy Rydel never did like me. The idea of comparing Powell with me!"



While Torrey was fussing and fuming over the baseball news, eager to get into his uniform and yet more determined than ever not to surrender to Colonel Sellers, Rydel was closeted with Kid Crenny in the *Bulletin* offices.

"I know all about Snake's arrangement with you, and I am not asking you to double-cross him," Bob explained. "I merely want you to get a convenient attack of the flu or something. Kid, you must not keep that date. If you do, I'll expose the whole thing and see that the Boxing Commission bars you for life. You are not to tell Snake or anybody else about your supposed illness until an hour before fight time. I'll do the rest. Snake won't lose the house."

Crenny cringed. He remonstrated. But Rydel was adamant. "Okeh, then, but this may be serious stuff for me," the tanker wailed.

Some twelve thousand fans packed the Coliseum for the Bing Torrey-Kid Crenny fight. Kate was there, too. And Bob sat at the ringside.

Of course, it wasn't Crenny whom Bing met, after all. An hour before the bout, Crenny's side kick, Stooge MacClarney, brought the news that the Kid was bad—sick as hell with the flu or something. Snake and his boys were thrown into a panic. And into the midst of their panic strolled Flint Stone, a third-rate heavy with a recent knockout to his credit.

"Why, Flint, my old pal," exuberated Snake. "The very man I want. Come in here a minute. I have a fine proposition for you. My old pal, Flint. He won't throw me down. Remember how I gave you that match in Kansas City when you needed a grub stake? My old pal, Flint."

* * *

BING sat in his corner, worried. "Nothing to get jittery about," Snake assured him. "The same arrangements as we had with Crenny. You stand off and box with him in the first round. In the second, get in close and give him a short one to the heart. He will pass out, and remain out, so that they will have to carry his apparently lifeless body into the dressing room. You win in two heats, and then we go right on with bigger matches and bigger dough."

The opening bell sounded, and Bing leaped from his corner as if he were about to spear a liner. He danced and he sparred, while Stone's face took on a worried and harrassed look. To tell the truth, Flint did know a little about boxing. And he was fast on his feet, with a perfect eye. For a tyro, his judgment of distance was remarkable.

It was Bing's round and, as the crowd roared, he went back to his corner smiling.

In the second, Stone caught Bing with a right to the jaw, and the ball player staggered. Bing came out of the ether quickly with a puzzled look. He pawed at his man a couple of times, and then Stone sent a left to the solar plexus. Bing puffed. He looked at Snake in his corner. Hanks was perspiring profusely and throwing malevolent glances at Flint.

Much to Bing's amazement and chagrin, the fight did not end in the second. Instead of reassuring Bing and getting him ready for the next heat, Snake spent the intermission in cursing Flint Stone for a "white-livered, double-crossing" no-account.

* * *

IN the third round, Flint was beginning to like it. By this time the skeptics had become convinced that this was not to be a tank act. Flint kept hurting Bing, and Torrey kept floundering around. Bing had realized that something had gone wrong with the defection of Crenny, and he knew that Stone was not going to let him win. But Bing was puzzled by Flint's tactics. Stone showed no inclination to stop him.

In the fifth round, Stone closed Bing's left eye. In the sixth, Stone raised a beautiful mouse over Bing's left eye. By this time the crowd was howling in glee. On the ball field those fans would have had the greatest respect for Bing. But in the boxing ring, he was a blatant alien.

Bing got sore. He tried to hold, but Flint merely side-stepped and sent home jabs and uppercuts, crosses and hooks, which made Bing sad and weary.

As the boxers moved toward Bing's corner, Flint hissed to Snake: "Remember that girl in Kansas City? Well, you never did know we were engaged, eh? This should be the payoff, Snake."

As Bing staggered to his chair, Hanks called over the referee and announced that Bing Torrey, home-run king, for the first time in his life, had thrown in a towel and tossed up the sponge.

They had to carry Bing to his dressing quarters. It took three days to make him presentable.

* * *

KATE pleaded with Bing. "I said I would not play for twenty-five grand, and that still goes," he insisted.

"Yes, I'll admit I am disappointed with the receipts from the two bouts. Snake says I draw $3,500 for the mat scrap and $4,000 for getting mauled by that double-crossing Stone. I will say to you that I am quite sick of the whole business. But that Sellers guy can't make a sucker out of Bing Torrey."

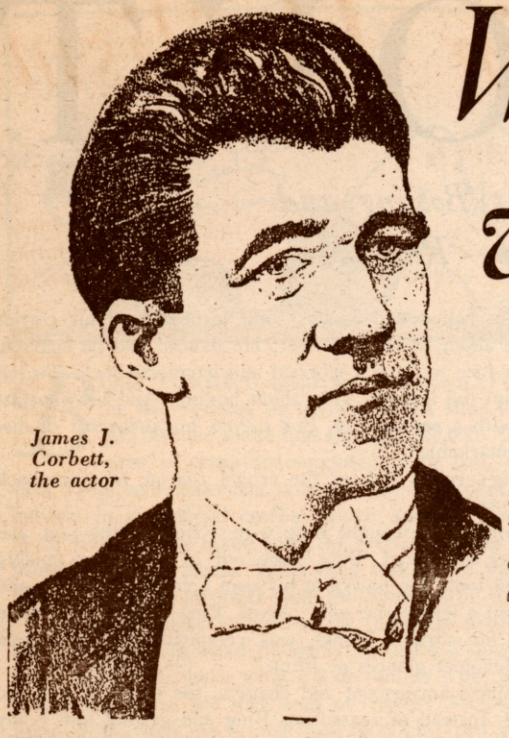
Bing ushered her to the door, and then leaned back in his easy chair to read the baseball dope.

"Holy terwilliger!" he shouted. "This Powell kid broke a leg in today's game," he announced to the four walls. "And the Sox in second place already."

He read on. "Manager MacKane has purchased Outfielder Le Compte from Minneapolis and he *(Continued on page 34)*

Why CORBETT was a Success

By DAVID V. BUSH



James J. Corbett, the actor

(The author is a world famous psychologist. He made the acquaintance of Corbett on one of his many lecture tours and on that tour had the opportunity to study the reason for Corbett's success as an actor.)

PROCTORS THEATRE in Newark, N. J., is really two theatres. James J. Corbett was appearing in vaudeville and I was giving a series of lectures in the upper Proctors Theatre.

I had an appointment to meet Mr. Corbett, but before doing so, I wanted to see his performance in vaudeville. He was not only a great attraction but he was very popular with his audience and, having had some experience before such gatherings, I wanted, if possible, to learn the key to his popularity as an actor. Frankly, I did not expect to see much of an act—I thought, of course, he was riding on the ebbing wave of his popularity as a boxer. The former world's champion prize fighter might be able to box, but what "stuff" could he have on the call of an actor? That was the question in my mind.

So I slipped into the show. I sat through from the first act to the last and witnessed that spontaneity of good feeling between "Gentleman Jim" and his audience.

I discovered why he was popular! One reason was because he had a good start. He was above relying upon his pugilistic fame to carry him "over" with a vaudeville house. He had a good show.

But then, many a "good show" has flopped, so his good act was not all. I plainly saw, as anyone could, another reason for his success as an actor. His love for his work and his enthusiasm in putting it over. But then, thousands of other artists have had the same love and enthusiasm, so I must look beyond his fame, his popularity with pugilistic fans, and his love and enthusiasm for his work, to a deeper reason for his great success as an actor.

I found it. Mr. Corbett wanted to be a success as an actor for art's sake, not because he was a former champion. He knew that you cannot sheer a jackass and make wool out of his hair any more than an ex-champ could remain popular without having something to be popular for.

* * *

ANOTHER evidence of the genuineness of the man who was loved and adored so many, many years after the sun of his fighting fame had sunk in the western horizon of better days, was his good fellowship. He was a friend and kindly to everyone. No wonder they called him "Gentleman Jim"!

Upon being introduced to Mr. Corbett, he said: "Doc, I am as good a psychologist as you are!" Ah, there was a soft spot—his genuine good-will and cheerfulness, his utter abandonment of conventionality and custom, his great democratic spirit. I was not a formal "Doctor" to him. I was a new-found friend, ready to be made a pal. I felt it. I knew it when he called me "Doc."

Two recollections I have of how he used psychology to win his fights. He always tried to get the "goat" of his opponent if he could.

When he and Fitzsimmons were training for the great fight at Carson City, Fitzsimmons, with his dog, chanced to meet Corbett on the road where they were working out. The genial Fitzsimmons walked up to "Gentleman Jim," stuck out his hand and said:

"Hello, Jim. Shake!"

The answer was not Corbett, but the psychology Corbett could muster when he had to—he must get Fitzsimmons' goat, so he refused the handshake and said, in effect: "We'll do that after the fight, if you are then alive."

As Fitzsimmons walked away, embarrassed and chagrined, Corbett called after him: "And you better bring that pup along with you—you'll need him." It was this psychology of finding the other man's weakness and then playing upon it by subtle or apparent suggestion that helped him many times, he said.

* * *

HE worked it with John L. Sullivan that memorable night in New Orleans when, with odds betting 'way against Corbett, he won from the Boston Strong Boy the heavyweight championship.

Sullivan, as most fighters, was superstitious. He would never get into the ring first. He had a "sneakin'" notion that the one who went into the ring first, would lose.

The great crowd had overflowed the fighting auditorium that night and was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the "big shots."

The attendant told Corbett he had better go. But Corbett's psychology played him in good stead. He asked if John L. was in the ring. He was informed, no. Then Corbett said: "Well, tell him to get in the ring and I will follow." Then and there, round one had been fought. Sullivan had lost that round before he entered the ring.

Sullivan was implored to go on and forget the silly superstition. He was the favorite, the odds were in his favor, the fans were his friends. They expected John L. to be a fighter in mind outside of the ring, as well as a fighter with fists and blows inside the ring, but Sullivan was obdurate. Round number one was fought and lost in the mind of the mighty Sullivan before he had put on the gloves.

There they were. The fight was held up. A multitude becoming uneasy, calling for blood—let's go, and the show delayed. Delayed because Sullivan, with his twenty-five years of popularity and success behind him was being licked by Jim Corbett's psychology before they faced each other in the ring.

When pleadings and beggings and threats failed to move Sullivan, a committee called on Corbett in his dressing-room, told him the state of affairs and begged him, inasmuch as he was the challenger, to be a good sport and start the fight.

Corbett replied: "All right, I'll be a sport. We'll flip coins—heads, I go into the ring first—tails, Sullivan."

Up went the coin. Down came the coin, and up came tails—it was up to Sullivan to enter the ring first and thus get the fight under way.

When the news was conveyed to John L., that rugged old war horse, of whom it was never said he was yellow, fought and lost round number two in his mind before he started to fight.

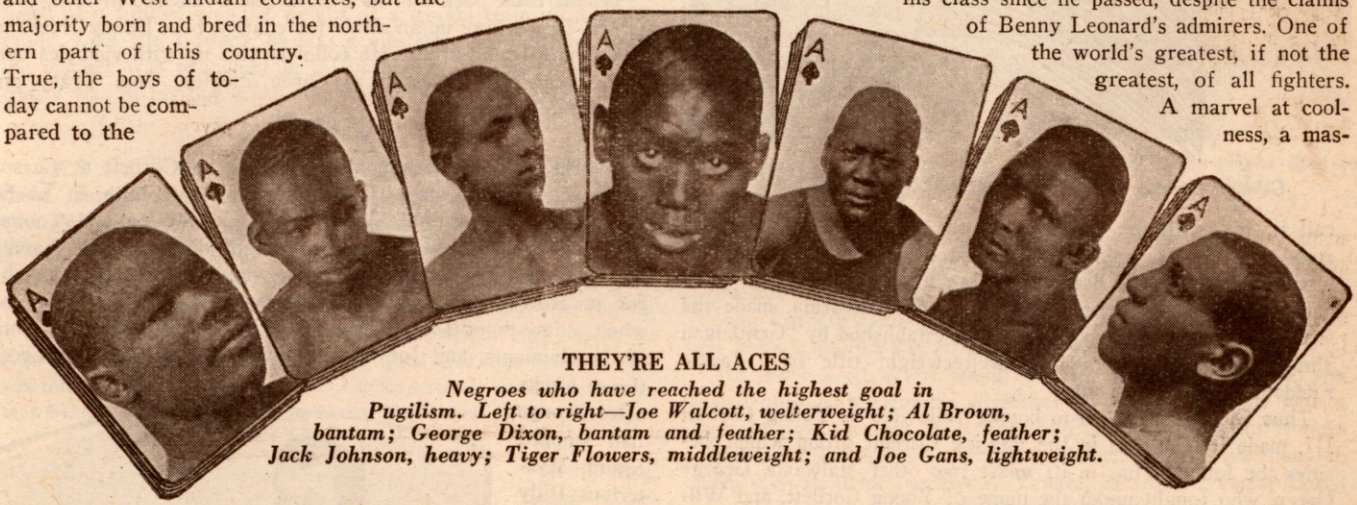
He would not enter the ring first. Then they worked a ruse on the young contestant. Someone *(Continued on page 35)*

Random Shots in Pugilism

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

THE Negro in sport is no longer a novelty. A few years back, if a Negro carried off the honors in an athletic event, the feat was heralded as an unusual performance, but not so today. With the ban against the colored lads lifted in intercollegiate competition, the sons of Ham have come along in leaps and bounds—on the track, in jumping events, in swimming and in baseball—they have reached a high standard, but their greatest strides in the last twenty years have been made in boxing. It is in that sport that they shine.

The Negroes have brought in the field of pugilism a standard of fighting that is unexcelled. They have demonstrated their ability to give and to take and to take their place alongside the white folk as masters in fisticuffs. Where, a quarter of a century ago, there were only a handful of Negro fighters, among them master technicians, today the field is full of colored battlers, some hailing from Dixie, some from Cuba, Panama, Jamaica, and other West Indian countries, but the majority born and bred in the northern part of this country. True, the boys of today cannot be compared to the great Negroes who wrote their names in the Hall of Fame in the days of Dixon, Gans, Walcott, McVey, Jeannette, Peter Jackson, Young Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, Bobby Dobbs, Larry Temple, George Godfrey (Old Chocolate), Dixie Kid, and Frank Craig (Harlem Coffee Cooler), yet they are first-class.



THEY'RE ALL ACES

Negroes who have reached the highest goal in Pugilism. Left to right—Joe Walcott, welterweight; Al Brown, bantam; George Dixon, bantam and feather; Kid Chocolate, feather; Jack Johnson, heavy; Tiger Flowers, middleweight; and Joe Gans, lightweight.

Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, Gorilla Jones, Baby Joe Gans, Larry Gains, Prince Saunders, Ham Jenkins, Billy Jones, Young Jack Thompson, among others, are Negroes of this period who rank high in their division. Did you ever stop to think how many Negroes have won world championships since John L. Sullivan's time and how many came within an ace of gaining the crown? Despite the prejudice that still exists in some sections of the world against the Negro race, sons of Ham have won a title in all but two divisions. Here's the lineup, and what a fine deck from which to choose:

George Dixon and Al Brown, bantam kings; Dixon and Kid Chocolate, featherweight champions; Joe Gans, lightweight; Joe Walcott, welterweight; Tiger Flowers, middleweight, and Jack Johnson, heavyweight. And if we are to consider the N. B. A. titleholder of last year, Billy Jones, who lost to Marcel Thil of France, then the Negroes have still another titleholder as he was considered the world's middleweight king in thirty-one states of this country, besides receiving recognition by the European Federation. Quite an aggregation of stars!

* * *

THE colored boys can now point with pride to an array of champions that would be hard to beat, each being in his prime. Man for man, each pitted against the best of the white race and each at his best, it would be a toss-up in picking the winners. Let's take a peep at the records of these ring marvels. We know what Brown and Chocolate have done to date, and their performances are too recent for review. But glance at the record of the others:

George Dixon, bantam and featherweight champion—a ring marvel if ever there was one. Said by experts to be the greatest little fighter that ever entered a roped square. While weighing only 109 pounds, he beat the world's best bantams and featherweights and often gave away from ten to twelve pounds. Was taught boxing technique by that great teacher of boxing, the veteran Tom O'Rourke, who still holds forth at the Pioneer Gymnasium of New York. He was the first American to bring back a title from a foreign land when he went to England and beat Nunc Wallace, the English champion.

Joe Gans, the Master, they called him, and the name fitted him perfectly. A ring champion such as has never been seen in his class since he passed, despite the claims of Benny Leonard's admirers. One of the world's greatest, if not the greatest, of all fighters. A marvel at coolness, a master technician, a perfect sharpshooter, a keen counter-puncher and a heavy hitter—that was Joe Gans. He not only easily beat everything in his own class when at his best, but once fought a twenty-round draw with Joe Walcott, welter king of the world.

* * *

JOE WALCOTT, one of the modern ring wonders. A tremendous hitter. A game, fearless fighter. The world's welter king at a time when the field boasted of the greatest welterweights that have ever appeared at one time. He licked welters, middleweights, light-heavies and heavyweights, including the tough George Gardiner and Joe Choynski. Also tutored by Tom O'Rourke.

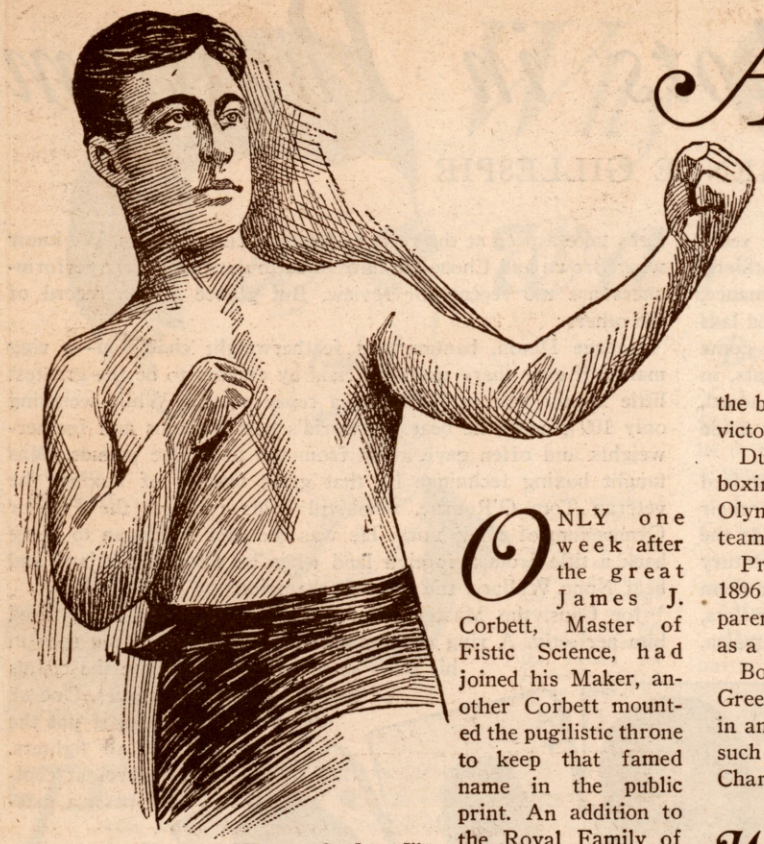
Dixie Kid, a clever welterweight, who beat Walcott for the crown but had a hard time convincing critics that the victory entitled him to international recognition as the champion.

Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, who beat Harry Greb for the middleweight championship. A whirlwind of a fighter—game, aggressive and clever. Carried a good kick in his mitts.

Jack Johnson, picked by many fight experts as the leading heavyweight of all time. A wonderfully defensive fighter—one of the best. A powerful hitter, and easy-going performer. Seldom let himself out to the limit.

Stopped Tommy Burns after Tommy had established his claim to the title that Jeffries had abdicated, then battered Jim Jeffries into a pulp when the Californian boilermaker attempted to regain the crown for the white race. Gave Sam Langford a fearful beating in Chelsea, Mass., dropping Sam twice, but always refused to give Sam another chance because he did not want to risk having another Negro replace him. *(Continued on page 37)*

A ROYAL FAMILY



George Green, "Young Corbett I"

ONLY one week after the great James J. Corbett, Master of Fistic Science, had joined his Maker, another Corbett mounted the pugilistic throne to keep that famed name in the public print. An addition to the Royal Family of Corbetts, you might call it, for, with the exception of the Sullivans, no name has stood forth so prominently in fistic deeds. On Washington's birthday, in the Seals' Stadium of San Francisco, Raffaele Giordano of Fresno, an adopted son of sunny California, made the steep grade of fighting excellence first established by "Gentleman Jim" by winning the world's welterweight title from Jackie Fields in a ten-round bout.

Thus Giordano, known to boxing followers as Young Corbett III, made it four aces in the fighting Corbett group which, besides the founder, has in its midst two other stalwarts, George Green, who fought under the name of Young Corbett, and William Rothwell, the second Young Corbett. The founder was a heavyweight; Green, like the present king of the clan, was a welterweight, and Rothwell was a featherweight.

California has given many valiant sons to the prize ring, the Corbetts among them. James J. was born in San Francisco, as was Green, and Giordano, although born in Italy, may also be termed a Golden State youth because he has lived for many years at Fresno, in the San Joaquin Valley. Choynski, Abe Attell, Dal Hawkins, Al Kaufman, Jimmy Britt, Willie Ritchie, Solly Smith, Eddie Hanlon and Frankie Neil, and a score of others of lesser note, hail from California, but few were greater fighters among the "native sons" than was George Green.

* * *

GREEN was discovered by Jim Corbett, who took a liking to him and taught him the finer points of the sport. As a protégé of "Gentleman Jim," the boy from the Golden West became known as "Young Corbett." He was the first to adopt the Corbett name and many have followed. Of those, however, only two—Rothwell and Giordano—have reached the top.

On January 6, 1872, Green first saw the light of California. During the eleven years that he travelled from coast to coast, there were few welters or middleweights whom he overlooked. Such notable ringmen as Owen Ziegler, Tommy Ryan, Willie Lewis, Joe Walcott, Shadow Maber, Dan Creedon, Charley McKeever and Mysterious Billy Smith, among others, were Green's opponents.

Green broke into the game at the Olympic Club of San Francisco as an amateur, getting his first training from Corbett, who at the time was the club's instructor. He won the featherweight title of the Olympic organization in 1889 and then for two years held the lightweight crown. His first pro battle was against a lad named Billy Kramer in 1889, and from then until the ban was placed on the sport he rolled up about a dozen other victories.

During those days there was much more interest in amateur boxing than there is at the present time. Such clubs as the Olympic, Hayes Valley, Alliance, Acme and others had large teams entered in the amateur tourneys.

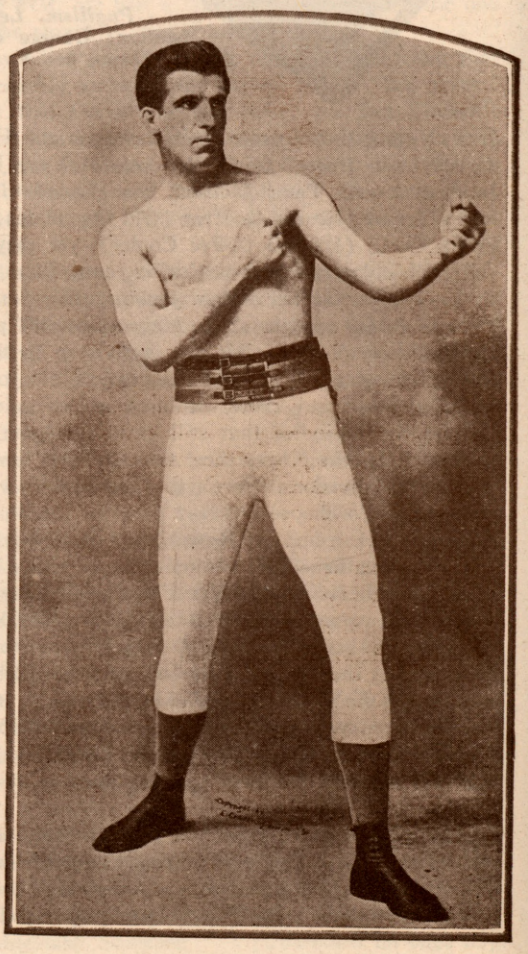
Professional boxing became a dead letter between 1892 and 1896 and Green went East at the request of Jim Corbett. His parents objected to his appearing in the professional ranks and, as a result, he was given the name of Young Corbett.

Boxing came back into its own in San Francisco in 1896, when Green, by working up an affair for charity, beat Danny Needham in an eight-round affair. He followed this up with victories over such great ring generals as Owen Ziegler, Tom Tracy and Charley McKeever.

* * *

WHEN Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Jim Corbett at Carson City, Green stopped Mysterious Billy Smith in twelve rounds in the semi-final. At the time Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan had both entered the middleweight division, thus leaving the welter class without a titleholder, and Green put in a claim for it. However, he was never internationally recognized and when, a few months later, Smith beat both Matty Matthews, one of the claimants, and Joe Walcott, who had knocked out Green three weeks after George had stopped Smith, Mysterious Billy was proclaimed the champion. Walcott turned the trick on Green in the eighteenth round.

Green remained in active competition for ten years, retiring in 1899. From then on, at various times, he instructed in boxing at the Olympic Club, where he turned out many ama-



James J. Corbett, the daddy of 'em all, the original Corbett

Raffaele Giordano, Latest Addition, Makes the Steep Grade of Fighting Excellence First Established by James J. Corbett—George Green and William Rothwell, Other Members

By NAT FLEISCHER

teur champions. In 1925, he retired and was pensioned by the club for his thirty-six years of identification with it.

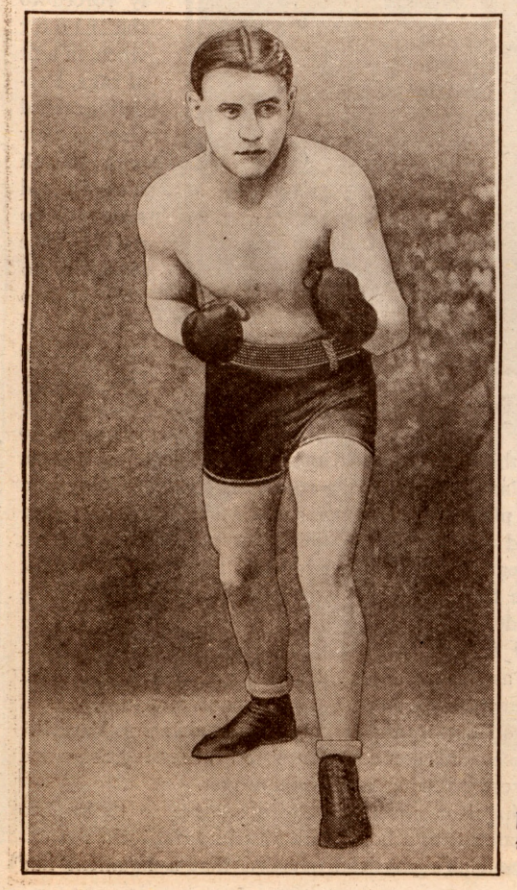
Green, unlike his teacher, was not a boxer. Willie Lewis, New York referee, who was stopped in two rounds by Green, says of him:

"He fought like a whirlwind and hit like a steam-hammer. He never liked long range work, as did the original Corbett. His system was to get in close to a fellow where he could feel his opponent's breath, and then he would bombard the body. And how he could hit! Boy, he certainly had two good hands, and knew how to use them!

"His left was a beauty. He could send that along with the speed of a limited and the weight of a gravel train on a downgrade. Like Jim Corbett, he was a master in his art, but where the teacher was proficient in all branches, George Green's efficiency was in his powerful infighting."

* * *

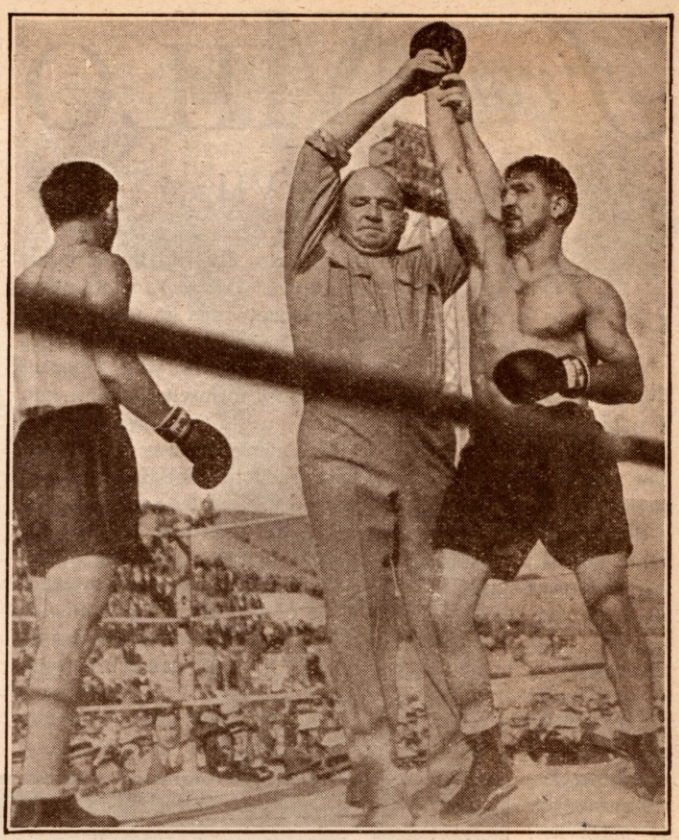
AS for Young Corbett II, William Rothwell, there were few greater battlers in his division than he. It was thirty-two years ago that a clean-cut, chesty young man out of the West startled the world of sports by knocking out Terry McGovern in two rounds at Hartford, Conn. The conqueror, Young Corbett, was practically an unknown at the time that he accomplished the feat. In fact, when the match was made, the Eastern sports looked upon it as a good workout for the "Invincible Terry," and they were dumbfounded when McGovern was knocked out. That defeat broke the heart of the Brooklyn Terror.



William Rothwell, "Young Corbett II"

At the time, Young Corbett, who was born in Denver, Col., on October 4, 1880, was only a youngster, so far as fighting goes, as he was only in his fourth year of professional boxing. Yet he displayed a brand of fisticuffs against Terry that gained for him world fame and made of him, overnight, a pugilistic favorite.

Young Corbett II lacked confidence in his ability until he faced McGovern. But somehow he lost his timidness when he came East, made up his mind that he was Terry's master, and proved it in style. Corbett had a good left hand, as did the first Young Corbett. He could hook, jab and jolt or swing with that left without pulling his arm back an inch.



Lieut. Jack Kennedy, referee, awarding the welterweight title to Young Corbett III, the victor over Jackie Fields.

He never used a left swing without sending a straight left ahead of it to prevent his adversary from getting inside with a straight right or right hook. His most effective blow was his left with a hook. He dropped more than a dozen fighters with it, among them such good men as Benny Yanger, McGovern, Oscar Gardner, Eddie Santry, Dave Sullivan, Joe Bernstein, Austin Rice and Eddie Hanlon.

As for his right, there wasn't a featherweight in his time who possessed a better one. It did not matter whether he landed a hook, swing, uppercut or straight right—if it reached a vital spot, it was curtains for the receiver. His favorite knockout punch was a short right swing for the jaw, and he would land that blow nine out of ten times if he found a fighter willing to swap wallops with him.

* * *

THE story of the latest Young Corbett is too well known to be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that this Italian youth had the distinction of having whipped two welter kings in overweight matches before he was able to get the titleholder into the ring with him with the championship at stake. He was born in Italy in May, 1905, and when a few months old, his parents came to America and settled down in Pittsburgh, Pa., from where they moved to Fresno, California.

There, in the grape country, Raffaele gained the strength that enabled him to become a boxer. He received a good education and took up boxing more as a pastime than for a vocation until he found that he was so good that he decided to throw his lot with the professionals. It was Fighting Dick Hyland who induced him to make that decision, as Dick saw in this youth a future champion, and told him so. That Hyland's judgment was good was proved when Corbett won the welter crown recently.

Before taking up boxing as a profession, Young Corbett was in the insurance business. When his boxing days are over, he expects to go back to that.

Young Corbett is a southpaw and lacks color, but makes up for that by his speed and punching power.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER VII

By A. D. PHILLIPS

NEW YORK'S white light district, the greatest theatrical center in the world, harbors in its midst the leading wrestling gymnasium in America, a place owned by George Bothner, former world's lightweight champion. Those who frequent Bothner's Gymnasium have often laughed themselves almost into a state of hysteria by the antics of an old-timer who acts as trainer and sparring partner to the leading matmen of this day. The name of this wrestler is Leo Pardello, at one time a famed wrestler of the rough-and-tumble school, and later a movie actor.

Those who are acquainted with their wrestling history will recall Leo as the man who wrestled Frank Gotch for the American championship at Brooke's Casino in Chicago on November 26, 1906, and gave a good account of himself. They will also recall that Leo, for many years, was ranked among the aces of the mat sport, for he not only knew his holds but was as strong as an ox and was a menace to any man.

Leo, who still lives in Brooklyn, always drew well at the gate, not because of his wrestling prowess so much as his fun making once he got into the ring. The critics dubbed him the greatest comedy artist in wrestling, and he still retains that title. Yet Pardello was a highly feared matman. He commanded the respect of all the heavyweights.

Frank Gotch, in training on the beach at Los Angeles with Noah Young, weight lifting champion.

When Leo came here from Italy, he was heralded as the greatest and toughest wrestler ever sent to these shores by Sunny Italy and he proved that the advance notices were not exaggerated. After Gotch had thrown Jenkins and was once more acclaimed the kingpin of American grapplers, he looked about for another victim, and he decided to accept a challenge from Pardello. Leo, at the time, had been winning many bouts and had a tremendous following among his countrymen. As Chicago was a great wrestling center and had a big Italian population, the match was arranged to take place in the Windy City. On the day of the event, the promoters were astonished by the huge turnout. The pavilion was packed to suffocation.

* * *

PARDELLO had built up a reputation as a fighter and a bone breaker and he tried hard to live up to his name in the match with Gotch. At the sound of the opening gong, he rushed from his corner, head lowered, and made straight for Gotch. Frank lightly sidestepped and, as Leo plunged past, gave him the foot. The Italian was saved from a bad fall by quickly grabbing the top rope as he stumbled forward.

He turned quickly and came in again, but Gotch dropped to both knees and lifted Leo high in the air, then crashed him to the canvas with a dull thud. Pardello immediately started his rough work and began using his elbows and fists when in close.

Gotch took the blows going away, but came in fast and jumped for a headlock. Leo ducked out of danger, but instead of sparring for a wrestling hold, began to feint with both fists, turning the match into a Marquis of Queensberry fiasco. He jabbed his left to the face a couple of times and then missed a wicked right haymaker for the jaw. Gotch only avoided the blow by back pedalling quickly along the ropes. The crowd was on its feet in an instant, yelling for Gotch to "soak him" and "kill him," but Frank only smiled and waved both hands at the crowd.

Pardello was mad with rage and followed Gotch about the ring, but in an instant Frank turned the tables by slipping like a flash behind and slamming Pardello to the canvas, at the same time locking on a half-nelson and crotch.

Both of the Italian's shoulders were being gradually forced to the floor when, in a fit of rage, Pardello grabbed Gotch's hair with both hands and started to pull. He managed to yank out two whole handfulls before Gotch let go. They both jumped to their feet, but this time it was Gotch who was the mad man.

He roughed Pardello over to the ropes, and then grabbing him about the waist, plunged to the canvas. He rubbed Pardello's face in the rosin, and then quickly grabbing Leo's left foot, drew it backward and began to put on the pressure. The foot was almost half-way up the back when a sharp snap was audible to those about the ringside.

Pardello, half fainting with the pain, fell over on his back, his leg as limp as a rag. Gotch jumped to his feet and started to his corner, but a groan from Pardello made him turn, and in an instant he was assisting the Italian over to his stool. Pardello, with the assistance of his seconds, limped to his dressing room and the match was resumed after a ten-minute rest.

It took the champion exactly fourteen seconds to throw Leo in the second match with a body scissors and wrist lock. An examination by the club's physician showed that a ligament had

Gotch Loses, Then Regains American Championship—Conquers Leo Pardello in Rough-and-Tumble Match Then Drops His Crown to Beell, Only to Win It Back 16 Days Later

been snapped in the left knee in the first fall.

Thus had ended Pardello's chances to win a championship. However, the crowd sympathized with the Italian and gave him a great ovation.

* * *

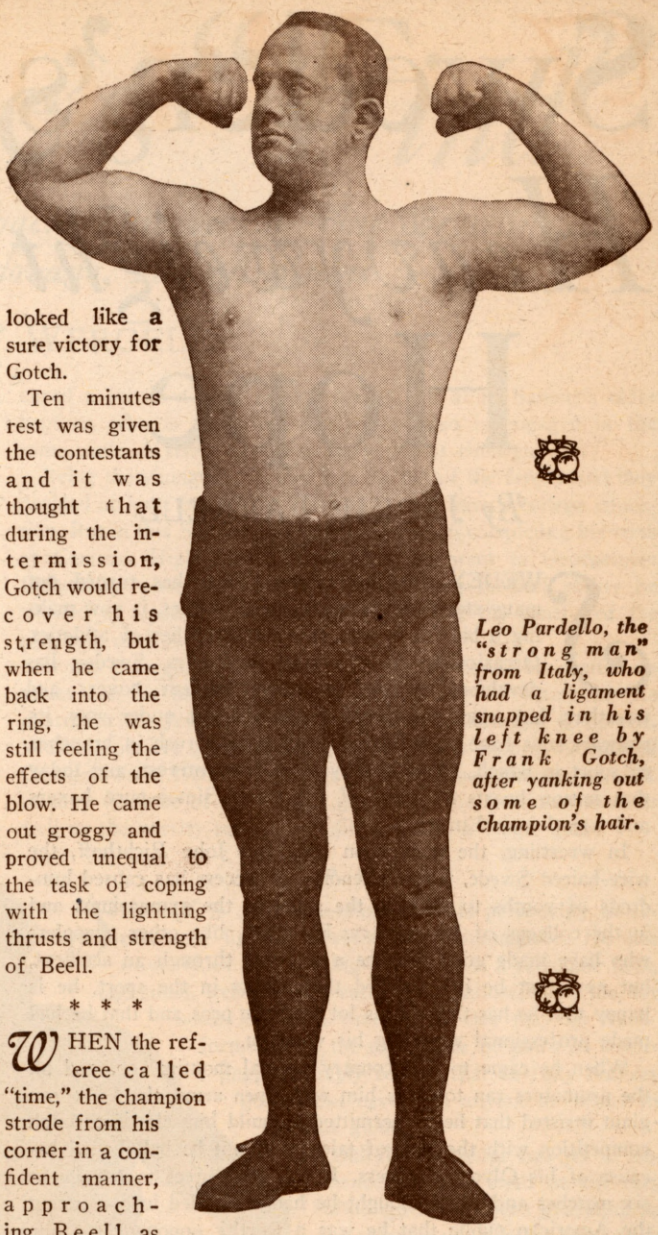
FOLLOWING that bout, Gotch risked his championship against Fred Beell, the woodchopper and giant killer of Marshfield, Wisconsin. An idea of Gotch's confidence in himself may be gleaned from the fact that he never picked his opponents as the champions do today, nor did he hesitate to wrestle as often against topnotchers as opponents could be brought forth who were worth while.

Although Beell was a wrestler whom the stars of his day were anxious to avoid, Gotch accepted him as his opponent only four days after the champion had thrown Pardello. An offer for such a match was made in New Orleans, and Frank consented to tackle Beell in that city on December 1, 1906. Beell, weighing only 169 pounds as against Gotch's 202, threw Frank twice and won the American title. A pigmy in stature in comparison with Gotch, and his inferior in ring science and in strength, Beell nevertheless gained the topmost rung of the wrestling ladder by downing the Iowa farmer.

There were those among the spectators who claimed Fred won the title on a fluke, but the fact remains that he won the crown. Their contention was based on a mishap to Gotch in the second fall.

Gotch, in attempting to leap aside from a spring that his little opponent had made, struck his head against a post and was stunned. He had crashed headlong into it and fell to the floor. In a jiffy, Beell was on top of him. He had no difficulty in turning the dazed title holder on his back to win the second fall. Beell had been thrown in the first and until the mishap, it looked like a sure victory for Gotch.

Fred Beell (front) with a wrist lock on an opponent in training.



Leo Pardello, the "strong man" from Italy, who had a ligament snapped in his left knee by Frank Gotch, after yanking out some of the champion's hair.

Ten minutes rest was given the contestants and it was thought that during the intermission, Gotch would recover his strength, but when he came back into the ring, he was still feeling the effects of the blow. He came out groggy and proved unequal to the task of coping with the lightning thrusts and strength of Beell.

* * *

WHEN the referee called "time," the champion strode from his corner in a confident manner, approaching Beell as though he would smother him. He tried to yank Beell to him, but the slippery little woodchopper dodged away. Frank tried to corner his man, but again speed saved Beell.

It took several minutes fast work before Gotch was able to catch his man, and then when he tried for his deadly toe hold Beell squirmed out safely. Twice Gotch caught hold of Beell and threw him over his head, but like a cat the little man landed on his feet each time, although Gotch was quick to follow up his advantage.

Finally Gotch worked Beell to the canvas and with a half-nelson and crotch secured the first fall in 31 minutes. Beell was all action in the second bout. He rushed his bigger opponent about the mat and made the spectators gasp with astonishment at his feats of strength. Five times he rushed the champion and five times Gotch was lifted high in the air and hurled over Beell's head.

The fifth and last time almost sapped his entire strength, and although in a badly dazed condition he gamely faced the sixth rush with a confident smile playing about his lips. Beell rushed, Gotch tried to evade and in a mix-up slipped to the canvas, bumping his head against the ringpost with a crash that could be heard all over the arena. Beell picked up the champion, and carrying him to the center of the mat turned him over on his shoulders.

Ten minutes later Gotch was led from his dressing room to the ring, still groggy and bleeding badly from the cut on the head. Time was called for the third bout. Beell, realizing that the champion was almost helpless, rushed in and slammed Gotch to the canvas, working for a full-nelson. *(Continued on page 36)*

Sweden's *Heavyweight* Hope

By JACKIE FARRELL

SWEDEN, the little country that has turned out many star distance runners and skaters, is now making a bid for honors in other branches of athletics. Occasionally, in the past ten years, Sweden has developed a few top-notch amateur boxers and wrestlers, but, since the world depression got under way, its stalwart sons have come to the front with a rush in branches of sport in which, hitherto, they took little interest, and today that nation boasts of some of the finest Simon-pure boxers and wrestlers in Europe.

In wrestling, the inspiration has been John Richthoff, the wire-haired Swede, whose phenomenal success has caused hundreds of youths to take up the sport in the gymnasiums and in the colleges of his country. Richthoff, like other grapplers who have made good, became a wrestler through an accident, but now that he has reached the heights in the sport, he is happy that he has thrown his lot with the pros and that he had made professional wrestling his vocation.

When he came to this country several months ago, and all the promoters ran towards him with open arms, the European giant insisted that he be permitted to build himself up through competition with the best of talent and not be ballyhooed because of his Olympic success. It was his object to engage in six matches and, if he thought he had succeeded in convincing the American public that he was a worthy opponent for our best mat stars, then he would remain here indefinitely, but, if he failed, he would return to Sweden and give up the sport.

Well, Richthoff did make good, and improves in each bout. He has thrown some good men and, though his exhibitions have lacked the fiery, sensational work of Dusek, Stein, George, Sonnenberg and others, he has displayed a keen knowledge of wrestling—the kind that eventually gets "his man."

* * *

THERE is nothing of the theatrical in Richthoff's personal or professional makeup. He was born of poor parents in Malmo, a little fishing port in south Sweden, thirty-one years ago. He has all the appearances and the physique of the story-book Viking. He stands 6 feet 4 inches in his heavy woolen socks, which he is never without, and weighs 235 pounds.

As a boy, Richthoff was athletically inclined, but was in a dilemma as to just what branch of sport he would follow. He tried his hand at soccer football, broad and high jumping and divers other track and field events with varying degrees of success.

He completed an eight-year course at the Malmo High School, where he was a diligent and studious pupil. He worked after school on the fishing boats in his home port and, when the catch was light, he would make minor repairs on the family craft.

John's parents were devout Lutherans, and he himself taught Sunday School in the village church for many years. He put aside his Bible only when the urge came for him to strike out for foreign climes to seek athletic fame and fortune.

It was only by accident that Richthoff became a wrestler. He used to watch the wrestlers work in the various gymnasiums and thought it was a brutal sport. But one day John went on the mat with a friend "just for fun" and, after a fifteen-minute session, came through with the germ of wrestling deeply imbedded in his blood. From then on, John looked at the mat game in a more favorable light and decided that it wasn't such a brutal sport, after all. It was, in brief, just what the doctor ordered for healthy, solid people, so Richthoff became a wrestler—an amateur wrestler.

John Richthoff

Wrestling not only gave the young men an opportunity to develop their minds and bodies, but it also furnished the extra incentive to travel, to see new places and things, to meet up with different people. In due course, Richthoff became very proficient in the Graeco-Roman style, then in the free style. He saw in the mat game unlimited possibilities. He went in for it with everything he had, and subsequently engaged in and won about one hundred matches at home and in various parts of Europe.

* * *

NOMINATED as Sweden's representative in the Olympic games at Paris in 1924, Richthoff finished second. But, undismayed by this setback, he toured Europe, winning all of his matches during the next four years. This qualified him for another Olympiad and this time, at Amsterdam, he won the heavyweight championship by tossing Ed "Don" George in six minutes. In 1932, Richthoff, then the most feared amateur wrestler in the world, came overseas to Los Angeles and retained his title by winning over John Reilly, an American, in the finals. With no more amateur worlds to conquer, Richthoff turned professional.

(Continued on page 34)

Lou Little's "Find"

Columbia University Football Coach, Discovers a Fine Wrestling Prospect in Sam Cordovano, His Assistant

By "CHICK" WERGELES

EVERY now and then, to bolster the mat sport, Jack Curley, American impresario, combs Europe for talent and when he finds a wrestler to his liking, he spends several thousands of dollars to bring him to America. It is little wonder then, that Jack is happy when he realizes that a budding wrestling star has been thrust upon him and that it didn't cost him one cent to obtain the lad. In fact, Curley was reluctant to accept the wrestler because he didn't think he was well enough known nor that he had any ability, but Jack's pal, Lou Little, Columbia football coach, insisted, and to oblige Lou, Curley sent for the newcomer and put him through the paces at Bothner's Gymnasium so that he could pass judgment on him.

What Curley viewed the first day he watched the newcomer train, was a revelation. It didn't take long for Jack to ask the young man to come to his office where he signed him to a contract to appear under the Curley banner; for in this boy, Curley saw a prospect such as he hadn't been able to pick up in all of Europe. And that Jack had not erred in his judgment, is evident by the plaudits that the prospect receives every time he enters the ring. In fact, he has become a favorite and will soon be rated among the nation's headliners.

The young wrestler's name is Sam Cordovano, whom Little has "adopted" as his protégé. Cordovano was a member of Little's football squad at Georgetown University where Sam was one of the best guards on the teams of 1927, '28, '29 and '30. When Little left Georgetown to assume command at Columbia, he took Sammy with him and placed the youngster in charge of the linemen at the Morningside Heights institution.

At Georgetown, Sammy showed considerable ability as a wrestler and with Little's urging, he mastered the arduous pastime as easily as he did his position in the Georgetown line. When Little thought that his protégé had enough experience to warrant a trial on the big time, he sought out his friend Curley who gave the youth a chance against Steve Znosky, another sturdy youngster who gained brackets on the football field before joining the mat brigade. Cordovano downed his rival in spectacular fashion and clicked in a loud tone with the fans.

Now Sammy is in the sport for all it is worth. He is ambitious, too, for, when not wrestling, he assists Little as line coach for the Blue and White grid squad. Sammy does not say he is coaching to keep himself in physical trim for wrestling or that he grapples to be in tiptop shape for the scrimmages at Baker Field.

* * *

SAMMY comes from poor parents who migrated to this country from Italy twenty-six years ago and settled in the coal mining town of Dunlo, Pa. When Sammy was six years old, his father moved his family to Buffalo where better opportunities awaited him. The father secured a job in a meat market and is still at it. Sammy's older brother, who is five years his senior, also is engaged in the same trade. A sister comprises the group of children.

Being the youngest, Sammy was the pet of the family and they decided at least one of the children should have a college education. But in this Sammy had to help and upon completing his term at Canisius High School in Buffalo, he went to Georgetown University where he continued the sterling football ability he showed at Canisius. At Georgetown he had the benefit of the coaching of Lou Little.

It was a tough road for Sammy at Georgetown. He waited on tables for his meals and got a little money by acting as life guard for the Jewish Community Center at 16th and Q Streets, Washington. He began doubling up in jobs as soon as he entered Georgetown in 1926 and continued at it until he graduated in 1930. Sammy was one of the leading guards on the freshman team as well as the varsity squads and did not miss a single game.

Sam Cordovano, young Buffalo Italian—the latest sensation on N. Y. mats.

* * *

SAMMY is a likeable chap and his personality is accentuated by his Graecian-like countenance. He has wavy, black hair and big brown eyes, a retroussé nose, and small, well-moulded ears. He is philosophical, too, for when informed that all of this may be transformed with the experience he gains in wrestling, he simply replied that he fully realizes good looks never got anyone anywhere in the mat game.

The Buffalo youngster has yet to experience his first thrill on the mat although he has been grappling in the amateur division for more than a year. He got his biggest thrill when he saw his picture in a Buffalo newspaper alongside of those of Jimmy Slattery and Rocky Kansas. Both of those fighters were not only idols with the Buffalo fans, but Sammy's particular heroes. Sammy got his face in the layout because of the fine work as a football player at Canisius High School. He was the best player of the year and the picture layout was part of the annual sports review supplement of the paper in his own home town.

Following his recent match with Sam Stein in the Garden, a contest that was by far the finest exhibition of skillful wrestling to which New York fans have been treated in many moons, Cordovano was asked what he thought about wrestling as compared to football.

"I always thought that football was the most strenuous of all sports, but now that I'm in the mat game I've changed my mind. The knocks one gets in wrestling leave their marks to a far greater degree than on the gridiron.

"I like both sports. I think that wrestling and football go hand in hand. Every good football player can develop into a good wrestler, as witness by the horde of college gridiron stars now earning a living in the grappling field."

NEWS of

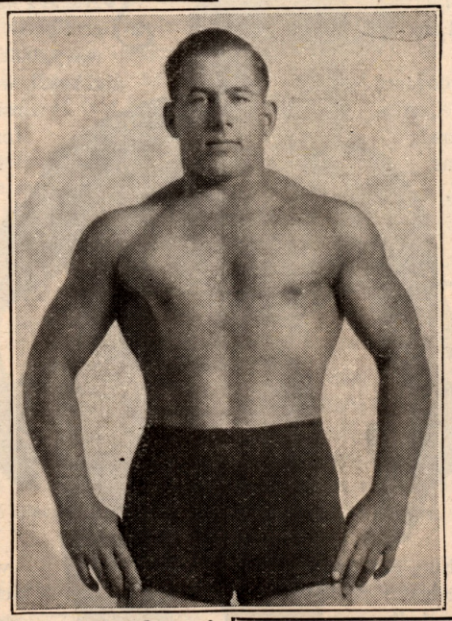
George Zaharias, roughest of the rough, snapped while in a gentle mood.

EVERY now and then one hears of two fighters being clouted on the chin at the same time and going down simultaneously. Sometimes one fellow gets up to win the verdict but on other occasions the birdies have sung their lullaby while the referee counted the doleful decimal with neither of the contestants getting back to a rising position. But such a case in boxing is extremely rare. A double knockdown is a novelty but a double knockout is like rare vintage—it is seen but once in a lifetime.

Yet since the flying tackle has been introduced into wrestling, such an occurrence is frequent. Gus Sonnenberg has been a victim in one such "knock-out" and Henri De Glane escaped one recently in Boston by the narrowest of margins. He just succeeded in crawling to the body of blond Nick Lutz and touching the unconscious form of his opponent for a victory, as the referee counted ten.

In York, Pa., a few weeks ago, Hans Schroeder, the big German, and Boris Demetroff, the 204-pound Bostonian, met with such fate when, after thirty-three minutes of furious grappling, they took a flying tackle at each other at the same time and their heads came together with a crashing thud to knock both into dreamland. Neither heard the count, nor the official verdict of a draw, for it took almost fifteen minutes for the men to revive.

And for rough matches, few had anything on the Nick Lutz-Tiny Roebuck affair in New York. The California German and the 268-pound Indian banged each other until Lutze finally won.



Ernie Dusek, of the seven Dusek brothers of Omaha, who "arrived" by winning over Ray Steele, in Philadelphia.

THAT Jim Browning who won the world championship from Ed "Strangler" Lewis recently, will take his place among the best men of the last decade, is evident by the manner in which he has disposed of the leaders since relieving "The Strangler" of his crown. Browning not only is a showman, but his personality is gaining for him the followers that Jim Londos once had in New York. Browning's three appearances in Madison Square Garden recently proved his worth to wrestling, for by degrees, he is reviving the interest in the sport and if he continues his spectacular performances, it won't be long before wrestling will be back on the map in the Empire State.

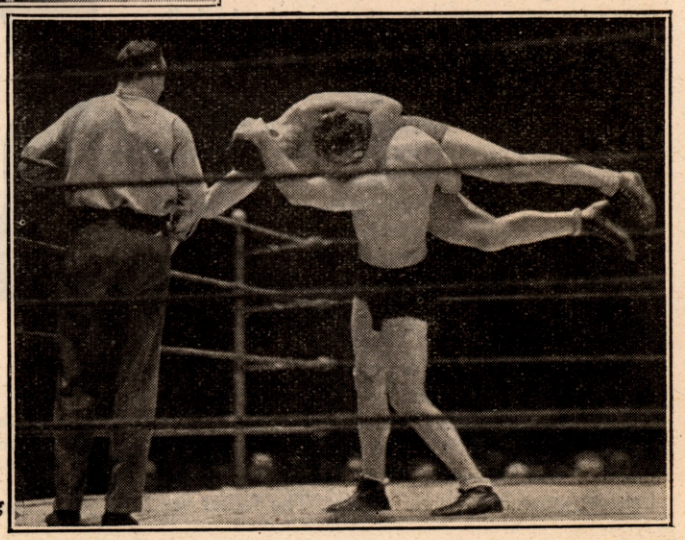
Browning's latest noteworthy feat was to pin the shoulders of Lewis to the mat before a gathering of ten thousand persons in his third match with "The Strangler" in Madison Square Garden. After almost a solid hour of hair-raising grappling with thrills aplenty minus the rough-and-tumble acrobatic stunts, Browning successfully defended his title amid the wild acclaim of the spectators. "Gentleman Jim" was subjected to many punishing headlocks, but he withstood their pressure, to come through with a popular triumph, again gained by his famous airplane scissors.

The meeting was the third between this pair. Lewis, when titleholder, defeated Jim in their first encounter, but in a return affair, Browning surprised by pinning Lewis's shoulders to win the crown. Then came the rubber contest, in which Browning again turned the trick in 59 minutes, 58 seconds. Lewis, the outstanding exponent of the headlock, applied that hold nine times effectively to Browning.

The verdict of the fans after that third performance with Lewis was that Browning will do. He has gained the support of the fans and should prove himself not only a worthy champion, but an excellent drawing card.

* * *

THE fates smiled less kindly on Hugh Nichols than they did on Big Jim Browning last month. Jim successfully defended his heavyweight crown against all onslaughts, but Frankie Wolff, a clever, but little-known light-heavyweight, toppled the sturdy Nichols from his position as head-man of the 175-pound class, at such a time when the general opinion seemed to be that this Mexia, Texas, stalwart would rule the



Jim Browning lifting Sammy Stein up bodily just before tossing the Newark Hebrew star.

the MAT WORLD

By "TEX" AUSTIN

roost for a long, long time. But in their match at Dallas, the German-Australian ace upset the dope, and for the fourth time in two months, a new mat champion was crowned. The light-heavy division is chock-full of good men and should prove to be a most active one if Wolff is at all inclined to meet all challenges cast his way. From all indications, there should be no scarcity of the latter.

* * *

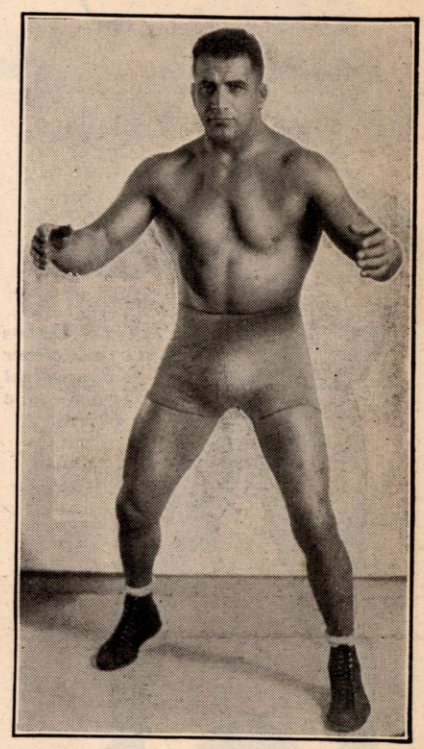
George Zaharias continues on his merry (and rough) way and added to his conquests by throwing Jim McMillen in Philadelphia. The rougher the going, the better George seems to like it. It is doubtful if any matman is the consistent roughneck that this 235-pound Pueblo, Colorado, Greek is. George sports a beautiful pair of vegetable auricles (cauliflower ears to you) in return for his pains. McMillen, by the way, seems to have slipped considerably. He was also tossed by Paul Jones and found it difficult to hold his own against second-raters whom he would have thrown with ease a year ago.

* * *

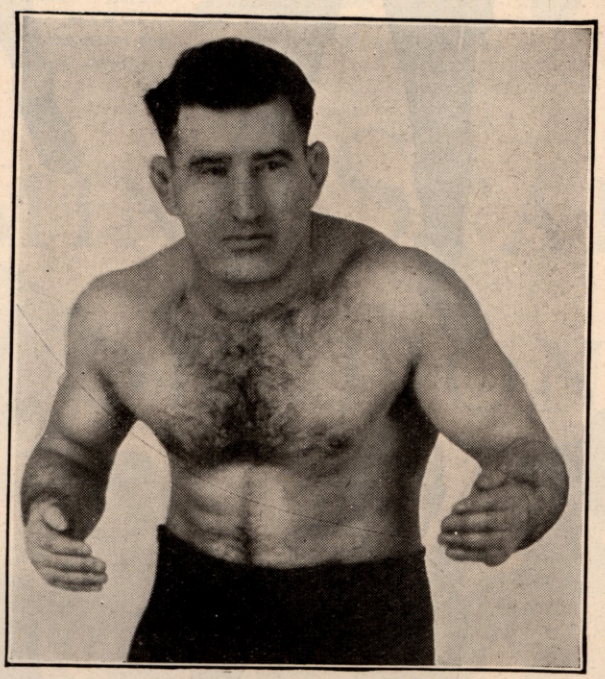
Those who follow wrestling politics are whispering that a world championship match between Jim Browning and Don George, who recently relieved Henri De Glane of his championship in the New England States and in Canada, will take place at Braves Field, Boston, next summer. In view of the fine support the Bostonians are giving to wrestling even during these hard times, it is figured that a titular match between those two popular grapplers, both of whom have a horde of followers in the Bay State, will outdraw any match that might be arranged for New York.

* * *

Few wrestlers of this era have gained the spotlight so rapidly as has Sam Cordovano, former Georgetown University football star and now a line coach at Columbia University. Sam's recent performances against Sammy Stein in Madison Square Garden and Browning at the 71st Regt. Armory, were two of the prettiest pieces of wrestling seen in New York in many moons. He has taken to the game like a duck to water and so fast has he developed, that the young Italian is now seen in the headlines. Like Stein and Browning, he is a popular boy because of his clean, gentlemanly tactics. He is the type the fans like to see.



Ray Steele, the sturdy Californian, who lost to Ernie Dusek, when he was knocked unconscious.



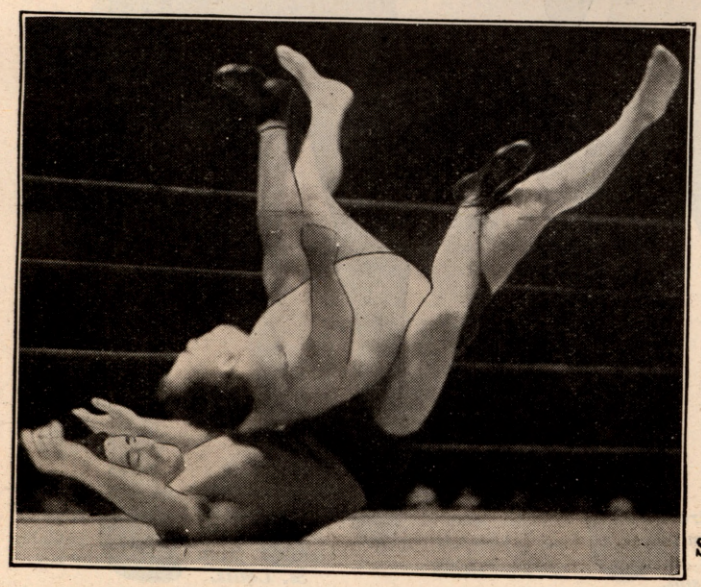
Jack Sherry, who found himself out in the cold when he announced he would not lay down but would wrestle Lewis "on the level."

* * *

The collegians are coming to the fore with a rush. Recent statistics gathered by an Iowa University student, show that eighty-one per cent of the present wrestling stars appearing throughout the country are college men, most of them former football heroes. Some never appeared on a gridiron but were members of the mat team. Our statistician points out that of the latter class, more than ninety per cent were captains of their college wrestling team. The foreigners, he points out, now play only a minor rôle in American wrestling.

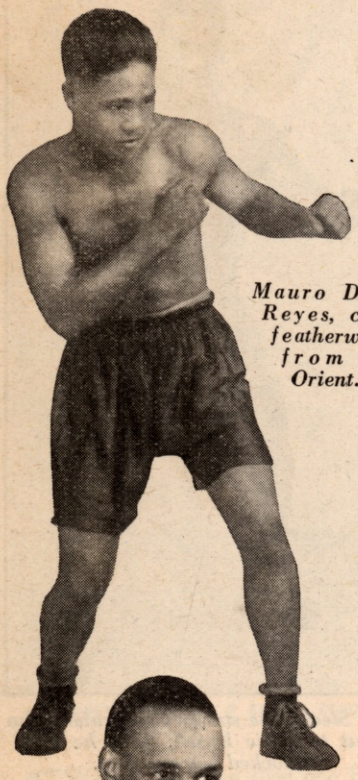
* * *

Now that "Strangler" Lewis has been shorn of his crown, the wrestling fans of America would be pleased to see Londos, Don George and Browning have it out in a tri-cornered tournament to settle the world championship. Surely, Londos, who has been stating that his only objection to decide the matter of world supremacy was that he would not meet Lewis, no longer can put that up as an argument. If it will help any, THE RING will obtain the consent of Browning and George to a match, first, giving you the bye, and the winner of that contest will consent to tackle you for the world honors. THE RING will put up a $2500 gold belt for such a contest and the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment in New York will be glad to sponsor the affair and turn over half of the receipts as a purse.



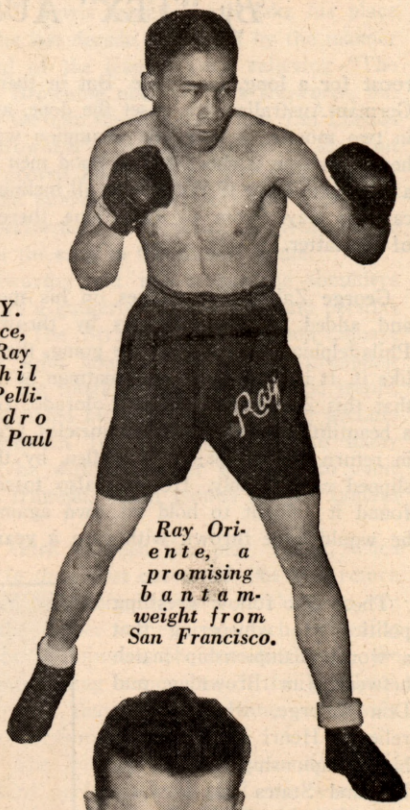
Strangler Lewis enjoying (?) a free airplane scissors ride provided by Big Jim Browning in their third match.

They Show Skill

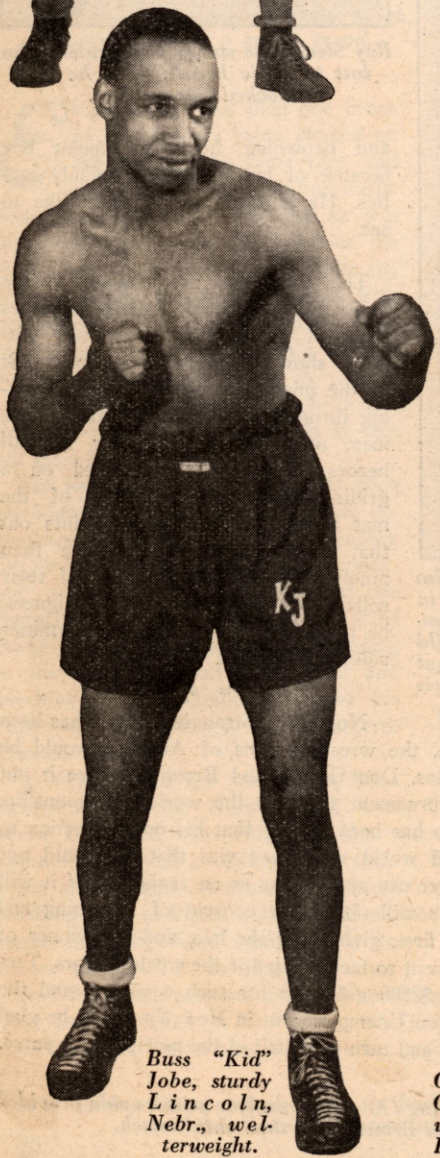


Mauro Delos Reyes, clever featherweight from the Orient.

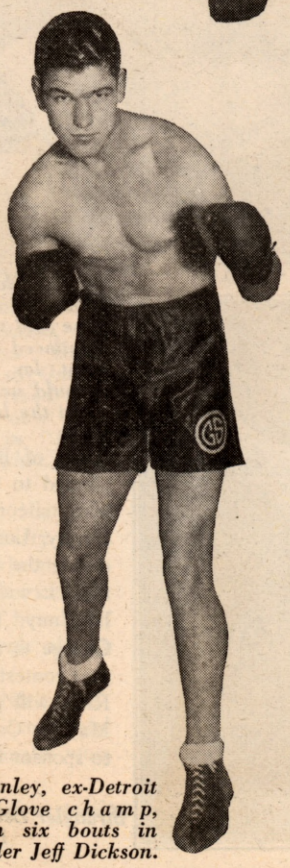
Lou Ambers, N.Y. lightweight ace, has beaten Ray Meyers, Phil Stark, Joe Pellicano, Pedro Nieves and Paul Scalfaro.



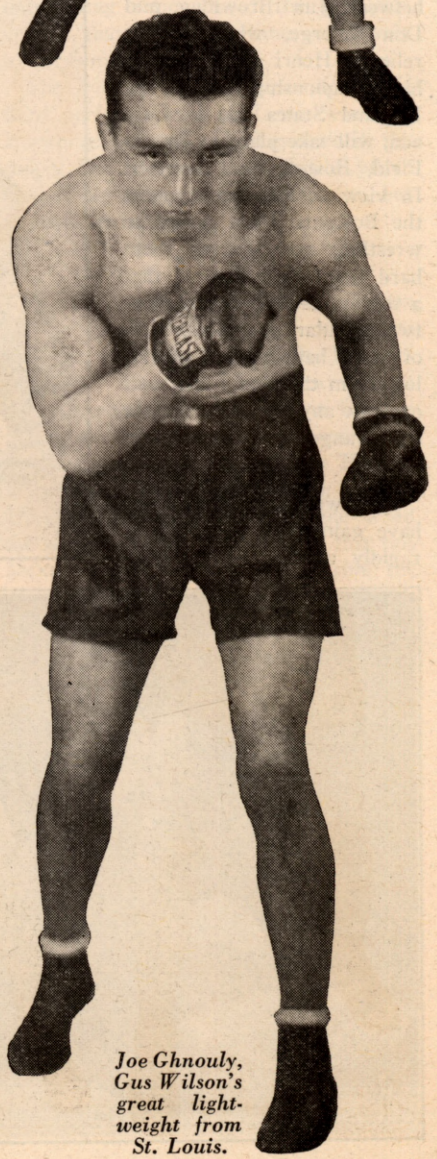
Ray Oriente, a promising bantamweight from San Francisco.



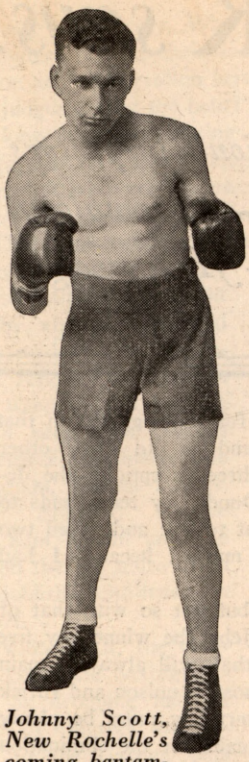
Buss "Kid" Jobe, sturdy Lincoln, Nebr., welterweight.



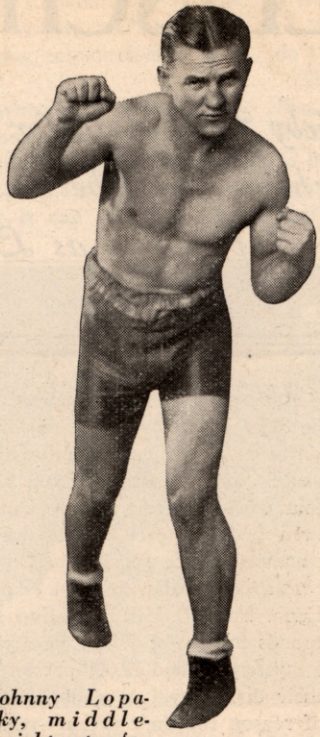
Gene Stanley, ex-Detroit Golden Glove champ, who won six bouts in Paris under Jeff Dickson.



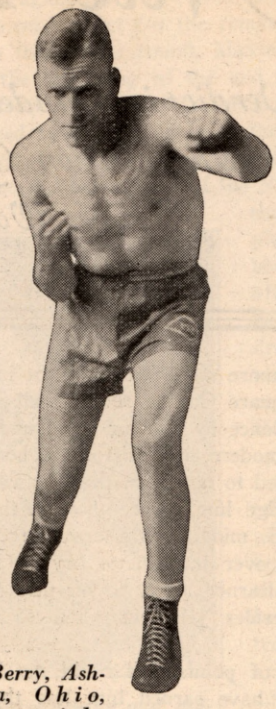
Joe Ghnouly, Gus Wilson's great lightweight from St. Louis.



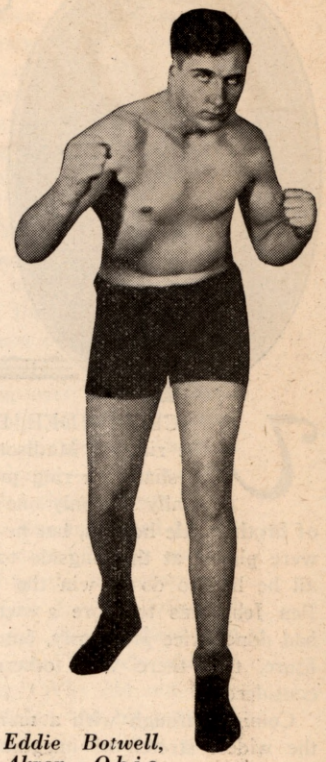
Johnny Scott, New Rochelle's coming bantamweight.



Johnny Lopasky, middleweight entry for New Jersey.

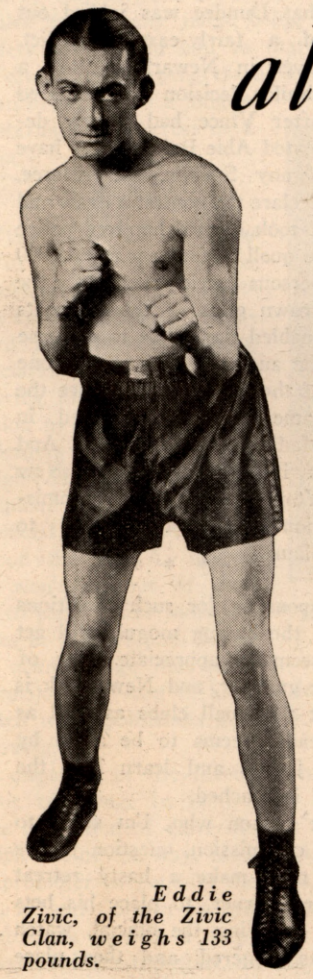


Joe Berry, Ashtabula, Ohio, lightweight hope.



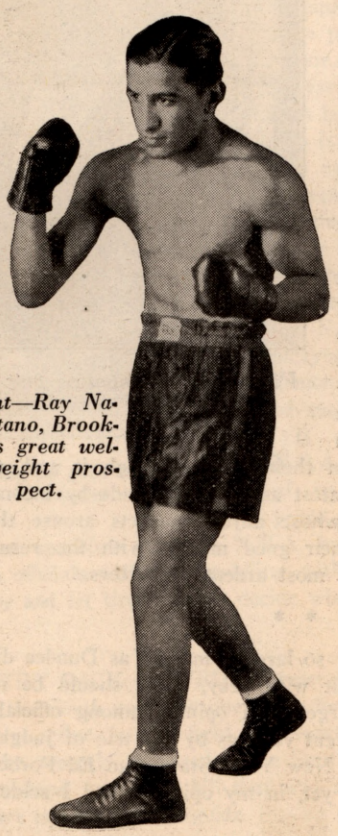
Eddie Botwell, Akron, Ohio, knockout artist.

COMING STARS *from all* SECTIONS

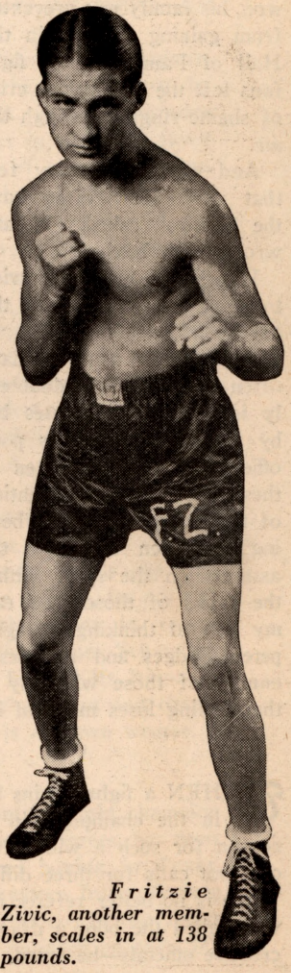


Eddie Zivic, of the Zivic Clan, weighs 133 pounds.

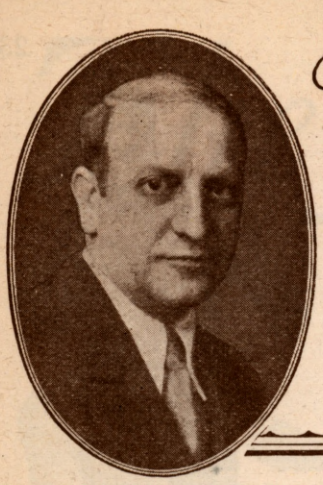
Johnny Stanton, Minneapolis lightweight flash.



Right—Ray Napolitano, Brooklyn's great welterweight prospect.



Fritzie Zivic, another member, scales in at 138 pounds.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Verdict in Dundee-Jeby Bout Calls for Action—Inspectors Who Bet on Fights Should be Ousted—Rosenbloom Proves World Superiority as Light-Heavyweight

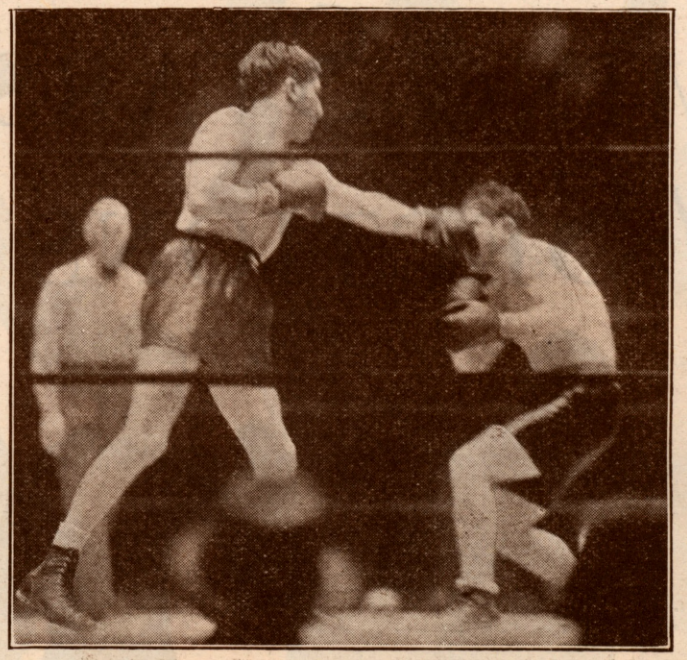
VINCE DUNDEE, Baltimore middleweight went into the ring of Madison Square Garden recently all set to shatter a ring precedence by making the Dundee family the only one in modern fistic history to boast of brother title holders, but he failed to figure on the men who were placed at the ringside to judge him. Vince thought that all he had to do to win the U. S. middleweight crown from Ben Jeby was to score a victory over the Ghetto boy as he had done twice previously, but he learned, sadly to his discomfiture, that there were others besides Jeby who had to be considered.

Coming through with a margin of points that could not by the widest stretch of imagination have earned him less than a victory, Dundee learned to his dismay that one judge had awarded the fight to Jeby, the referee had called it a draw and the third official had given him the verdict, and therefore, under the rules of New York, the best Vince could obtain despite a one-sided triumph, was a draw. Thus Dundee was deprived of honors justly won, his family was prevented from gaining a niche in the Hall of Fame and the fight fans left the arena with cries of shame ringing through the air.

And well might they feel that way. How often have the critics asked, "what's wrong with boxing?"

How often have they tried to solve the puzzle with the answer of "depression?"

Depression, as we have often pointed out, undoubtedly is one of the causes but by far the greatest, is poor officiating. Ever so often in these columns the attention of the ruling powers in boxing has been called to the assaults on the sport within the ranks of those who earn their living through it and, to my way of thinking, the greatest assaults are made by incompetent judges and referees whose unjust verdicts arouse the enmity of those who pay their good money, with the result that boxing loses many of its most ardent supporters.



Vince Dundee shooting one of a steady stream of left jabs to Ben Jeby's face.

* * *

WHEN a fighter wins by so large a margin as Dundee did in the championship tilt with Jeby, there should be no reason for such a wide divergence of opinion among officials, one that calls for three different verdicts by the trio of judges. There is no better referee in New York State than Ed Forbes, who called the bout a draw, yet, in my opinion—and I seldom criticize officials—he erred.

Apparently Forbes penalized Dundee for holding, and in that he was justified, yet I did likewise and so did every other scribe at the ringside, and with only three exceptions, the decisions of the newspapermen favored Dundee by ten rounds to four with one even. I gave Dundee eight to five and called two even and the even cantos were thus marked because I had penalized Vince for holding.

Forbes's verdict at least is passable, but not so with that of Eddie Farrell. His tabulation showed Jeby the winner by five rounds margin and how he arrived at that, will always remain a mystery. When 12,000 persons rise almost in unison and shriek their disapproval at a decision, there certainly must be plenty of reason for their action—reason that calls for the elimination of the politics now played by the boxing commission in the naming of officials and the assignment of men who know how properly to judge a fight. Unfortunately there are too many such politicians on the roster of the commission and as a result, boxing receives a black eye.

That was not the first time that Dundee was jabbed out of a fairly-earned verdict. Over in Newark in 1929 a similar decision was rendered after Vince had clearly defeated Abie Bain only to have Danny Savage, the referee, declare the contest a draw and it took several hundred police to quell a riot in which 18,000 persons participated. Only the drawn guns of the bluecoats enabled the police to disperse the angry fight fans and one of these days we will see the same situation repeated in Madison Square Garden. And if it does happen, the New York State Boxing Commission will have itself to blame.

* * *

POLITICS and betting are responsible for such conditions and both can be eliminated if the boxing moguls will act fearlessly—something they don't seem to appreciate. One of the worst enemies of boxing is the gambler, and New York is just full of that type. They infest the small clubs as well as the larger ones and often their cause seems to be aided by those who are friendly with the judges and learn how the fighters stand when the final round is reached.

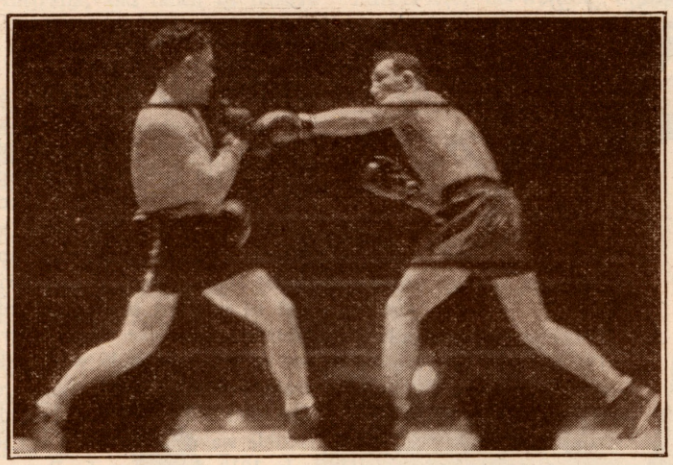
I have had occasion to see one person who, I'm sorry to say, holds an official post with the commission, question judges on the round-by-round standing, then make a hasty retreat to the rear, known as the gamblers' corner, to place his bets accordingly. And naturally, others knowing the official, watch his movements, learn how he has wagered, and then place

their money accordingly. Why not make it mandatory on the part of judges to keep their score-cards covered and also place the ban on any conversation between boxing commissioners' aids and the judges during the bout?

How long can clean boxing endure when such a procedure can be carried on? The Boxing Commission has its inspectors at every club who are empowered to stop gambling, yet they shut their eyes to the proceedings. The future of boxing is at stake. The game needs all the support it can get. The time has arrived when the crooked gamblers must be banned at the clubs and a new deal must be made in the assignment of referees and judges.

Let's weed out all but the best and keep such officials as Charles F. Mathison, Bob Cunningham, Harold Barnes, Tommy Shortell, Charlie Lynch, Sam Austin and Joe Coster on the job more often to reëstablish confidence in the sport.

And while at it, the commission could aid boxing materially by dropping half of its staff of referees and assigning to the Garden only the best. Men of the calibre of Patsy Haley, Arthur Donovan, Gunboat Smith, Kid McPartland, Ed Forbes—despite his decision in the Jeby-Dundee mill, for he seldoms slips; Jack Denning, Lou Magnolia, who, by the way, should be brought back to the big-time tent; Mike Glover, Johnny McAvoy and Jed Gehan are the type who should be given more work in New York's important bouts.



Maxie Rosenbloom, (right) in the act of outpunching and outslapping Adolph Heuser.

And by way of good measure, the commission should enforce its rules against any judge being permitted to converse with outsiders and should add to that a clause to halt inspectors from discussing the progress of a bout with a judge or permitting an inspection of a judge's card during the progress of a contest.

* * *

TWICE within the space of a fortnight, Maxie Rosenbloom, world's light-heavyweight champion, convinced the National Boxing Association of its error in depriving him of proper recognition by trouncing two of the leaders of the divisions—Adolph Heuser, German champion, and Bob Godwin, the official N.B.A. title holder. I hope the N.B.A. moguls now won't go out of their way to place a few more obstacles in Maxie's path before they acknowledge that he is the outstanding man in his division. But of course, you never can tell when politicians get busy. That has become a big part of boxing.

In disposing of the foreign menace, Maxie gave Heuser an artistic trimming. In fact, never has Rosenbloom given such a fine exhibition of cleverness as he did against Heuser. With Adolph out of the way, Maxie asked the Madison Square Garden promoter to get him the N.B.A. champion and two weeks later, he and Godwin clashed in the "House that Tex Built."

Bob came in with a deep gash over his right eye and was outclassed from the start. In the first round Rosenbloom surprised even himself by dropping Bob twice, once for a count of two and again for a five-count and Godwin had all he could do to keep on his feet for the remainder of the session.

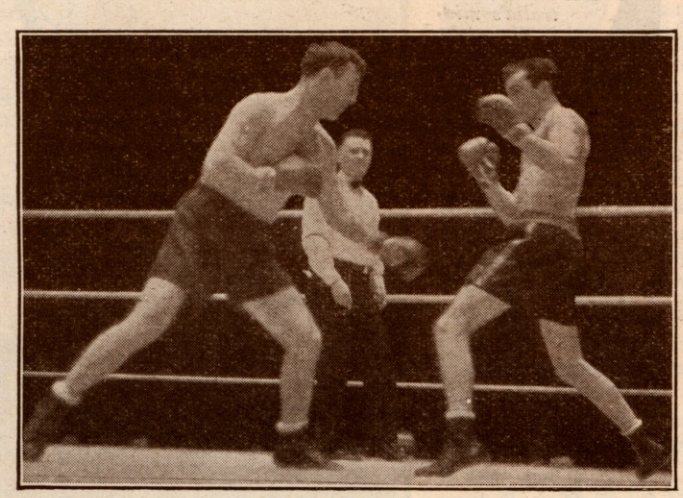
Then in the second round, Maxie opened Bob's wound and that was the beginning of the end. That bout proved conclusively that one of these days the Boxing Commission is going to be forced to explain again to the Governor the death of a fighter. Godwin should never have been passed by the boxing board. General Phelan, head of the New York Commission knew that Godwin had five stitches placed in the wound the day before the fight and on the afternoon of the weighing-in, he appeared with a plaster dressing over both eyes, and was unfit to enter the ring against so clever a boy as Rosenbloom — e s p e c i a l l y against a slapper-boxer.

Why was he passed by the official doctor? Why was he passed by the inspectors who knew four days in advance of the fight that Godwin had been injured severely while in training? Why did not General Phelan and his corps of advisors see that the public was protected?

The responsibility for mulcting the public rests wholly on the boxing commission and it is about high time that the fight fans were protected from such buncombe.

Come on, Commissioners, you are ruining the sport in New York by winking at violations and you are directly responsible for making suckers out of those whose money enables the sport to exist. Let's have no more of this. When Jim Farley was at the helm he made all hands—inspectors and doctors—toe the mark. Why the sudden change?

The Rosenbloom-Godwin fight served to prove the ridiculousness of the stand taken by the N.B.A. against legitimate champions in order to favor some pet of some politicians. Maxie cleared the situation so far as possession of the light-heavyweight championship is concerned. The ridiculous ease with which N.B.A. champions have been whipped of late by those who are generally recognized as the real title holders, yet have been refused official recognition by the N.B.A., because of some picayune reason or other, demonstrates the foolishness of such a stand.



Barney Ross, (right) beating Billy Petrolle to gain recognition as the outstanding lightweight contender.

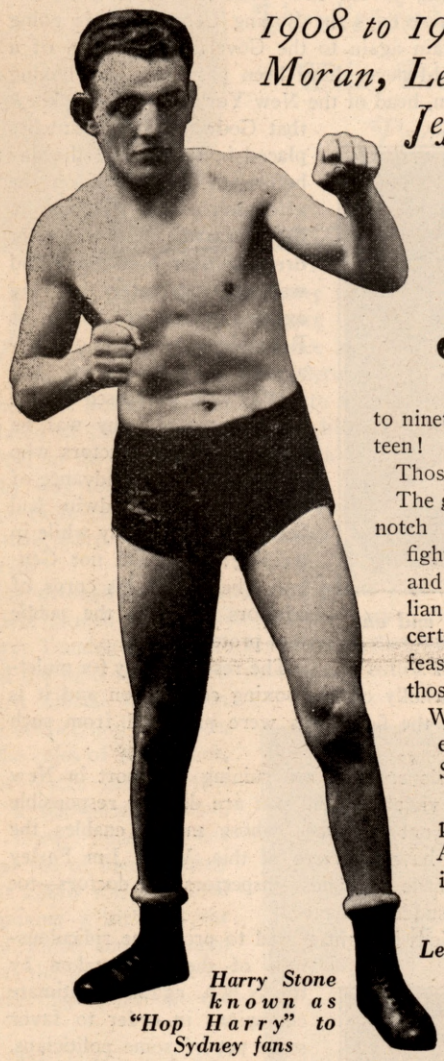
It merely holds up the N.B.A. to ridicule, for not one of its champions in recent years other than Schmeling has stood up. Now that the N.B.A. has learned its lesson, I hope its officials will stop meddling with champions and championships and let titular bouts decide who is a crown wearer.

DANDY DICK GRIFFIN, former bantamweight champion of the South and now one of its leading referees, has been extremely active in the fight for legalized boxing in Texas. Dick, who recently officiated at the Southwestern Intercollegiate championships, wrote the bill that was introduced in the Texas legislature and which will guide *(Continued on page 37)*

When SYDNEY

1908 to 1916 Were the Halcyon Days of Boxing in Australia. Moran, Lewis, Wells, McGoorty, Summers, McVea, Langford, Jeff Smith, Tommy Burns and Les Darcy held the Spotlight

By GEORGE F. NOCK



Harry Stone known as "Hop Harry" to Sydney fans

NINETEEN hundred and eight to nineteen hundred and sixteen!

Those were the days!

The good old days for top-notch fighters and Sydney fight fans! Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen! Australian followers of the game certainly did receive a feast of great fighting in those years.

Why was it that fighters congregated in Sydney at that time?

That's easily explained!

A fighter's business is fighting, is it not? Surely. But mark the business part of it. Show the boys where the big money is and they will be after it like hungry Chinamen after a feed of boiled rice.

Les Darcy, Australia's middleweight idol

Hugh D. McIntosh started it all on Boxing Day, 1908, when he promoted the Burns-Johnston title bout at Rushcutters Bay, Sydney. The news that the fight had drawn the then record gate of $131,000 was flashed around the world. When cauliflowered ears heard the news, thick lips were licked in anticipation by tongues that had uttered many a hard word. Battered eyes cast longing looks in the direction of Sydney town.

Sitting Bull never thought more of the Happy Hunting Grounds than did boxers think of Sydney in those days. Nothing is known of how the Bull fared, but, take it from me, boxers found the hunting profitable in Sydney.

Australian fight fans of that time knew fighters when they saw them. Depression was unknown then, and the fans could afford to pay for the best. They demanded the best, and they got it.

* * *

FOR the first two years of the boom, the heavyweights held the limelight. A few months before his bout with Johnson, Burns had met Bill Squires. Bill had just returned from abroad after his knockout tour.

Ever hear of Squires' knockout tour? Bill had four fights and all ended by a knockout—with William draping his 5 feet 10½ inches on the floor on each occasion.

Then, to show how consistent he was, he took the kayo from Burns in the fight which opened McIntosh's arena. That was the third time that Burns had knocked Squires.

But Australian Bill Lang went one better, and left-hooked Squires into dreamland four times in the next two years.

Just shows what an inferiority complex will do! One of the first to hearken to the call of the big money was Bob Fitzsimmons. But, like many others, Bob had lived before his time and at the age of 46 was unable to reproduce his form of ten years previously. Bill Lang put him away in twelve rounds. The Old Red Fox still had dynamite in his punches, but the trouble was that he could not throw enough of them.

In 1910, Lang fought Burns. The fight was good, but in the opinion of many, the decision in favor of Burns was bad. In Fitzsimmons, Sydney fans had seen a man who had won fame as one of the hardest sluggers of all time. About the same time, they saw another ringman, who had become famous by other means.

"I'm Joe Grim—The Iron Man." Those were the first words spoken by the thick-skulled Italian when he arrived in Australia. But he did not use them when leaving. Much to his surprise, Mr. Grim found out that he was not so tough as was believed.

But he was not the only one who was surprised. There were many others. And that's just why Grim's record does not show a knockout at the hands of Jim Griffin. In the early rounds, Grim showed no sign of being inconvenienced by Griffin's punches, until the latter landed with a right swing that started near the South Pole.

Then things began to happen!

But Grim was not aware of them. He had folded up on the floor, much to the consternation of backers and seconds, who jumped about and rushed around causing so much confusion that it was not noticed by the surprised fans that the count dragged on much slower than it

was the MECCA

should have. Grim had been on the floor for more than seventeen seconds when the gong sounded and saved him. Although he managed to last the distance, his brain—what there was of it—was befogged for the rest of the contest.

Grim had fourteen bouts in Australia, and failed to receive the referee's blessing in any of them.

* * *

TOWARDS the end of 1910, leading middleweights began to find their way into Sydney. First Papke, Clabby and Cyclone Johnny Thompson from America, and Pat O'Keefe and Bandsman Rice from England arrived in search of fame and fortune.

Papke did not stay long, winning and losing against New Zealander Dave Smith, before he left for France where he beat Carpentier. It was a honeymoon trip for Papke, but a profitable one as he wagered a large sum on himself when he beat Smith.

Clabby stayed on, won a fortune, trotted off, went through the lot, and then returned for a second helping. This went the way of the first lot. Close on to $200,000 went west. But he says he had a good time, so that's something.

Tommy Burns was back again in 1912 with a White Hope—Jack Lester. Lester beat Bill Lang, but Dave Smith put an end to his hopes. Sydney saw a whole galaxy of star fighters from 1913 up to 1916.

And what a variety of ringmen they were!

Nationalities! Here are just a few of them: Americans of varied parentages, Englishmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Hebrews and Frenchmen — yes a team of Frenchmen comprising Paul Til, Ercole de Balzac, Jean Audouy, Leon Bernstein, Leon Truffier and Jean Poesy filled their pockets well with Australian cash.

It was this fact that led to Leon See, now one of the Carnera "Cabinet," to bring to Australia Eugene Crique who won the feather-weight title from Kilbane.

* * *

AND guess who else was there! Jack Kearns! Yes sir, Mrs. Kearns' boy Jackie was making himself seen and heard. And How! To this day Kearns is remembered in Australia as the man who talked even louder than he dressed. And he was no quiet dresser! Far from it, with his diamond-studded shirt front, etc. At the time he was managing Billy Murray who was one of the many who lost to Australia's greatest drawing card, Les Darcy.

Also under Kearns' management was "Red" Watson, a lightweight who, under the fattening influence of Australian beer, blossomed into a middleweight. Not having the class to mix with the top flight 160 pounders in Australia, "Red" was no help to Kearns' finances.

But "Red" was one of the many practical jokers then in Australia. Together with Eddie McGoorty, he visited the training quarters of Alex Costica, a Roumanian, who was training to fight Darcy. After his workout, Costica strolled over to have a yarn with the two Americans. Naturally the subject was the coming fight. When Watson said, "I'll tell you what you should do," Costica thought for sure that he was in for some good advice.

So he was, but it was the wrong kind for a nervous boxer of his type, for "Red" continued "order a coffin." Then McGoorty started to tell of Darcy's punching power and its after effects.

After kidding the Roumanian for close on an hour, the two finally left with "Red" asking the nervous wreck that was Costica, what kind of flowers he would like, saying that the boys would like to know when they collected for the wreath.

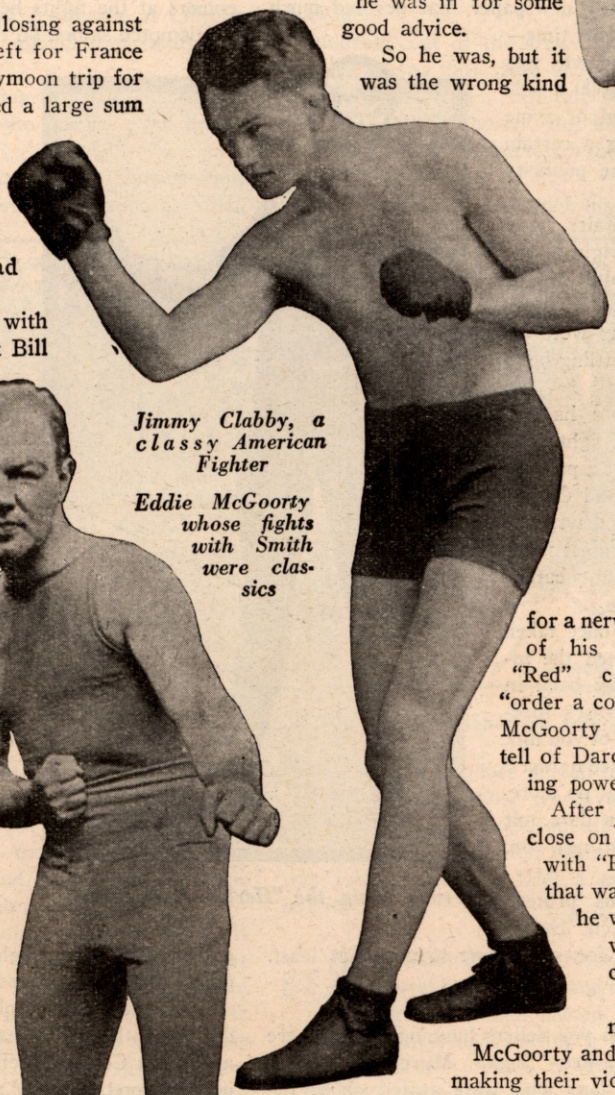
And Costica thought that they meant it!

McGoorty and Watson were not content with making their victim worried and upset for the rest of his training. On the night of the fight, they walked into his dressing room with sorrowful faces to finish it off. Bidding him good-bye, McGoorty finished by saying: "Well you can't say we did not warn you." Watson was no more encouraging, as with tears streaming down his face, he said: "Well good-bye, Alex. It's a pity that one so young should be taken."

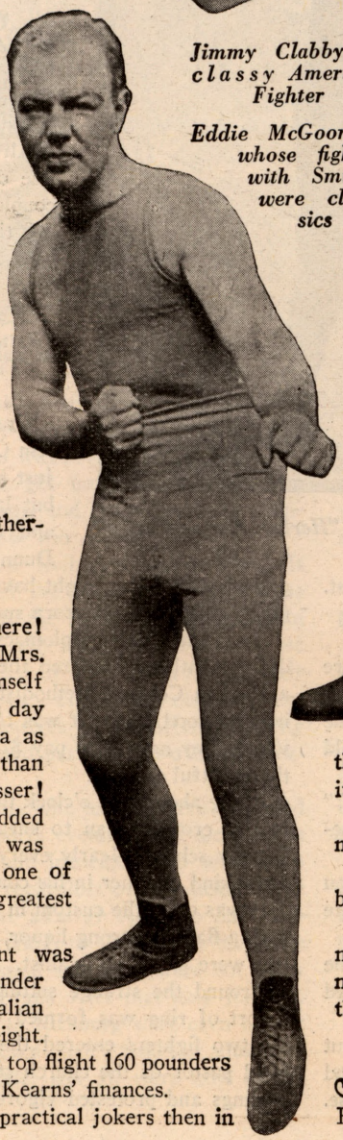
When they left, with bowed heads, Costica was a bundle of nerves. And that's how he remained until Darcy put him out of his misery in the fourth round of a fight which was a fiasco throughout.

* * *

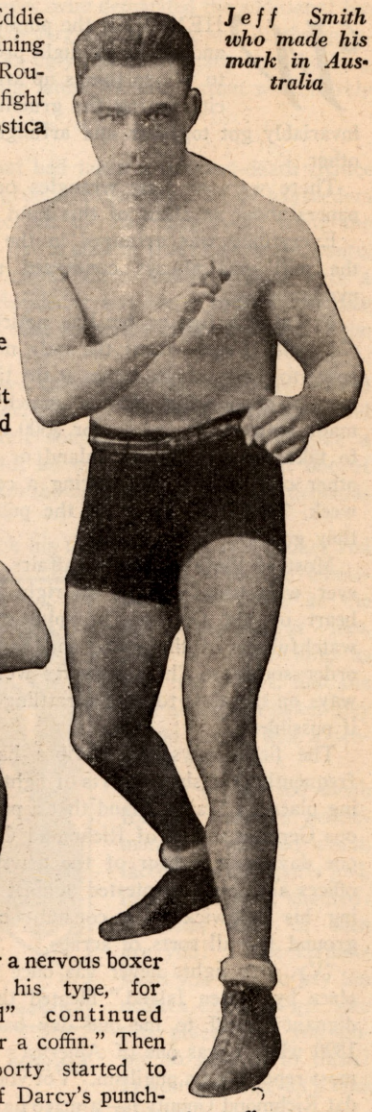
ANOTHER joker of the time was Harry Stone. Harry became famous for his antics inside the ring. An American Hebrew, Harry, though only a light- *(Continued on page 36)*



Jimmy Clabby, a classy American Fighter



Eddie McGoorty whose fights with Smith were classics



Jeff Smith who made his mark in Australia

It Happened in Old New York

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

WHENEVER the pugilistic game became rather dull and the fly-by-night promoters needed a little money to whoop things up around the sporty cafés in this city during the gruelling old skin-glove days, they invariably got together and arranged a match of some sort or other.

There were no long wrangles or big ballyhoo in the newspapers about an affair of this kind as there are today.

Everything was arranged in the most secretive manner and the mill was always conducted under the most mysterious manipulating.

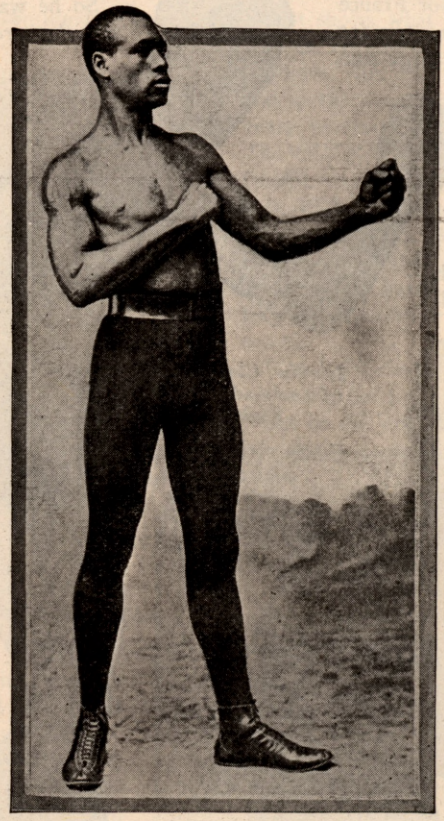
Probably a five or ten-line notice might be published in the old *Daily News*—about the only newspaper that devoted much space to these private fights at the time—merely announcing that a match was made between so-and-so for $300 a side to take place at Staten Island or some other out-of-town spot during a certain week. That was about all the publicity they got.

Most of these skin-glove affairs, however, were usually pulled off right in the heart of old Gotham, in spite of the watchfulness of the police and law-and-order societies. These societies were always on the alert to spoil a rattling bout, if possible.

The fistic newspaper scribes had so frequently published reports of fights taking place on Staten Island that a ponderous German sheriff of Richmond County one day made a tour of the newspaper offices and loudly protested against naming his bailiwick as a constant battleground for all sorts of scraps.

"Vy, dem fights never vas once taken place by Staten Island," bleated the indignant sheriff to me one day back in 1890 when I was one of America's foremost reporters on pugilism. "Vot you tink dat Richmond County is—a prize fighters' menagerie? You mushn't do dat no more. I arrest everybody dot comes dere mit fighters. Dot's vot I do von now on. Chust remember."

After the rather boisterous protest, the sport-writers agreed to cut Staten Island off the pugilistic map for some time to come, at least.



Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler"

* * *

"WHAT'S the matter with you fellers hanging around here without any dough?" asked "Sugar" Murphy of a few financially embarrassed fight fans who were seated about the big red-hot stove in the backroom of Murphy's saloon, one cold winter's night in 1891.

"Why don't you fellers get a fight on and get some coin?" continued Mr. Murphy, quite discouraged by the lack of excitement and orders for various rounds of drinks.

"We ain't got no money to start with, Sugar. How can you run a fight without some cash, eh?" piped one of the group quite sadly and helplessly.

"I'll furnish the dough, so get a hustle on yer, and with the help of God we'll all be happy," declared Murphy as he muttered a silent prayer, for which he was noted.

Never did I see Mr. Murphy start for a ringside without offering up a prayer for himself, his accompanying friends and the battler he desired to see win, for financial reasons or otherwise.

Probably "Sugar" Murphy had directly or indirectly promoted more skin-glove fights—in the 80's especially—than most any other fight bug in this city.

For fully half a century he was a most constant and enthusiastic follower of nearly all the bare knuckle, skin- and padded-glove fights in this part of the country, especially.

In 1860 he went to England to witness the great international championship battle between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers. He brought back to this city the official watch that was used to keep time for Heenan in the big mill.

No money could induce "Sugar" to part with the old timepiece, which he always carried and exhibited with great pride to all comers at the fights he attended.

His noted saloon on the corner of Greenwich and Watts streets for more than forty years was the rendezvous of many famous fighting men and their followers.

Many an impromptu mili was fought in Murphy's old backroom after hours between other combatants besides regular professional pugilists.

Murphy was finally counted out by the old Grim Reaper some twenty-five years ago when he had almost reached eighty years of age.

* * *

IT wasn't a very extravagant proposition for Mr. Murphy to finance the battle to benefit his stranded friends, who sat around his big hot stove that cold winter's night in 1891.

All that he was obliged to pay out was five dollars, a deposit for a hall, and a couple of bucks for the printing of about 300 tickets, which read:

"Big Prize Jigg Dancing Contest"
"For a Solid Gold Medal."
"Between Frank Craig and Bill Dunn"
"Tickets Five Dollars Each."

Craig was better known as "The Harlem Coffee Cooler." At that time he was just starting out on his pugilistic career, but later became quite a famous fighter and champion. His opponent was Bill Dunn of Bayonne, N. J., rather a sturdy, game battler, who might have been a great ringster if he hadn't given old John Barleycorn such a great battle in his festive moods.

By some clever diplomacy, a committee composed of three dusky gentlemen secured the Sunday school in the basement of a Harlem Colored Methodist church for the fracas, after assuring the good pastor it was to be a very select society affair, for which they agreed to pay $15 before the performance began on the eventful evening.

Along about nine o'clock that memorable night, a rather sporty, motley crowd began to sneak quite silently into the Methodist Sunday school. Nearly every comer seemed to have a bottle of some kind or other in his coat or hip pocket.

It was quite the custom in those days always to fortify oneself with a flask of strong liquor, not knowing exactly where or what you were going up against.

Around the strange setting with the pulpit as a background, a sort of ring was formed with the long, wooden benches and the two fighters entered the enclosure stripped for battle. The good pastor of the church stood amazed at the unexpected proceedings and protested vigorously but *(Continued on page 36)*

The Man Who *Dared*

By ARTHUR LUMLEY

(Former manager of John L. Sullivan)

"THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends in life, rough hew them how we will."

Often opportunity knocks at the gate, puts an individual in the center of the stage and, thenceforth, guides him over the rocky road to fame and fortune. Often it beckons, but finds man wanting. It all depends on the person.

Victor Hugo once said that the nod of a peasant settled the fate of the French at Waterloo.

When William Jennings Bryan, in the Chicago Democratic Convention years ago, pointed to the West and made his famous plea for the people out there, his fame became world-wide overnight.

Likewise, the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Until he made his famous speech on the "Forgotten Man," he wasn't given a chance against Hoover, but that speech of acceptance at Chicago elected Roosevelt president. It was his golden opportunity and he grabbed it.

A single happening often is the turning point in the life of millions. A golden opportunity is often the turning point in the career of an individual.

Such an opportunity came to one man at the famous fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., and, taking advantage of it, he became one of the world's most famed sportsmen. There were several thousand persons in that throng that assembled at the Southern town to see the mill—millionaires and hoboes, men in all walks of life, but it remained for only one to gain the spotlight—John Fitzpatrick.

* * *

ON the night of July 7, 1889, when the trains pulled out of New Orleans with a motley gathering of fight followers, the sports had no idea as to their destination. That was kept a secret, only the managers of the fighters and a few intimate friends being let in on it. The train was held up for a long time, and finally, well past midnight, it got under way. Men were stealing their way on the brake beams and chains, and the trainmen, fearing accidents, made a slow run of it.

Daylight was just peeping when Richburg was reached. It had taken half the night to travel the hundred miles because of the number of ringers on top of the train, beneath it and in the cars. As the train approached, the fans got a full view of the twenty-four-foot ring, surrounded by large rows of step-stair seats which formed a perfect square. There was only one entrance to that enclosure, and the natives of the Mississippi city made up their minds that none would pass into it without forking up a ten spot.

Even the newspapermen and others who usually were reckoned among the privileged classes at sports events, were included in the sucker list. They were halted and informed that ten dollars would be the price for admission, regardless of any tickets they had. Can you imagine the state of affairs? All who had purchased seats in the cars heading from New Orleans to the scene of action had been charged a ten spot, and there were not many more tenners in the pockets of the fans after that long journey.

Those who had stolen their way to Richburg were even harder hit than the others, for they didn't even have a ticket of admission and had figured on rushing the gate. But all were now in the same spot. They were confronted at the entrance to the stockade by the Richburgers, who demanded the additional fee, and found their way blocked. Arguments were out of the question. But the crowd was in an ugly mood. Not only had the long ride upset their nerves, but the latest "fleecing" stunt was entirely too much for them.

Sullivan wins from Kilrain at Richburg, Miss. John Fitzpatrick refereed.

* * *

HERE was a mob that had taken a life-and-death chance to get to the battle ground, balked by a lot of hayseeders who were out to get all the hay they could while the sun shone. The crowd stood like a wall in front of the enclosure, waiting patiently for someone to act as leader. There were a few squawks, but all hands decided it was better to await further developments rather than to take desperate means to get into the stockade.

Suddenly, out of the crowd came forth one man. He walked briskly, shoved those who were in his way and, with his broad shoulders and large, soft-felt southern hat, he looked like a person of high authority. But he was not. He was just one of the crowd that had come to see the fight and resented the demands of the Richburgers.

He paused at the gate, took his ticket from his vest pocket and offered it for his admission. But those at the gate laughed at him. They informed him, as they had others, that the only admission ticket they would honor was a ten-dollar note.

That proved too much for this southern gentleman. He wheeled about, faced the riled sports and, in a loud voice, shouted:

"What kind of men are you? These farmers want you each to pay ten dollars extra to get into this place. Are you going to give in to them? If you are men, let's take possession of this place or fall in the attempt."

It needed only those words to get the mob started. Before one could say Jack Robinson, all hands rushed the ring and took possession of the choicest seats. The man who turned the tide was John Fitzpatrick, later a man of power in New Orleans politics.

* * *

IN those days the referee was chosen at the ringside. Scores were named and rejected, one side always objecting to the man named by the other. At last, a tramp solved the question. Pointing a finger at the man who had led the way into the stockade, he shouted:

"What's the matter with him?"

Before he knew it, the big man was surrounded and pushed into the center of the ring, and the cheering for him was so tremendous and so unanimous that he was immediately chosen referee.

Just before the commencement of hostilities, Pony Moore, the little Englishman who had come all the way from London to hold the battle for Kilrain, jumped into the ring and, facing the referee, said:

"Beg pawdon, but if you 'ave no objection I should like to awsk you a civil question."

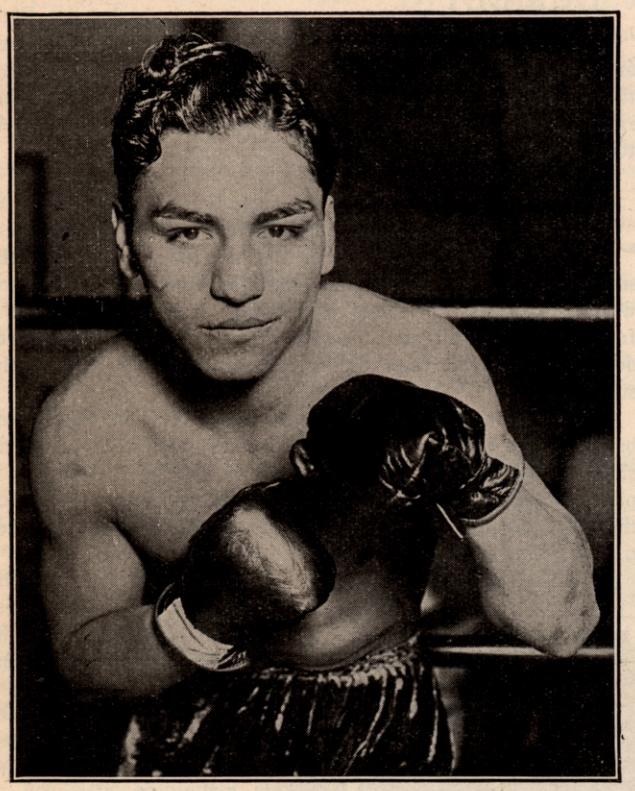
"Fire away."

"What is your name?"

"John Fitzpatrick."

(Continued on page 37)

HOT TAMALES



Baby Arizmendi, classy Mexican featherweight, who has run up a fine record in California rings.

By HAROLD JOYCE

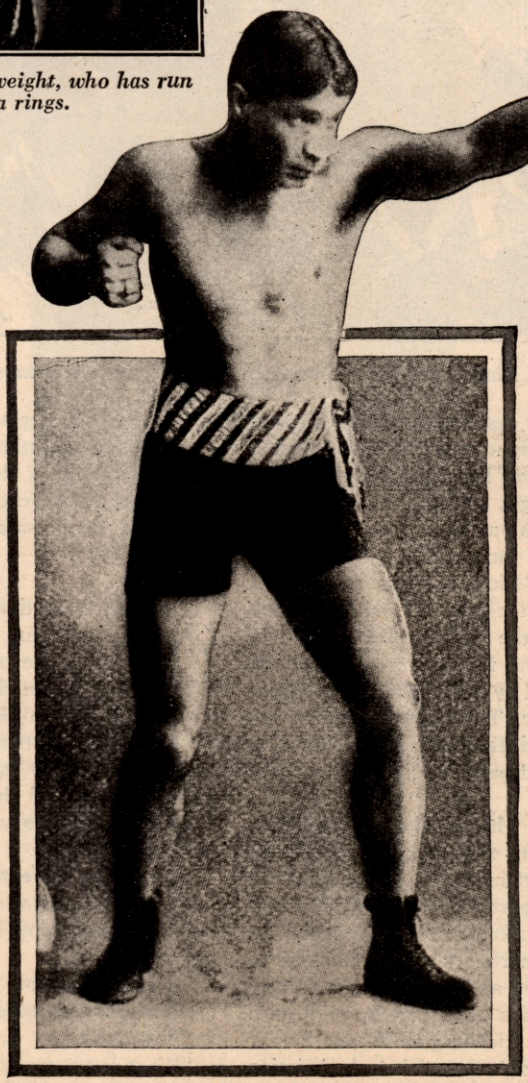
FOR those who believe Mexico a musical comedy country waiting for only a chance to flee *en masse* before the hairy chested baritone, there is a line forming on the left. Our southern neighbor has taken up this boxing business in a serious way and is serving notice on the world that in the future the Mexican must be reckoned in the championship accounting.

While boxing in Mexico on the commercial scale is comparatively new and the country has yet to produce a champion of the world, there have been some great Mexican fighters.

Consider the case of Aurelio Herrera, conceded to have been the hardest hitting lightweight since records have been kept. He bounced the durable Battling Nelson to the ground. A feat not duplicated. He fought never-to-be-forgotten battles with Terry McGovern, Young Corbett and other leaders of the time.

Mexican Pete Everett, a heavyweight, and Kid Solomon, a great little bantam, were troublesome thirty years ago.

Then came Battling Ortiga, a middleweight. His fight with Soldier Bartfield is still spoken of in whispers. He took all best men of his division and returned with an impressive record.



Aurelio Herrera, hard-hitting Mexican lightweight.

Among the best, and ranking as a devastating puncher along with Herrera, was Joe Rivers. Rivers should have been champion. He had what it takes but was dealt a couple of pretty bad breaks.

In 1912 at Los Angeles, he actually knocked out Ad Wolgast in a bout for the lightweight title. It was in the thirteenth round. Rivers had the title practically won. He measured Wolgast and sent over a smashing hook that knocked the Champ cold. As he fell, Ad wrestled Rivers to the floor and sprawled over him—whether a blow or a knee caught Rivers was not clear. The referee, a Mexican, by the way, half lifted Wolgast and counted Rivers out. Rivers' version is that he was struck in the groin, that he did get to his feet at seven and staggered toward his corner and the round actually ended at the count of eight. Wolgast kept his title and the bout is still called a Double Knockout.

Rivers got a second chance a year later to the day, July 4. This time with Willie Ritchie in San Francisco. The Mexican was out in front for eight rounds when something happened in his own corner. Ritchie stretched him in the 11th.

Rivers gained prominence as a featherweight knocking out Danny Webster in 1911. He beat Johnny Kilbane, Joe Caster and Frankie Conley. Rivers, in his last fight as a featherweight, was knocked out in 19 rounds by Johnny Kilbane. He weakened himself trying to make 122 pounds which he couldn't do. As a lightweight, he numbered among his victims, Leach Cross, Jack White, K.O. Brown and Joe Mandot. Battling Chico, a stablemate, met with fair success among the bantams.

Rivers is now doing motion picture work in Hollywood.

The four-round game in California, produced some great Mexican fighters. Bert Colima was the outstanding fighter of the period. He was the most powerful gate magnet California has ever known. He could pack them in week after week. Aside from his ring color, he was a good mixer and made hundreds of personal friends. Jack Dempsey considered Colima the best boxer in the world and had he been tutored a bit more carefully, he would have ruled the middleweight division. His refusal to fight in a clinch was the only flaw in his make-up. He lost to Mickey Walker at Wrigley Field in his shot at the title.

Colima recently essayed a comeback but discovered the old copy book maxim—about time and tide—holds true in all languages. He is conducting a sport hour over a radio station, broadcasting Spanish-spoken programs.

Other better-than-the-run-of-the-mill boys of the period were, Young Brown, lightweight, Frankie Garcia who is one of the leading trainers in California today, and Ernie Goozmont, bantams.

Tony Fuente was a Mexican heavyweight that went nowhere in particular and is included here only because of an explanation of a bout in which it was intimated he quit. Tony

from MEXICO

was in training when his four-year-old son was stricken with pneumonia. On the eve of the match, the child died. The promoters were unable to secure a substitute and, besides, money was needed for burial expenses. You can imagine his state when he entered the ring. Tony was counted out to a chorus of boos. Of course none of the fans knew what had taken place behind the scenes.

Johnny Lamar, 135, who fought Ace Hudkins and 100 others and Benny Charez, bantams, were widely known fighters not so far back. Joe Gerrero was a good little lightweight while he lasted and had difficulty getting matches.

Baby Sal Sorio is another Mexican that might have been a champion if he had not been rushed into fast company. He put up some exciting exhibitions with Joey Sangor, Bud Taylor and Tod Morgan.

Boxing did not take Mexico until about 1923 but since then its growth has been rapid and it is firmly established as one of the leading sports.

Jack Johnson, when in trouble with United States authorities, went to Mexico City and naturally created a certain interest.

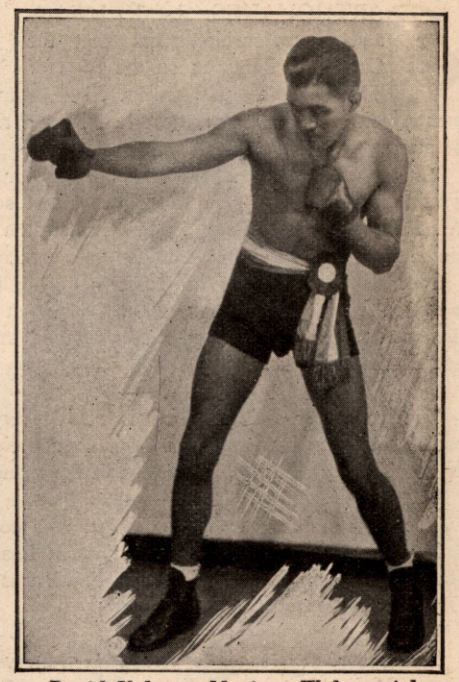
Later a group of promoters brought in Sam Langford, Jim Flynn, Kid Savage and Australian Jim Tracey for a series of bouts. Langford was far and away the best of the group. He beat Flynn in 3 rounds in a bout that attracted a fairly good house for those days. Jack Voight and Andres Balsos, the Spanish champion, came to Mexico and contributed toward the popularity of the sport.

The promoters used Mexican fighters in the preliminaries and it was not long until some very good talent was developed.

Probably the best of these were, Merci Montes, Carlos Garcia, Mike Dundee (not related to U. S. Dundee's) Vincent Azulos, Antionia Guadarma, Mike Febbles, Fernando Oregon and Tommy White from the states, and Joe Leopold (Ocheo). These boys put on some real battles. A contest between Merci Montes and Mike Dundee went 52 rounds when Dundee was forced to retire because of a broken arm.

In 1923, 53,000 people paid admission to see Luis Angel Firpo stretch a heavyweight named Hubbard.

It was about this time the boxing commission was organized by the government and the sport boomed. Amateur bouts were encouraged and representatives were sent to Amsterdam for the Olympic games. On the team were Alfredo Gaona, now one of Mexico's leading welters, and Raul Talan, who is boxing in Japan. Gaona is a son of Mexico's leading bullfighter. The elder Gaona was to bullfighting what Jack Dempsey was to boxing here. And his retirement marked the end of "million dollar gates" just as did Jack's.



David Velasco, Mexican Welterweight

Tony Fuente, Mexican heavy.

In the 1932 Olympics Al Romero was the stand out among the Mexican boxers and was eliminated when judges recognized the claim of the British entry to a foul.

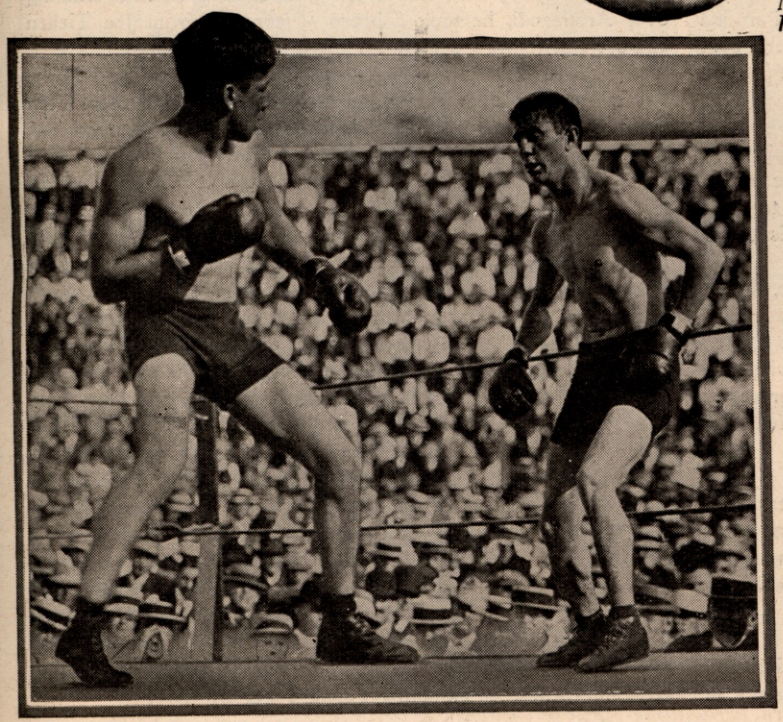
The decision was questioned by sport writers at the time. Romero has been fighting professionally in Los Angeles since and is a fine prospect.

A Mexican sport crowd is a colorful one. Whether the event be a bull fight, football game or a boxing card, the Mexican attends in family. The fans are extremely partisan and waves of roars, sympathetic and encouraging, synchronize with the action. When a bout gets particularly interesting dozing muchachos are awakened with the Spanish equivalent of "watch that baby dish it out!"

The Mexican fighter is an appreciative fellow and seldom fails to deliver. Since the day of Rivers and Colima, Mexican fighters have been the best gate insurance in Los Angeles.

Among the Mexicans now fighting, Baby Arizmendi, Baby Casanova and Bobby Pacho are the best Mexican attractions north of the Rio Grande.

Baby Arizmendi, one of the ranking featherweights, has wins over Fidel La Barba and Tommy Paul in Mexico City. In California he has won and lost to Speedy Dado, beaten Young Tommy, Newsboy Brown, Varias Milling, Archie Bell *(Continued on page 34)*



Joe Rivers; great Mexican lightweight (left), beating Joe Mandot in their return twenty-rounder.

In Sunny California

By SKIPPY JOYCE

EARTHQUAKES, bank holidays and championship bouts kept the California fight fan on the edge of his chair these past weeks. Aside from a few postponements, you wouldn't know there had been a ripple in the earth or purse.

Your fight fan is a curious sort. A major earth shock that wrecked havoc in Los Angeles suburbs and sent three hundred Angelenos to the hospital, failed to cause the cancellation of a single reservation for the Dado-Palmore match.

Several shocks racked the stadium during the bout, and not a customer moved. Dado, by the by, won ten of ten rounds to demonstrate that Mr. Palmore's previous knockout was just one of those breaks.

Young Tommy and Joe Tieken packed every seat during the bank holiday in San Francisco. Tommy took eight of ten rounds. It was Tommy's third win over the little Japanese.

The veteran Mexican, Bert Colima, who could pack them in a few years back, won over Del Smith at Pasadena. A rematch found Colima on the floor in three. Smith was a member of the Olympic boxing team.

Young Corbett is eager to defend his welterweight title against Jimmy McLarnin, or any other good boy, but finds that, although he is the wearer of the crown, he cannot do anything without the consent of Jack Kearns, manager of Jackie Fields, who was dethroned by Corbett. It seems that when Corbett received a chance at the title he had to agree to meet Fields in a return engagement, or a fighter named by Kearns. In other words, Kearns had first call on the new champion and Jack intends to keep it.

A little lesson recorded solely as a guide to aspiring fighters: Georgie Hansford wins himself thirty-two fights in a row to rate top billing. Is given Harry Fierro in a semi-windup as a "test." Main event, if he comes through. He trounced Fierro. Is completely forgotten, while Harry gets several good shots.

So what? Georgie takes a preliminary, through necessity, and is surprisingly, but completely, knocked off by his old friend, Bozo Kamisher. The very next week, Kamisher is knocked around and trounced by an ordinary prelim. fighter. And the very next week, Hansford is histed to the top of the card with Pete Sanstol in the other corner.

Baby Arizmendi either didn't care or he fought a stupid fight against Freddie Miller. When the Mexican chose to make use of his strength, Miller gave way. But the Baby seemed to have something else on his mind and seemed perfectly satisfied to take it.

Miller fought a good battle, kept Arizmendi off balance, flicked and jabbed him with a nicely timed right, and crossed an occasional left that kept him out in front.

Mexicans in the galleries hooted and howled, following the decision. And to set a few of our citizens right, the referee was not the target of abuse. It was Arizmendi, who, they felt, had let them down.

And didn't Young Tommy surprise the boys when he trounced Arizmendi in San Francisco? Mr. Rumor had it Tommy had slipped. It was a clear-cut decision, with the Mexican showing less disposition toward fighting than on the night of the Miller bout.

The Junior League of Pasadena entered the promotorial field following the quake. Morrie Cohan cut the Junior Leaguers in on his Medro Villareal-Midget Martinez card. The girls got a thrill. Morrie got some valuable publicity and the sufferers got a bit more food. It was a good show and all enjoyed it.

The Coast seems to be attracting a lot of good bouts for the coming months. Probably due to the two New York heavyweight fights. Not enough spotlight to go around.

Now for some of the fights:

Fred Lenhart beat Tom Patrick twice in San Francisco and a third time in Hollywood. The boys made them all look good, and only Lenhart's popping up with an injury put off a fourth meeting at L. A. Olympic.

Steve Hamas and Lee Ramage put on a poor show in drawing their third Los Angeles match. Both seemed out of condition. After the fifth round, Hamas was gasping for breath. Lee lacked the strength he has shown in the past. The fight was interesting only when Ramage was stung. At such times he fought back as though struggling for life. The occasions were very infrequent.

Freddie Miller jumped to Sacramento to take Little Dempsey in stride. Back to the Olympic, where Dado furnished the best opposition he has had on the Coast.

Frank Rowsey broke into the main event ranks, stopping Billy Papke, Jr., in Los Angeles and knocking out Johnny Kerns the following week in Pasadena.

Ray Bohannon, Navy amateur and finalist in the Olympic trials, rated an Oakland front shot against Babe Anderson.

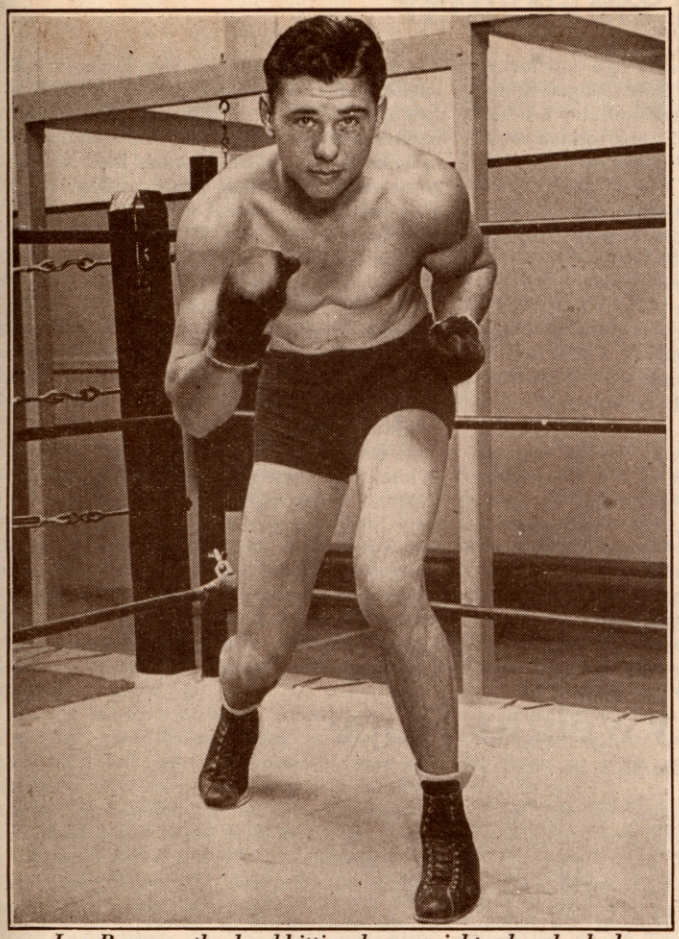
Young Peter Jackson blasted the hopes of Abie Miller in Los Angeles. Miller begged for the match and promised to quit if he lost.

Gab Lavaysse knocked Jack Darcy out in two rounds in an Oakland match. The bell saved Darcy, but his manager was smart enough to let well enough alone and call it quits.

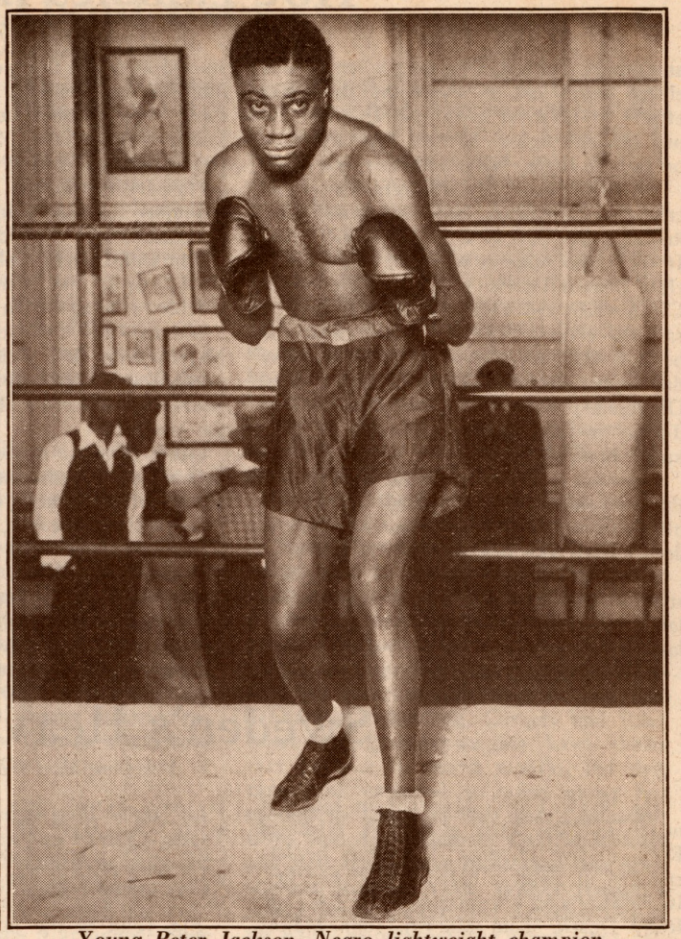
Young Tommy was active the past month. Besides winning over Arizmendi, he took a brace of contests from Joe Tieken and stopped the fast coming Al Citrino in four rounds.

Vincent Morris drew with Joe Montes in San Francisco. Vincent looks like the real goods. His improvement has been gradual but steady. He has looked better each time out . . . . Wesley Ketchel came back at Hollywood after a long layoff. Verle Whitehead offered the resistance . . . . Petie Mike beat out Kenneth Johnson in their Hollywood go . . . . Medro Villareal and Midget Martinez fought and refought at Pasadena . . . . Ceferino Garcia won a pair of arguments from Johnny Romero at San Diego . . . . Charley Mannini and Rudy Benton fought twice at San Jose . . . . Plenty of rematches this month. If a fight gets a hand or draws over a couple of bucks, the promoters throw it back in the ring the following week . . . . In a Stockton bout, Billy McLeod licked Star Frisco. A fast bout. Frisco has the makings . . . . Mike Luizza drew with Joe Tieken on another Stockton card . . . . On the strength of Baby Palmore's knockout of Dado, the same club put Augie Curtis in against Joe Tieken. The ballyhoo based on "you never can tell." But you usually can. And Curtis took plenty . . . . Billy Cooke is the best youngster to start this month. He fought a good deal as an amateur. Is a good boxer and has a punch. In his début he dropped his man forward. He looks a little like Jimmy McLarnin. Weighs 150, and is a very well mannered kid . . . . Moose Taussig is back from Honolulu, where he exhibited Young Tiger Flowers.

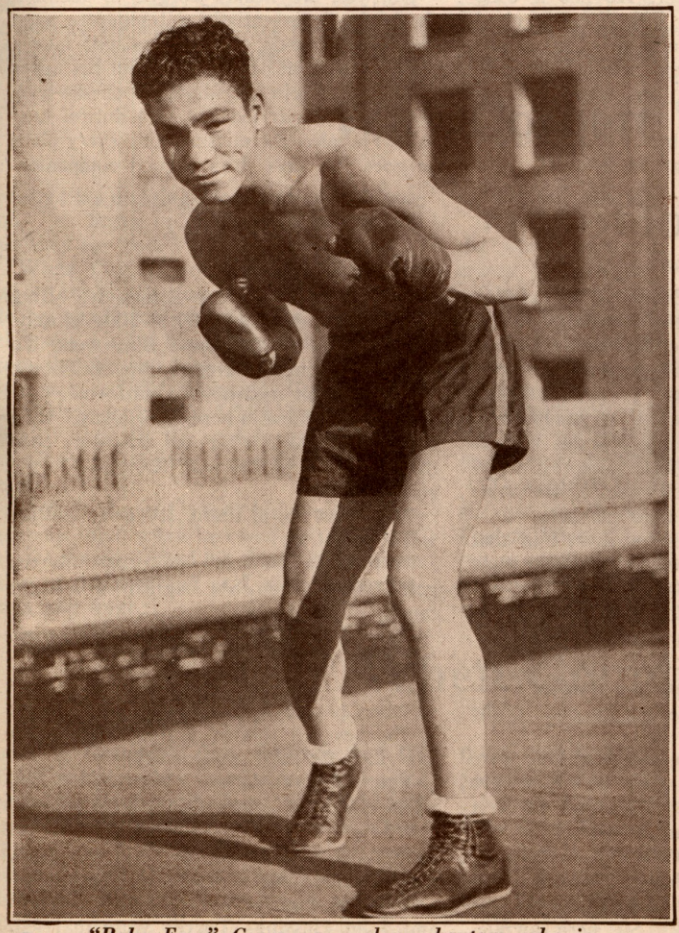
FOUR OF CALIFORNIA'S WORTHIES



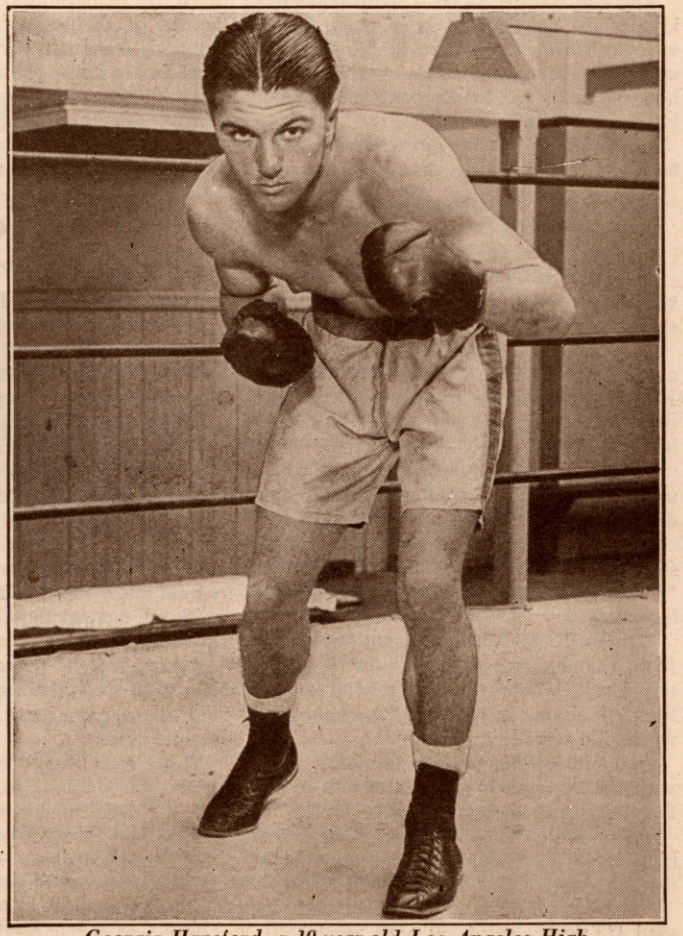
Lee Ramage, the hard-hitting heavyweight who checked Steve Hamas' rise last year.



Young Peter Jackson, Negro lightweight champion of the Pacific Coast.



"Baby Face" Casanova, a clever bantam, who is of Mexican birth.



Georgia Hansford, a 19-year-old Los Angeles High School junior lightweight.

Hot Tamales from Mexico

(Continued from page 31)

and others. He began fighting when he was eleven years old to overcome the after effects of infantile paralysis. In over 250 professional fights, he has been defeated only three times. He is nineteen years old.

Casanova had only 18 fights when he came to California last December after knocking out Speedy Dado in Mexico City. In their Los Angeles rematch, Dado won a close 10-round decision. In his second bout, Casanova bested Young Tommy in 10 sensational rounds. The fight was rated the best in that section for 1932 and many declared it the best scrap seen in 30 years. On January 12 Casanova knocked out Phil Tobias in Mexico City. Tobias, as you know, is no mere set-up.

Casanova has been fighting a little less than a year and has knocked out sixteen of his twenty opponents. One of his bouts drew over 35,000 in Mexico City.

Bobby Pacho, 135, is a classy boxer and stiff puncher. He has been handicapped lately with a bad eye but may come on to land near the top.

Sandy Garrison Casanova, a light-heavy started strong a few years ago and looked like a second edition of Bert Colima. Something slipped somewhere and he has not looked so good lately. Seems to lack interest. If he snaps out of it, he may still live up to early prediction.

Johnny Romero is another Mexican who has flashed into the picture lately. He took a bout with Charlie Cobb, California welter champ, on a day's notice and had little trouble winning seven of the ten rounds.

Mexico has a featherweight in Jesus Najera who, it is claimed, is a harder puncher and better boxer than Baby Casanova. He has done all his fighting below the border.

Other Mexican fighters who are showing to advantage in the states are Tony Herrera, welterweight, Joe Conde, feather, Canto Roblito, Chato Loreda, Babe Colima, Vincent Martinez and Peppy Sanchez.

That the particular brand of adulation heaped on a winning boxer by United States fans is the biggest obstacle in the path of Mexicans striving for ring success in this country, is the opinion of Rafael Ybarra, sport editor of "La Opinion," a leading Mexican daily which is printed in Los Angeles. Ybarra, who is the outstanding authority on Mexican sports, said he has seen many of his countrymen flash to the front only to explode from swelled noggins and many more fail because of bad handling.

Jimmy Fitten, Mexico City promoter, who has done much toward the development of boxing and boxers below the border, plans a wholesale invasion of the United States during the summer. Among those he intends to bring here in quest of titles and good hard, green goods are:

Middleweights—Gorilla Ramos, Luis Arizona, Ray Macias; Welterweights—Tommy White, Kid Azteca, Manuel Luna, David Velasco; Lightweights—Manuel Villa, Battling Shaw Flores, Marcial Zavala, Gollito Ramirez, Cecilio Lozada, Tim Elizalde; Featherweights—Chico Cisneros, Jesus Najera, Kid Pancho; Bantamweights—Babe Casanova, Sabino Tirado, Gonsalo Rubi, Leonardo de la Cruz; Flyweights—Kid Laredo and Paco Cabanas.

Sweden's Heavyweight Hope

(Continued from page 18)

He threw Floyd Marshall in his first match in New York at the St. Nicholas Rink, in five minutes. Thus far, he has engaged in about a half-hundred matches. Included among his opponents are Joe Cox, Rudy Dusek, Tom Marvin, John Maxos and other equally good grapplers.

The Big Swede, as he is more popularly known in New York, is a much better wrestler on the floor than he is afoot. He says his repertoire consists of about three hundred holds and his favorite "persuader" is the arm lock.

Richthoff finds the professional game much more interesting than the amateurs. He says a man gets a better chance to learn what it is all about by wrestling once every night or several times a week instead of four or five times a night, which was the case when he was a Simon-pure.

Big John is the horror of the haberdashers. He wears a size 17 collar, which must be made to order. He has a wing spread of eighty-four inches and a chest expansion of fifty-two inches. His main hobbies are figure skating, which he learned just to develop his leg muscles, and checkers.

If you have a champion figure skater or a checker king in your midst when Richthoff is in the neighborhood, trot him or her over and John will gladly give them a whirl. Don't discount his skating, folks, because he has been proclaimed as being quite proficient by such world champions of the steel blade as Norval Baptie and Gladys Lamb.

Oh, yes, we nearly forgot to mention that John is essentially a temperate man. But, with a little coaxing, he will take a drag or two out of a pipe or put his upper lip over a stein of foaming, on-the-level brew. He is married and is a dutiful husband. He takes the missus along every place he goes. He says she's a good companion.

The Holdout

(Continued from page 11)

will report in a couple of days," Rydel's story said.

"Le Compte! Bossy Le Compte, as slow as an old cow, and a minor league wow," Bing wailed. "Why, my Aunt Dinah can play ball better than old Bossy. Mac must be crazy!"

He dashed to the telephone and called up Harley Winters, shortstop and captain of the Blue Sox.

"Hey, Harley, too bad about Powell. Great ball player, that kid," Bing shouted. "But why buy this Le Compte? You know he won't do."

"Listen, Bing. When we want any advice from a double-crosser like you we'll advertise for it, where you can read it out on the tank circuit, in between fake fights and vaudeville wrestling matches."

And Harley hung up, while Bing stood with the receiver in hand, stunned, mortified, hurt to the quick. His pal, Harley!

The next day was Saturday. Bing locked himself in his room and told the girl at the switchboard that he would be gone.

For twenty-four hours Bing brooded. He read all the sports pages with avidity.

Sunday morning Bing had a visitor. There was an insistent knocking on the door and, after it had continued for twenty minutes, Bing opened it and saw Kate standing there, smiling.

"You didn't fool me for a minute, Mr. Torrey," she said. "Shut yourself in, eh? Well, I'm going to the ball game this afternoon, and a certain gentleman by the name of Torrey is going to take me there."

"Nonsense. I can't show myself in that ball park," he remonstrated. "All the fans would know me. I can't do it. The fans are with me against the Colonel, but I couldn't go out to the park and just sit around."

"Afraid?" she asked. "Oh, I'll take you. But we'll sit in the rear of the stand. Come in just at game time, and slip out in the eighth inning."

More than forty-five thousand fans were jammed into Blue Sox Park. The Sox were playing the Senators, to break a tie for first place. The Sox got one in the second, but the Senators drove Croyden out in the fourth with four hits that meant three runs.

The game moved along. In the sixth, the score was unchanged. "Sit here awhile. I'm going down to see somebody," Bing explained. Kate had watched Bing closely.

Down into the clubhouse Bing went. To the amazement of Regan, the clubhouse man, Bing got into his old uniform.

"Get Mac Kane in here right away," Bing told Regan. And it seemed not more than thirty seconds before Mac Kane was in the room.

"Mac, put me in there. It's awful," Bing wailed.

"Why, Bing, I can't put you into the game unless you are signed—or accept terms."

"Mac, I'll play for nothing," Bing cried. "Just put me in there."

If you follow baseball at all, you remember how Bing appeared at the plate in the seventh inning, putting them in a lead they did not relinquish.

You must remember how that big ball park rang with cheers for Bing Torrey, and how, after the game, Bing meandered to Colonel Sellers' box and said, "Colonel, I have been a durned fool."

The following winter Miss Kate Reighter and John Hastings Torrey were married.

Bare Facts About Baer

(Continued from page 3)

out that Sharkey held a 50 per cent interest in the managerial rights to Schaaf. How, the writers demanded, could Schaaf, if he won, be expected to fight his own manager for the title? Then, less than 48 hours before the elimination bout, the Garden announced that Carnera had been put under contract to box Sharkey. Nothing of the sort was done with Schaaf.

This ill-judged move doubled the atmosphere of suspicion in which the match was enveloped. Schaaf, who had been the betting favorite, became second choice. So, under this cloud of doubt, Carnera and Schaaf stepped into the Garden ring that February night, with Sharkey in Schaaf's corner as one of his seconds.

It was an unutterably dull fight. Schaaf seemed unable not only to launch his usual heavy attack, but even to protect himself adequately. Carnera fought with extreme caution, but won round after round. The crowd booed, seeing apparently its worst suspicions confirmed. Schaaf did not seem to be trying. Certainly, he was not making his usual fight.

In the thirteenth round, Schaaf went to the floor after being struck in the face by a light left jab. A tremendous roar of disapproval went up. It seemed to be the clumsy consummation of a prearranged knockout. Ernie made as if to get up, then collapsed, face down. He was dragged to his corner, seemingly unconscious, while an enraged crowd booed him.

All unknowing, the spectators had witnessed a tragedy of the ring. Far from shamming distress, Schaaf really was unconscious. He was taken to a hospital, with the cries of fake still echoing.

Sharkey, evidently himself believing Schaaf was not badly hurt, departed the next morning for a vacation in Florida. But Ernie did not come out of it. A few days later he died, after a vain operation upon his brain, died before Sharkey, doubling back from Florida, could reach him.

At last all were convinced that everything had been on the up and up. But the autopsy proved that Schaaf was not in shape to fight when he entered the ring, that previous fights or illness had produced a condition which might have caused his death even if he had not been struck a single blow.

In spite of this authentic evidence that Carnera was merely an innocent factor in Schaaf's sad fate, there was an outcry that Carnera was too big and hit too hard to fight ordinary heavyweights. Even the New York Commission adopted this view. Commissioners Muldoon and Phelan voted that hereafter Carnera would have to box men of approximately his own size. They threw a new monkey wrench into the Garden's plans by issuing an edict prohibiting the Sharkey-Carnera fight. Jimmy Johnston replied by stating that the Garden would hold the fight, in some other state if not in New York.

That was the situation until Wear, the commissioner who took Jim Farley's place on the New York commission, declared himself in favor of a Sharkey-Carnera fight and got Gen. Phelan to change his mind and accept such a match if arranged. Thus the Sharkey-Carnera bout is now a certainty and will share the limelight this summer with the Schmeling-Baer tilt.

The general belief, shared by Sharkey himself, is that no matter what may happen, the big fight of the year will be a third match between himself and Schmeling in September. The wise ones, most of them, expect Sharkey to defeat Carnera and Schmeling to beat Baer. That would set the stage for another Sharkey-Schmeling bout, but whether the Garden or Dempsey would get the fight remains uncertain, as Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager, says Max will fight only for Dempsey. Sharkey, it should be mentioned, gave Carnera a bad beating in a fifteen-round fight in 1931, knocking him down and almost out with a left to the jaw in an early round and having him very wobbly from body punishment when the final bell rang.

However, there are those who predict a victory for Carnera if he meets Sharkey in June. They believe that Sharkey's confidence will be sapped by the fate of his stable mate, Schaaf. Jack is of a mercurial disposition, with an imagination that has played a big part in many of his battles.

It is an interesting and confusing situation, but confined apparently to four men —Sharkey, Schmeling, Carnera and Baer. Some young heavyweights have shown rare promise in recent months, but they cannot be expected to come along fast enough to figure in this year's situation. Boys like Abe Feldman, Charlie Massare and Red Barry have blossomed into near-stardom in New York. Walter Neusel, a young German, electrified the other side of the world by outpointing Larry Gaines, veteran Canadian negro who previously had whipped Carnera. Apparently new figures will play important heavyweight rôles in 1934.

Why Corbett Was a Success

(Continued from page 12)

entered his dressing-room and said: "Come on, Jim, hurry up. Sullivan is in the ring waiting for you."

When Corbett got half-way down the aisle toward the ring, a great cheer broke loose, pandemonium ran wild. Jim knew this was not for him. Then it dawned upon him that he had been tricked—that cheering was for the champion. Upon turning around to look behind him, he beheld the mighty strut of the undefeated Fist King of all time, swinging down the aisle behind him.

Corbett stopped, faced his oncoming antagonist, and, when he came up to Corbett, the youngster jerked his thumb in the direction of the ring and said, with determination and force:

"Get into the ring first."

That settled it. Sullivan could not show the white feather in front of a howling crowd of favorites—he had to obey.

Thus round number three was fought and lost in the mind of the mighty Sullivan before he faced the referee. He thought he would lose as a result of being the first to enter.

All during the fight, Corbett played upon the mind of Sullivan to make him angry and beat down his mental resistance.

He wouldn't let Sullivan hit him, which enraged the old fighter. Sullivan was wild. Corbett knew this anger would wear him out as much as would the fighting. Corbett smiled at the old warrior as he got in a jab here and a blow there on John L.'s face. Each smile added insult to injury. Corbett knew it. He was fighting Sullivan with both blows and mind. It was Corbett's psychology that was turning the tide.

But I have digressed from the key to Corbett's success as an actor. I think it could all be summed up in the lines of the poet, "He was a friend to man."

He won his audiences because he loved them. He didn't play to them for the money he received—he did his best to please.

He was as friendly to his unknown auditors as he was to me when he said: "Doc, I am as good a psychologist as you are."

He won the hearts of the public and kept their love and adoration because, to the multitude, he was a friend!

When Grandpa Was a Kid

(Continued from page 7)

vous of Grandpa's time not only had its fights and wrestling matches as side attractions for the beer drinkers, but often had an orchestra and good theatrical talent. There was Billy Scanlan, with his sweet voice, Maggy Cline, the "torch singer" of her time, and others to fill in as entertainers. Even William Muldoon, now New York boxing commissioner, worked in those days at Hill's, where he showed his prowess as a wrestler.

So we take you to illustration No. 3, "The Beer Drama in Gotham," and show you what it was that intrigued the young 'uns to stay out late and to guzzle up the beer. Our artist says of this drawing:

"We herewith present an illustration drawn in Gotham's most famous drinking place, where no one is allowed to remain thirsty and where Gambrinus and Thespis combine to make things lively without reserved seats or ticket speculators at the door. And when the stage beauties have done their bit, the boxers and wrestlers come out to show off."

Such was the night life in the "Gas-Lit Days When Grandpa Was a Kid."

It Happened in Old New York

(Continued from page 28)

without avail. The sports gave him the choice of forgetting the insult to the church or taking the consequences.

When the pugilists began fierce fighting in the most furious manner, he nearly had a fit. He got down on his knees and prayed for guidance. As soon as he was able to speak, he protested again in the most vigorous and appealing manner, but the fight went on.

"This must stop, brethren. I can't allow a prize fight under the roof of my church!" shouted the minister in despair. "I'll call the police! It can't go on. You're desecrating the abode of God."

"Don't get excited, parson," said Peter J. Donahue, a veteran sport editor, who was officiating as referee. "The boys will be orderly and treat you well. The fight must and shall go on."

Sugar Murphy, Warren Lewis and Martin Dowling took the enraged clergyman aside and endeavored to soothe him down with a few extra dollars and a little good gin, but the good man refused to take the gifts. Later, however, he saw the futility of further protests and gave in.

Whether it was because the Coffee Cooler was beating Dunn in almost every round that influenced the parson I don't know, but he finally agreed to let the bout go on provided there would be no more noise or shouting.

Although the Cooler was by far the cleverer battler, he didn't escape from being badly punished. It was a hot, battering mill for eight rounds, when the Cooler landed his heavy right on Dunn's chin and the latter dropped down and out as flat as a flounder.

Everybody seemed to be satisfied with the gruelling battle and went their way homeward without any rumpus or disorder whatsoever. The parson, instead of getting what originally was promised for "the entertainment," received $30.

The last I saw of the good pastor, he was asleep in a corner of the room, apparently perfectly happy and satisfied with the liberal donations from the "wicked fight fans." Besides the empty bottles strewn about the floor, there were several donations of fine gin left with the parson.

A year or so after this mill, the Harlem Coffee Cooler went to England, where he gained great fistic fame by defeating almost all the British middleweights and some of the heavy ones.

On his return to this country the famous Tommy Ryan beat him at Coney Island and Peter Maher knocked the Cooler out later on in Boston.

When Sydney Was the Mecca

(Continued from page 27)

weight, clowned his way to victories against men who outweighed him by many pounds. Matched against Johnny Summers, ex-lightweight champion of England, Stone hopped and danced around him, at the same time scoring with jabs and jolts to such an extent, that the Englishman lost by a wide margin. This and his subsequent performances earned for Stone his nickname of "Hop Harry." Harry is now one of the leading managers in Australia, having in his charge Rus Critcher, welterweight titleholder.

Was the fighting great between 1913 and 1916? I doubt if any town in the world has had such great fighting served up to it regularly over a period of three years as did Sydney.

But no wonder! Les Darcy was then holding the limelight.

And what a draw card the "Wonder Boy" was! Every one of his fights drew crowds of from eight to seventeen thousand spectators. Fans still talk about his fights with McGoorty, Jeff Smith, Jimmy Clabby, Fitz Holland and George Chip.

Then there was the fight between McGoorty and Jeff Smith. What a classic! McGoorty was great that night, but Smith was greater.

Was there a howl when McGoorty was declared the winner after twenty sizzling rounds? I'll say!

Referee Arthur Scott lost his job. Smith was given the bout with Clabby, which had been promised to the winner, and the Stadium management told the world that, although it was too late to alter the decision, Smith was considered to be the undoubted winner.

Then there was the thrill to be had when Pat Bradley was fighting. Pat had arrived from America without a reputation, but he soon won that. A few fights and the power of his right swing soon made him known to the boxing public as a K.O. King. Although outpointed when stacked against men of the McGoorty and Smith class, his gameness and the ever present chance of his wallop landing, always made the fight interesting.

The boys of the lighter divisions also put up many dingdong battles. But 'twas only natural! What a classy lot they were! English champions in the persons of Owen Moran, Ted "Kid" Lewis, Matt Wells, Johnny Summers and Jim Sullivan were displaying their wares against scores of other good men.

Was the opposition any good? Too right! Besides the Australians, Hughie Mehegan, Herb McCoy, Hock Keys, Fred Kay, Tommy Uren and Jerry Jerome, the Dane Waldemar Holberg and the South African Arthur Douglas, there were Americans, Frank Picato, Pal Brown, Joe Shugrue, Dick Cullen, Ray Bronson and last but not least Milburn Saylor.

Like Pat Bradley, Saylor was unknown until he began to collect an imposing list of knockouts, mostly scored with the rabbit-killer punch. Everyone he met, good and bad—and a lot were good—succumbed to that deadly right, which always landed on the back of the neck. Crowds of ten or twelve thousand invariably turned up to see who would stop his march.

It was left to Fred Kay of Western Australia to turn the trick.

Kay was a freak. A six-foot lightweight with a reach of 74½ inches! That was Kay, and to make matters worse, he was a southpaw. No wonder Saylor, who was nothing but a puncher, found him too much to handle.

The news that Sam Langford is not doing too well financially recalls the fact that Sam made good money when in Australia. The Boston Tar Baby fought Sam McVea three times in Sydney, and drew good gates on each occasion.

But Langford was not the only one who went through money made in Australia. There were many others. Maybe they had a good time, and maybe they didn't. But it is certain that the fans had a good time while they were earning the cash.

Those same fans and many of the younger ones are wondering if they will ever see the likes of those days again. They will, sooner or later—most likely later. But they will, nevertheless!

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 17)

Frank tried his best to resist, but at the expiration of five minutes the referee slapped Beell on the back and announced him as the "champion of America."

Gotch collapsed in his dressing room and it took five minutes of strenuous work on the part of his handlers to bring him back to consciousness. The wrestling world was in a flutter over the unexpected outcome, and Beell was the hero of the hour.

Gotch was not satisfied that Beell was his master and as soon as he recovered, he challenged the winner to a return bout. The match was a "hot" one and there was no difficulty in obtaining a promoter to bid for it. The place was Kansas City, one of America's leading wrestling centers and the date was December 17, only sixteen days after Gotch's loss of the crown.

For that match, Gotch went into strict training as his objective was an engagement for the world title with Hackenschmidt and he knew that he couldn't obtain recognition for such a contest unless he regained the American crown from Beell. The day of the affair found Gotch in tip-top shape. In fact, seldom was he seen in better condition and as a result he toppled Beell from his throne with straight falls, both gained within a short period.

His quick victory did not astonish his followers who wagered heavily on the outcome and with that triumph under his belt, Gotch set out on the trail of Hackenschmidt. How he won the world title from Hack, will be told in the next installment.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 25)

the sport in the future in the Lone Star State when passed. Griffin's measure calls for a six-round limit to boxing and would permit a ten-round championship match if permission is granted by the commission.

Those who have followed Dick's work on behalf of the sport in which he made the mark, were exceedingly gratified at the dignified manner in which he made his campaign.

Incidentally two more states, last month, were added to the list of those in which boxing is now legalized. Washington being the latest to fall in line. It won't be long before every state in the Union will see the light. Under the present government régime, with Franklin Roosevelt at the helm and James A. Farley, former head of boxing in New York, as a member of the cabinet, we may yet see legalized boxing in the capital. That is as it should be and we hope the day won't be far off.

* * *

IT seems rather strange that one of the best little fighters of last decade should be so ignored in this country that he must do all his campaigning in Europe. I refer to Al Brown, the elongated bantamweight champion of the world. Al has been beating opponents in every part of the continent, yet cannot get a fight in the leading fistic emporiums of the United States.

Al is every bit as showy a performer as Kid Chocolate, but somehow he doesn't draw so well in this country as abroad; hence has been ignored by American matchmakers. Yet in Paris, Belgium, England, Spain and Italy he packs 'em in.

Brown's recent defeat of Dominick Bernasconi, Italian title holder, in a 12-round match at Milan, according to the reports, was a masterpiece. But which of his contests has not been a boxing masterpiece? Now that Al has taken the measure of every bantam of note, he is seriously considering going into the featherweight class where he should be a big money maker. A match between Brown and Kid Chocolate would be a real thriller.

* * *

In Wesley Ramey and Barney Ross, the middle-West has two classy lightweights either of whom is likely to be the next world's lightweight champion. Ramey, though not as colorful as Ross, has rolled up a splendid record and is now in line for a titular shot. Likewise, Ross, who recently whipped Billy Petrolle before 15,000 persons in Chicago, and looked like a title holder in his performance. Ross, a product of Chicago's Ghetto established himself as a challenger for the crown held by Tony Canzoneri by outboxing and outhitting the Fargo Express. Barney only four years ago graduated as Golden Gloves champion and since turning pro he has climbed to the top by scoring victories over the best boys from all parts of the country. He matched his speed and sharp hitting against the relentless attack of Petrolle, and his youth carried him through.

Random Shots

(Continued from page 13)

Wanted the honors all to himself. Stopped Stanley Ketchel after being dropped, and did likewise to Sam McVey and to other good men.

And finally we come to Peter Jackson, who, although he never held the world's title, proved convincingly that he was one of the best heavyweights of all time. John L. Sullivan refused to meet him and so did other ring notables.

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Man Who Dared

(Continued from page 29)

"Now, begging your pawdon Mr. Fitzpatrick, and not hintendin' to be the least bit himpertinent, don't you know, but do you know anything about the London Prize Ring rules?"

"Not a thing, but I'm willing to referee this fight and see that every man here gets a square deal and a run for his money."

* * *

That night John Fitzpatrick was one of the heroes of the hour.

His name, that day and the next, appeared in every newspaper on this side of the world and the other.

In New Orleans, the unknown man of the day before became the best known.

A few months later, he was every man's candidate for mayor of the Crescent City, and was elected by a huge vote.

That he was elected to that high office, not once but often, and that he was one of the most popular mayors New Orleans has ever had, are now matters of history.

John Fitzpatrick had met his one golden opportunity—strange adventure though it was—and it had made him.

Hollywood Beckons

(Continued from page 5)

in over-seas matches as a middleweight.

After the War, Clark entered amateur fighting for the Meadowbrook Club in Philadelphia and became amateur Middle-Atlantic States middleweight champion. At the national amateurs, he was defeated in the finals.

Turning professional, he headed for Florida where he became stranded. Working at Walter Monahan's boxing school in Miami, he met Ralph Ince, film director, and did his first film work with this director who was then on location with "The Last Moment."

He then took an athletic job at the St. Augustine golf course in Miami. During his second winter there (he boxed during the summers), he met George Huff, athletic director at the University of Illinois. This meeting later resulted in Clark going to Illinois as boxing instructor, while he completed his work for a college degree during spare hours.

Clark was at Illinois six years. In addition to boxing, he aided at football and baseball, until he received his degree (1931).

During this time, Clark did considerable work refereeing boxing matches and also wrote stories and articles on sports.

In 1928, at the insistence of Mark Kelly, sporting editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, Clark came to Hollywood and had a small part in "Sunny Side Up."

When he returned to the film city in 1931, he began his career in a Christie Comedy and then was given a test which brought him a contract with Paramount.

Russ has appeared as a ball-player with Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great"; a college graduate, in "Sport Parade" with Joel McCrea; as "Egan, the Marine"; the Cop and bull in "Hot Pepper" with Lupe Velez, Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen, and he is now playing the role of "Ajax" in "Warrior's Husband."

In "Hot Pepper," in which McLaglen, Velez and Lowe held the limelight, there were two other famous fighters in minor roles. Bert Keyes was in the "huge battle" and Frank Moran was doorman at the café.

When a call was made for the rôle of "Ajax," Russ Clark competed against 49 perfect physical specimens for the job and was selected. He won the place with the following measurements: 6 feet 2 inches in height; weight, 194; chest, 44 normal and 48 expanded; waist 32 and biceps, 17. In addition, his ability as an actor counted.

With him in "Warrior's Husband" are Elissa Landi and David Manners. Russ is a hit in the picture. His success and that of other boxers and wrestlers, is ample proof that not all men of those professions cut paper dolls when they retire from ring activity. The profession feels proud of its graduates into the movie field.

Attention, Ring Readers

Through an arrangement with the Everlast Sports Goods Co., all readers of "The Ring" are entitled to a 15 per cent reduction on Everlast merchandise. This does not include books. Send for The Ring-Everlast card to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City. Add 10 cents for postage for catalog.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Philip A. Lynch

Q.—Is Farmer Burns still alive? Would you recommend his course in wrestling to one who is determined to become an expert wrestler? I desire to gain weight. Is a short, strenuous period of wrestling more beneficial than a longer or less vigorous one? Do you think that a progressive course with barbells is superior to a progressive course in dumbbell exercising?

A.—Burns is still alive. I wouldn't recommend his course. I think you would get more out of the purchase of "Modern Wrestling" and George Hackenschmidt's "Scientific Wrestling" than you would out of such a course which gives nothing more than is contained in these books at far less money. "Modern Wrestling" will tell you how to gain weight.

A short, vigorous period is superior to a long drawn out, less vigorous training. I would use the barbells for a very short time and take up a progressive course with the five-pound dumbbells. You'll benefit more by that. Barbells alone will harden the muscles but get you muscle bound.

George Hoyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the heights and weights of the following wrestlers—Hans Steinke, Ed Strangler Lewis, George Hagen and Richard Shikat? How would you rate these wrestlers in their prime?

A.—Steinke, 6 ft., 6 in.; Lewis, 6 ft., 1 in.; Hagen 6 ft.; Shikat 6 ft., 1 in. Lewis; Shikat; Steinke; Hagen.

P. G. Truter, Benoni, Transvaal, South Africa

Q.—Considering all champions from the time boxing started, can you tell me what percentage were Jews?

A.—Approximately two percent.

M. S., Anthony, Texas

Q.—I am fifteen years old and wonder if there is any way that I can get longer arms.

A.—Yes, by stretching exercises.

A reader, New York City

Q.—In the March issue of The Ring you state that steam baths are no good for reducing purposes. Please explain why they are good for reducing fat people yet are not beneficial for a fighter.

A.—A fighter needs all the strength he can muster. He should always guard himself against having his strength sapped by excessive steam baths, and as you mention the reduction of fat people, I must presume that you feel that when a fighter is overweight, the steam bath is what he requires. Steam baths are harmful because they leave the fighter in a weakened condition. A fighter who has to reduce to a definite weight and must do so with steam baths, has all the fight taken out of him long before he enters the ring. A fat person, with nothing to worry over so far as using his vitality in the ring against a strong opponent is concerned, has no reason to fear the steam baths, except, that excessive baths of that kind will bring on heart trouble and may even result in an attack of vertigo. Read the chapter in "Training for Boxers" on the steam bath.

"Coke" Costillo, Port Ewen, Kingston, N. Y.

Q.—From what did Harry Greb die?

A.—From an infected eye. He was operated upon and never recovered.

Q.—Did he train with Dempsey for Jack's first fight with Tunney.

A.—Yes, a few times—just sparred with him.

Q.—Was Greb a weaver?

A.—No.

Q.—Was Shade a weaver?

A.—Yes, he weaves and bobs.

Q.—Did Kid McCoy ever fight a fellow by the name of Jack Welsh, or Jack Welch and Jack Buckley?

A.—Yes, he fought Jack Welsh a nine round draw in 1893. But never fought Buckley.

Q.—Who did Harry Greb fight in his last year?

A.—Roland Todd, Joe Lohman, Ted Moore, Buck Holy, Jimmy Delaney, Owen Phelps, Tiger Flowers, Art Wiegand, Joe Gans, and Tiger Flowers a second time. His last fight with Tiger was fought on August 19 and Harry died on October 26, 1926.

George Hoyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Steinke ever wrestle Shikat? Did he beat Shikat? What three important wrestlers did Steinke pin? Who would win between Steinke and Kirchmeyer, both in their prime? Between Steinke and Zaharias?

A.—Shikat threw Steinke in Pennsylvania and in New York. Holuban, Kirilenko and Zaharias. Steinke would beat both Kirchmeyer and Zaharias.

A reader, Halifax, Canada

Q.—In what fight as a middleweight did Mickey Walker draw his best gate?

A.—In bout with Ace Hudkins and Harry Greb.

Q.—Can a fighter from Canada go to the United States to fight and could he remain there indefinitely for that purpose?

A.—No. He can come to the states with a permit that will be granted him by the Labor Department and when his stay is up, he must return home and the permit then can be renewed.

Pat McKay, The Bronx, N. Y. City

Q.—Where was McLarnin born, was it in Belfast or Dublin?

A.—He says in Belfast.

Q.—What is the height of Jim Londos?

A.—Five feet, eight inches.

James McCormick, Portland, Ore.

Q.—To decide an argument, which in your opinion is the better for self-defense —wrestling or boxing?

A.—Jiu-Jitsu is by far the best method of self-defense but when only boxing and wrestling are considered, it is my opinion that boxing is superior for defense than wrestling. Boxing enables quicker action, and will render a thug more helpless in shorter time than will wrestling, especially if the one who delivers the blows strikes the proper center—like the point of the jaw or the solar plexus, or a hit behind the ear that will quickly daze your man.

A Reader, Nova Scotia

Q.—I am 19 years old and have been boxing and doing a routine of floor exercises for a number of years. Do you think that the Liederman course in conjunction with the Deforest boxing course would retard my boxing even if not taken in the extreme?

A.—Yes. I would advise that you take up the Atlas course which is not so strenuous and fits in better with boxing work. I would also recommend the boxing course given by Ralph E. Dowell, Box 244, Grand Junction, Colorado as well as the Deforest Course.

Q.—Did not Ernie Schaaf, Max Schmeling and other stars take up a muscle building course in order to have the fine physique?

A.—Yes, but not the Liederman course. They took up work that jibes more with the Atlas and the Jowett courses which I have found do not retard a boxer whereas the Liederman course does. I would prefer the Atlas and Jowett courses.

Helen Stanton, Miami, Florida

Q.—Would you place Young Stribling ahead of Max Schmeling as a perfect physical specimen?

A.—Both are about on a par—excellently built—the kind of athletes that attract wide attention.

Thomas Gordon, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I notice where you had an advertisement in The Ring recently asking readers not to send in for "Blocking and Hitting" and for "How to Second a Boxer." When will you have these for sale again?

A.—Because of the many requests The Ring Book Shop has had for copies of Elbow McFadden's "Blocking and Hitting," 50 copies were repurchased from a dealer at twice what he paid for them, and these will be placed on sale at the Ring Book Shop on April 20 at the old price of 50 cents per copy until sold out after which no more will be printed. "How to Second a Boxer" will be reprinted shortly.

John H. Roberts, Sydney, Australia

Q.—I am a subscriber to your magazine and I think it is by far the greatest book of its kind ever published. Now I would like to have you answer a query. There is an Australian wrestler named Bonnie Muir, who claims that he has met all the top notchers in America, including Strangler Lewis, Londos, Coleman, Sonnenberg and Pat McGill and he says that he defeated McGill. Is that so?

A.—Thanks for your compliment. As for Muir we have no record of him nor has Jack Curley.

E. Smile, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 27 years old and have been training on and off for three years but never fought because I somehow lost my nerve and couldn't go through with it. Would you advise me to fight now?

A.—No. Once you've gotten that feeling you'll never be good. You'll be a mark for your opponent and will land up cutting paper dolls.

John Turco, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Please tell me where I can buy the Philadelphia Jack O'Brien Course which was mentioned recently in your columns.

A.—Sorry. Owing to the depression, Mr. O'Brien has decided not to publish his special boxing course until late this Summer or in the Fall as there would not be sufficient demand for it right now.

Thomas Modjeska, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—What books on jiu jitsu would you recommend?

A.—The following are the best and are on sale at the Ring Book Shop: 1, Jiu Jitsu and Other Methods of Self-Defense, by Percy Longhurst, price 50 cents; 2, Text Book of Jiu Jitsu as Practiced in Japan, by S. K. Uyenishi, price $1.50, and Earle Liederman's Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. Of the three, I like Uyenishi's book best.

Mark Fletcher, Portland, Maine

Q.—Was there ever a fighter in New England called Connolly? What was his status? He either came from Maine or from Canada.

A.—Yes, a great lightweight, called Eddie Connolly. He was born in Halifax, Canada, in 1876, and fought the best boys in his division up to 1901. His greatest fights were with Kid McPartland, present referee in New York, and Matty Matthews. He won a thrilling 25-round bout with the Kid in 1899 in New York, and fought Matthews four times. He lost to Matty in 25 rounds at Coney Island, drew in 25 rounds, lost in 14 rounds and won in 25 rounds.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

LAST month was one of unusual activity in the fistic world, with several championships on tap and a number of very good fights in which top-notchers appeared. Maxie Rosenbloom defended his title twice successfully; Al Brown came through with triumphs over Bernasconi and Peters, and Freddie Miller, the N. B. A. featherweight king, did likewise, with victories over Baby Arizmendi and Speedy Dado. Maxie Rosenbloom beat Adolf Heuser and Bob Godwin, and Marcel Thil, world middleweight champion, beat Jack Etienne. Another championship bout took place in Godwin in four sessions. Godwin defeated Joe Knight for the N. B. A. crown. Knight whipped Eric Lawson and Tex Wallace. Shucco defeated Billy Jones, Al Gainer by decision, and on a foul in four rounds. Lew Scozza drew with George Nichols and then stopped him in five rounds. Nichols won over Don Petrin. Harry Ebbets whipped Doc Conrad. Joe La Grey won from Red Boyette and Johnny Pilc scored over Eddie Houghton.

Marcel Thil, world's middleweight leader, defeated Jack Etienne. The leading middleweight match of the month was that between Ben Jeby and Vince Dundee, which was called a draw. Dundee also stopped Jimmy Rhodes in four rounds. Gorilla Jones disposed of Willie Oster in three rounds. Sammy Slaughter whipped Norman Conrad. Conrad whipped Jack Barger, and Barger scored over Tony Delassandro. Young Terry whipped Tommy Rios. Marty Sampson won over Rosy Kid Baker. Len Harvey drew with Eddie Phillips. Al Rossi kayoed Jack Rosenberg in one round and drew with Chick Devlin. Tommy Freeman won over Jack King.

Jack Kilbourne scored over Jack Moran and lost to Henry Firpo. Rudy Marshall kayoed Jackie Aldare in two rounds. Eddie Murdock kayoed Tom Jeffers in five rounds and defeated Johnny Baima. Frank Goosby scored over Owen Phelps. Paul Delaney defeated Tony Fisher. Leo Larrivee won from Dutch Leonard. Solly Krieger whipped Larry Marinucci and kayoed Connie Josenio in two rounds. Jack Hood kayoed Stoker Reynolds in nine rounds and won over Huib Huizenaar. Carl Montebano kayoed Paul Pirrone in six rounds. Bucky Lawless defeated Marty McHale and drew with Alabama Kid. Jimmy Smith whipped Nick Venore and Benny Levine kayoed Hans Mueller in three rounds.

Teddy Yarosz scored over Paulie Walker, Eddie Ran, and drew with Eddie Kid Wolfe, in the welterweight class. Wolfe lost to Tony Herrera, who also scored over Tony Falco. Walker scored over Johnny Hayes and Young Ketchell. Ketchell also lost to Ran. Baby Joe Gans kayoed George Salvatore in six rounds and lost to Bep Van Klaveren. Tracy Cox defeated Jimmy Alvarado and Billy Holt. Babe Marino won from King Tut. Joey Goodman scored over Lew Raymond. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Paola Villa in five rounds and defeated Willie Lewis. Charley Baxter won over Chino Alvarez and kayoed Billy Joyce in five rounds. Stanislaus Loayza won over Louis Jallos. Joe Glick defeated Carlos Ramos. Frankie Petrolle won from Pete Laratonda. Joey Harrison kayoed Bucky Boyle in three rounds. Pat Igo whipped Art Feeser. Prince Saunders drew with Harry Robertson. Ray Kiser and Rufus Miles drew.

Barney Ross asserted himself in the lightweight class through a victory over Billy Petrolle. Wesley Ramey triumphed over Johnny Jadick. Benny Bass whipped Joe Ghnouly. Lew Massey stopped Phil Zwick in four rounds. Steve Haliako won from Sam Bruce and Paris Apice. Apice whipped Paul Junior. Junior scored over Johnny Gaito. Bobby Pacho stopped Jackie Pilkington in five rounds. Harry Dublinsky scored over Young Firpo. Firpo defeated Mike Marshall. Joey Costa whipped Georgie Goldberg. Pete Nebo won from Lew Terry.

Jack Portney defeated Joe Purnell. Battling Gizzy scored over Eddie Zivic. Young Zazzerino whipped Bud Mangino. Cocoa Kid disposed of Miki Gelb in eight rounds. Frankie Klick defeated Patsy Rubinetti and Tony Scarpati. Frank Bojorski won over Joe Marcus. Petey Gulotta whipped Louis Severo and kayoed Jimmy Dean in five rounds. Johnny Bonito won from Frankie Marchese and disposed of Angel Munoz in two rounds. Jack Rose kayoed Benny Whittler in one round. Buster Brown won from Young Patsy Wallace. Tony Sciolino outpointed Jimmy Vaughn and Johnny Datto kayoed Johnny Chiodo in one.

Freddy Miller showed his class in the featherweight group by winning from Baby Arizmendi, Speedy Dado and Little Dempsey. Tommy Paul scored over Jimmy Thomas. Johnny Pena drew with Varias Milling. Nel Tarleton outpointed Dan McGarry. Eddie Shea kayoed Freddy O'Connor in seven rounds. Petey Sarron disposed of Benny Schwartz in the seventh. Frankie Wallace kayoed George Riley in four. Jackie Sharkey won from Wayne Short and Jackie Stewart. Kid Francis won over Carlos Flix. Pete De Grasse scored over Jimmy Thomas, but lost to Phil Stark. Abie Israel whipped Whitey Neal. Petey Hayes drew with Kid Irish.

Al Brown showed his supremacy in the bantamweight division. He whipped Domencio Bernasconi and Johnny Peters. Pete Sanstol scored over George Hansford. Baby Palmore was beaten by Speedy Dado and Joe Tieken. Young Tommy whipped Baby Arizmendi. Mose Butch won over Vidal Gregario. Harry Fierro kayoed Baby Nationalista in six rounds. Young Perez won over Kid Socks. Jackie Wilson defeated Ross Fields. Jimmy Thomas scored over Jimmy Mack. Mack kayoed Routier Parra in three rounds.

Ginger Foran, an English comer in the flyweight division, scored over Jim Campbell. Praxille Gyde drew with Kid Oliva. Willie Smith won over Etienne Mura. Frankie Genaro defeated Ruby Bradley. Valentin Anglemann won over Kid Martino.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Frankie Stacey, New York City.
Bantamweight—Bobby O'Dowd, Sioux City, Iowa.
Featherweight—Patsy Severo, Cleveland, Ohio.
Lightweight—Jimmy Fantini, New York City.
Welterweight—Ray Winbush, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Middleweight—Jack Barger, Creston, Idaho.
Light-heavyweight—Jimmy Flinker, Brooklyn, New York.
Heavyweight—Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

These are my ratings for the month ending March 25:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Young Corbett
1—Max Schmeling	Adolf Heuser	Vince Dundee	Jackie Fields
2—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Ben Jeby	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Max Baer	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	Teddy Yarosz
4—Johnny Risko	Joe Knight	Kid Tunero	Billy Petrolle
5—Tommy Loughran	John Henry Lewis	Dave Shade	Tony Herrera
6—King Levinsky	Lew Scozza	Sammy Slaughter	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Stanley Poreda	Harry Ebbets	Frank Battaglia	Bep Van Klaveren
8—Joe Sekyra	Billy Jones	Johnny Indrisano	Baby Joe Gans
9—Tuffy Griffiths	Al Gainer	Young Terry	Paulie Walker
10—Pierre Charles	Norman Conrad	Marty Sampson	Tracey Cox

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Barney Ross	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Midget Wolgast
2—Wesley Ramey	Seaman Watson	Newsboy Brown	Jackie Brown
3—Benny Bass	Tommy Paul	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
4—Young Peter Jackson	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Praxille Gyde
5—Eddie Cool	Varias Milling	Joe Tieken	Mickey McGuire
6—Lew Massey	Johnny Pena	Baby Palmore	Willie Smith
7—Steve Haliako	Nel Tarleton	Young Casanova	Etienne Mura
8—Joe Ghnouly	Lew Feldman	Mose Butch	Valentin Anglemann
9—Battling Shaw	Eddie Shea	Harry Fierro	Phil Tobias
10—Tony Falco	Petey Sarron	Little Pancho	Frankie Genaro

the Garden of New York between Jeby and Dundee for the American middleweight honors, and that was called a draw, although Jeby was outclassed and lost the majority of rounds.

There was little action among the heavyweight headliners. Joe Sekyra defeated Red Barry. Pierre Charles won on a foul over Young Stribling in eight rounds. Unknown Winston scored over Salvatore Ruggirello. Steve Hamas and Lee Ramage battled to a draw on the Coast. Walter Neusel clearly whipped Don McCorkindale in England, but the official decision was a draw, which shows that officials can err in European circles also. Paulino Uzcudum disposed of Ernst Guhring in two rounds. Patsy Perroni kayoed Larry Johnson in one round. Al Ettore won on a disqualification from Jimmy Braddock in four rounds. Braddock kayoed Al Stillman in ten rounds.

Charley Massare scored over Bob Olin. Otto Von Porat finished Biff Bennett in the fourth heat. Juanito Olaguibel defeated Adolf Hintz but lost to Marty Fox. Hans Birkie won from Eddie Benson and Chester Matan. Charley Retzlaff defeated Tom Heeney and kayoed Walter Cobb in one round. Art Lasky finished Paul Pantaleo in five rounds. Babe Hunt kayoed Chuck Elbert in one round and whipped Bob Moody. Moody disposed of Walter Cobb in two rounds. Eddie Simms finished Joe Kennedy in one round. Vincent Parille whipped Maurice Griselle. Obie Walker kayoed K. O. Christner in four rounds. Arturo Godoy whipped Frankie Cawley. Marty Gallagher kayoed Bob Tow in two rounds. Frankie Simms finished George Pavlick in four rounds. Jose Santa stopped Johnny Dixon in three rounds. Mack House whipped Pietro Corri. Paul Marque kayoed Bill Higgins in one round.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxie Rosenbloom defended his title against Adolf Heuser, winning in fifteen rounds, and then stopped Bob

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

MEMORIES of bad decisions of the past were revived with extreme unpleasantness following the now historic draw decision between Ben Jeby and Vince Dundee in their fifteen-round battle at the Garden. Only two within the past ten years were recalled to compare with the unfairness of the last one. Johnny Dundee received a decision over Jack Bernstein in the old Garden to which he was not entitled, and Mike McTigue was given a decision over Tiger Flowers after taking a thorough trouncing for ten rounds. But the Jeby verdict was the worst yet.

In looking over the scoring of the three officials, each of whom disagreed with the others, the judging of Eddie Farrell furnishes food for thought. Although Jeby was on the receiving end of the bout all the way and won, according to my count, only three rounds, Judge Farrell did not give one round to Dundee until the twelfth. Jeby was hopelessly beaten at that stage, and spectators were beginning to feel sorry for him. Yet, how a judge saw the fight as did Farrell, is a complete mystery.

Jeby, as usual, forced the fight and carried the conflict right into Dundee's hands. Vince fought a smart, calculating battle, perfectly waged against the style offered by Jeby. Jeby was the aggressor most of the way, but was also guilty of landing many low punches, which somehow escaped the attention of the referee. Dundee never complained, but fought a heady, admirable fight, and it must have been disheartening for that young man to see both hands raised in the fight. If Dundee can derive any consolation from this statement, he can accept it for all it is worth: IF DUNDEE DID NOT WHIP JEBY IN THAT FIGHT, THEN HE NEVER WON A SINGLE FIGHT IN HIS LIFE. To keep the records straight, Eddie Forbes, the referee, called it even, while Charley Lynch, the other judge, gave the fight as he saw it, to Dundee.

Another fight on the program calls for some comment. Baby Joe Gans, one of the best welterweights in the world, allowed Bep Van Klaveren, Holland welterweight, to push and punch him all over the ring for eight rounds. Gans refused to let any effective punches land, and made sure to miss his blows by inches and sometimes by feet. It was a farce which should have never been staged. Red Affinito and Tony Dominquez slugged through five rounds to a draw. Solly Krieger disposed of Connie Josenio in two rounds, and Jack Portney whipped Joe Purnell. About $14,000 worth of customers saw the show.

Maxey Rosenbloom, after remaining in the sticks for about two years, regained some of his lost popularity by defending his title twice in two weeks at the Garden. His first opponent, Adolph Heuser, German contender, gave a good account of himself and forced Rosenbloom to the limit. One of Heuser's eyes was closed from the fifth round on and he fought a stubbornly game battle until the finish. Harry Ebbets, on sheer forcing and aggressiveness, pulled the fight from Doc Conrad in the semi-final. Charley Massare outslugged Bob Olin in five rounds while Juanito Olaguibel surprised with a victory over Adolph Hintz, and Phil Cohen drew with Lew Poster. The net figures reached a total of $14,000.

In Maxey's next title appearance, he was pitted against Bob Godwin, who gained the N. B. A. light-heavyweight title through his victory over Joe Knight. Godwin was a victim of unfortunate circumstances and should never have been permitted to enter the ring. He received a severe cut during training, which required five stitches, and yet was passed by the Commission physician. Maxey dropped him twice in the first round with vicious slaps—not punches—which ordinarily would have never bothered Godwin. The patches covering both eyes were knocked off and Maxey made sure to make that particular spot his target. Godwin, for the short time in action, showed signs of having fighting ability, but it was an inappropriate time to show his wares.

Fighting Rosenbloom was never considered a bargain, and it was tough on Godwin to enter the ring under such unfair odds. We were never any great admirer of Rosenbloom's style of fighting. He slaps with an open glove, an unfair proceeding, and does plenty of cuffing and heeling on the inside. Yet the judges consider his boxing excellent and think that hitting with an open glove is a sign of skill, and who are we to disapprove! Tony Shucco, of Boston, turned in an excellent performance against Billy Jones in the eight-round semi-final and proved his right to step into the light-heavyweight ranks by weighing one-half pound over the 175-pound mark. Chick Devlin got a draw with Al Rossi, although dropped in the second and fifth rounds of a five-round fight. Marty Fox got a gift decision over Juanito Olaguibel, and Harry Allen whipped Ralph Barbera in the opening bout. Rosenbloom's second title appearance drew around $10,000.

Dick Griffin, a formidable bantamweight of fifteen years ago, is now sponsoring a bill for the legalization of boxing in Texas—Griffin is trying to secure official permission for six-round bouts and ten rounds in a championship bout—Biddy Bishop, who has been identified with the boxing for many years, has sold his interest in the boxing club at Seattle and will devote his time again to handling boxers. Biddy also conducts an eating place on the Seattle-Tacoma highway, which has grown to tremendous proportions—Jimmy Erwin, located at Alexandria, Va., is handling three of the best cards in that vicinity, Les Kennedy, Petey Sarron and Bob Tow—Duke Barry's annual Blue Book of Boxing has been released and no manager, promoter or sporting writer should be without one—Jackie Davis, one of Cleveland's best looking youngsters, comes from the Bellefaire Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland.

Al Lippe, manager of Steve Smith, vehemently denies that Smith has retired, and Bill McCormick, manager of Joe La Grey, wishes to refute the statement of our Connecticut correspondent that Rudy Marshall whipped La Grey. In their only meeting, La Grey stopped Marshall in seven rounds—Jerry Sachs of Cleveland has returned with his volubility concerning the charges that he controls—Jerry is now taking care of Billy Wallace and Rosy Rosales and would like to hear from unattached boxers at the Recreation Bldg., Cleveland—Jimmy Fantici, a protege of Harry Jackson's, seems to be one of the better looking prospects around New York—Battling Reddy, old-time bantamweight of some years ago, is back again in the boxing game as a manager and is trying to advance the cause of Ernest Ots, a German heavy—Ots has had seventeen amateur bouts—La Barba's ailment of the left eye, medically referred to as a Retina, comes from the thumbing of gloves, a common practise with some fighters—Ray Eberle, announcer at the Motor Square Garden of Pittsburgh, has an unusually clear voice and combines many mannerisms in the ring that speak of stage experience.

Personal Piffle—George Raft, tough guy and he-man of the movies, in the two weeks that he spent in New York, visited every boxing club that held shows and showed that prosperity has not spoiled him in the least by hanging out with the boys that he knew before fame greeted him—Mack Green, his secretary, a Brooklyn boy, was his steady companion—Jimmy Blake, once a fighter, is now singing at a local night club and he seems headed for bigger things—"Broadway" Sam Roth, identified with the Piccadilly Ticket Office, lost three weeks' salary when his pal, Bob Olin, was beaten by Charley Massare—Marty Fuller and Dave Schloss, confirmed admirers of Tony Canzoneri, are all prepared for that Chicago trip when Tony meets Barney Ross—The Forrest Hotel in New York, Hollenden in Cleveland, and Morrison in Chicago bear a great similarity whenever an important fight event occurs in that particular city—The Forrest is the headquarters for fight fans and wrestling fans in New York.

Barney Ross finally came through with national recognition after that decisive victory over Billy Petrolle—The reports showed that Ross was an easy winner and those who saw the fight claim that Ross was under wraps because of Tony Canzoneri's presence there—Eventually this match will take place, most likely in Chicago, in spite of the efforts of New York promoters to garner this attraction—Ross and Canzoneri, fighting for the lightweight title in Chicago during the summer months, is certain to draw over the $100,000 mark—Varias Milling and Johnny Pena waged a gruelling draw in the ten-round semi-final, although some of the critics thought Pena had the edge—Charley Retzlaff disposed of Walter Cobb in the first round, while Petey Hayes, New York featherweight, dropped Kid Irish in the first round and then battled to a draw—The show drew around $23,000 net, which was great for these times—The last time the Garden drew more than that figure was in the Carnera-Schaaf fray—Tony Palazzolo is remaining in Chicago with Marty Sampson and Johnny Pena.

Conditions around New York haven't changed to any noticeable degree during the past few months—The Garden has dropped to an average of about $12,000 for each weekly show, unless an exceptionally promising match appears—The St. Nicholas Rink, next to the Garden, is the best local club—It remained closed for three straight weeks, but during the circus invasion of the Garden, showed a little activity—Johnny Attell has opened weekly operations at the Ridgewood Grove, but his average runs to about $1,000 a show—Babe Cullen and Willie Gilzenberg, who are running the Laurel Gardens in Newark, have done excellently during the past few months with some matches that stood out and they have helped boxing greatly in the Jersey region—Lew Raymond and Jules Beck, rival promoters in Pittsburgh, have been outdrawing every city in the country, respective to size—Eddie Kid Wolfe drew $9,000 in three bouts there, two with Teddy Yarosz and one with Tony Herrera.

The coming Baer-Schmeling encounter will be the biggest thing that New York will face during the summer months, unless the Sharkey and Carnera bout will outdraw them—The guess of what match will draw more is having the boys more curious than the result of the bout—The first serious competition that the Garden has encountered will have the first crack at the New York public and they will have better support from the newspapers and general opinion—The Garden has been the subject of vicious attacks from many quarters and many boys around are anxious to see Dempsey and Tim Mara go over successfully in their first venture together—Dempsey and Schmeling will go on an exhibition tour for several weeks prior to actual training for the fight—Walter St. Denis and Sam Taub are handling the publicity and the Irish-Jewish combination has never failed yet.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

HARRY JONES, local boxing promoter at Riverview Park, is all set for the coming outdoor season.

Al Strayborn and Warren Johnson, promoters at the West Side A. C., are bringing out a number of new faces on their weekly cards. The highlight of the month saw Buddy Short knock out Kid Brown in five rounds; Kid Cotton knock out Billy McFadden in one; Adolph Cardwell knock out Eugene Eps in two; Clayton Johnson defeat Hayward Kemp in three and Mickey Slater shade Tommy Sacco in a fast three-rounder.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Bobby O'Doud, Sioux City bantam, knocked out Jackie Kearns in three; Young Trimble beat Claude Morgan in four; Ray Schneck beat Jackie Burns in four.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Wayne Short, St. Paul lightweight, shaded Kid Rippatoe, Sioux City, in a fast five-rounder; Johnny Sikes won over Billy Howard in five.

Wrestlers with good records, along with boxers wishing to show their wares in this section, are requested to write Don Pershing, 405 Chambers Street, Sioux City, Ia., or Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Iowa Joe Rivers defeated Kid Lehr in four fast rounds. Jack O'Brien beat Young Trimble in four; Jackie Burns knocked out Bat Sherlock of Sioux City in four.

Six new district amateur champions and one defending champion were crowned at the American Legion show. The following champions were crowned. Bud Bierle, middleweight; Bernard Schmidt, lightweight; Walter Gosch, welterweight; Frank Maus, light-heavyweight; Ed Gurney, bantamweight; Emil Kotalik, heavyweight; Johnny Simel, featherweight.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE fight game took a step forward here in Buffalo at Charlie Murray's Queensberry Club when a smashing good card of bouts attracted a crowd of approximately 4000 paid admissions. Everyone who attended seemed pleased with the matches and one young fellow particularly caught the eye of the crowd by his fine boxing and accurate hitting in his defeat of Sam Bruce. Steve Halaiko is the boy who made the hit. Steve has shown in Buffalo quite a few times as a professional, and many times as an amateur, but he seems to have found himself and is going in superb form right now. I should say that Steve is in a good spot. He should be the outstanding drawing card in Buffalo. He pasted Sam Bruce from pillar to post.

George Nichols and Lou Scozza, meeting for the fourth time, headed the card, with Scozza winning by a technical knockout in the fifth round. Nichols' eye was badly cut and Referee Jimmy Goodrich refused to allow him to continue. The fight was even up when the official halted the proceedings.

In the previous matches, Nichols won at Chicago and Scozza scored a triumph here, while the third meeting (a few weeks ago) resulted in a draw, with the critics favoring Nichols. The win of last week gives Scozza the edge, two to one.

Other matches on the Queensberry card resulted as follows: My Lathan, Rochester, and Joe Gerace, Buffalo, featherweights, fought a draw; Sammy Sacco, Buffalo, scored over Jimmy McCoy, Negro, Buffalo, in six rounds. They are welterweights. Ray Steen knocked out Carl Koerner in the first round. This was a middleweight match.

If Promoter Murray will continue to stage some even up matches, using boxers of reputation as the headliners, he will soon get the crowd coming again. Wrestling has held the front pages here for two years but the fight business will pick up with new talent and the elimination of the riff-raff from managerial and promotional affiliation.

Tommy Timlin thinks his middleweight, Bob Sawyer, is the best and most promising fighter in Buffalo. Bob showed nice form when he boxed a draw with the more experienced Frankie Linhardt.

SOME SHORT STUFF . . . . Joe Doctor, local heavyweight, has been bothered by a knee injury, but is again O.K. This ailment has handicapped him in many of his matches of late, but he expects to strike his real form soon . . . . Lote Tenorio, fighting Filipino welter, is making Buffalo his home . . . . He came here from the Pacific Coast . . . . Tony Sciolino wants to box Billy Wallace . . . . This match is in the making . . . . Tommy Howells, amateur featherweight champion, is handled by Billy Michaels, former Y.M.C.A. boxing instructor . . . . The Buffalo Sporting Club has been in existence nearly a year but has not staged a single boxing show . . . . Wrestling seems to be Ed. Delivuk's stock-in-trade . . . . Flyweight and bantam boxers do not go good here . . . . Dick Loadman was the only little fellow who could ever draw a card crowd at the Auditorium . . . . And Dick was a fighting bearcat . . . . Jimmy Slattery is taking life easy. "Slats" was the greatest card Buffalo ever had . . . . Jimmy Duffy of Lockport was second . . . . And Rocky Kansas was also a splendid attraction.

Boxers of promise with good records, who are not washed up, will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo. Those writing should be free from managerial contracts and entanglements.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

MATCHMAKER Charley Murray of Buffalo, N. Y., who recently revived boxing in Rochester, featured Wesley Ramey and Steve Haliako here on March 30. Previously they fought a sensational ten-round bout, with Ramey being the victor.

Joe Jordan, who recently stopped Battling Bozo and Harry Williams, is back in the gym and is preparing for a busy campaign outlined by his brother manager, Mark Lillack.

Bucky Lawless of Auburn, N. Y., who has defeated most of the present welterweights and former champions, is still in harness here.

Mike Rago local welterweight, has given up fighting to become a manager. He has a few promising boys under his watchful eyes. One of his best bets is Sam Letta, a young middleweight who has fourteen straight wins. Mike also conducts a Gym at 8 Woodward St. Out-of-town boxers are always welcome when in town.

Ruby Cohen, former middleweight champion of the U. S. Navy, and matchmaker for the Monroe, S. C. of the Federation, is drawing capacity houses every Monday night with his amateurs.

Joe Lotto, former matchmaker and promoter has taken over the management of Young Joe Deise, the most promising lightweight turned out of Rochester in a long time.

Moe Lifkowitz, the new crowned lightweight champion of the Federation, has become a local favorite with fans. He has forsaken New York for the Flower City.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

BARNEY WILLIAMS, a former fighter and well-known promoter from New York, is now promoting boxing at East Newark. He has one of the best clubs in this state. It has a seating capacity of forty-five hundred and is constructed with an air-cooling system. It is also used as a gymnasium and has several fighters training there daily, including Vince Dundee.

The Anchor A. C. was allotted the first show for the Diamond Belt Tournament. Frankie Burns, one of the best fighters turned out from Jersey City, and who is now boxing commissioner, entered his son, Frankie, Jr., in the 135-lb. class. Lou Lombardi, the best lightweight in New Jersey, had a younger brother entered, and Petey Mack, great little fighter of a few years back, also entered his brother.

Charley Trader Horn scored a three-round "Kayo" over Freddie Silvers of Syracuse at Scranton, Pa.

At Laurel Gardens, Newark, Benny Levine knocked out Hans Mueller in three. Freddie Polo drew with Lou Halper in ten. Allie Tarantino drew with Joe Ardito in four. Allie Todisco kayoed Sammy Miller in two, and Babby Dallas beat Pal Domasae in four.

Spike Polcari trained five boys, all of whom were entered in the Diamond Belt Tourney.

Irish Chuck Connors ran into a bit of hard luck at the Fairmont Club in East Newark when the doctor refused to let him go out in the second round on account of a cut on his nose. Buckey Keyes, his opponent, got the decision.

All you fighters and fans read next month's RING for full details of the Diamond Belt Tournament.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, ace welterweight, continues on his winning streak, his latest victims being Joe Randall and Johnny Hayes. Randall was beaten in a ten-round go in Pittsburgh and Hayes in Philadelphia.

Ted Ivins, of Roebling, and Walter Ratta, of Trenton, are good drawing cards in Phillipsburg. In his two bouts in that city, Ivins has scored two K.O.'s. His victims were Pete Affa of Easton, whom he K. O.'d in five heats and Gene Haley of Phila., who lasted three rounds. Ratta bested Joey Joffa of Easton and Billy Londall, both in six-rounders. Neither one of these boys has ever shown at the Trenton Arena. Come on you Trenton promoters and give us new faces, particular, Ivins and Ratta.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, scored a close win over Jimmy Smith, in a ten-round go. George Levy of Trenton beat Frankie Marcia in a four-rounder.

Charlie O'Donnell who owns and runs the O'Donnell gym, has merged with Tom Rickey. Between them they have about twenty-five boxers. Puggy Snyder, tough welter, heads the list.

The first show staged at the Arena under new management found Young Terry of Trenton and Tommy Rios of Wilmington in the ten-round wind-up. Terry won the decision.

Ralph Fulton won by a technical knock-out over Jesse Goss in the sixth round when the referee Al Goldie stopped the bout.

The best bout of the night was between Young Andy and George Levy, both Trentonians. Andy dropped Levy three times for no count and seemed to be on the road to victory when in the fifth round, Levy shot over a right to Andy's chin and the fight was over.

Billy Kearns, who looks like a comer, won over Frankie Pheiffer in a six-rounder. Kearns scored two knock downs, but the game Pheiffer got up each time.

Fritz Schmelling won a close fight over Carl Zullo in a six-rounder. Both of these boys are of Princeton.

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FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

AL McCOY, of Waterville, known as the "Waterville Ghost Boy" surprised the fight fans at the Boston Madison Square Garden by tipping over Horace Burke in two rounds and beating the Brazilian, Juan Barcellas. "Bill" Brennan and Barney Fox, who are handling McCoy, predict big things for the Maine lad.

Billy Holms of St. John belted a ten-round decision over Manny Davis of Schenectady, N. Y., at Bangor.

Johnny Chaisson of Bangor is back in town after a lapse of seven years. He drew the largest fight crowd that attended a Boxing show during the winter. Charley Miller is doing the matchmaking for Chaisson. Managers desiring to show their boys here should get in touch with Miller at the Windsor Hotel at Bangor, Me. "Bill" Geagan is our press representative.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

THE Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle bout was the first of a series to be presented at the Stadium by the Chicago Stadium Operating company. Shortly after January 13 when Freddy Miller won the featherweight championship from Tommy Paul, the big west side building passed into receivership.

Federal Judge James M. Wilkerson granted the co-receivers, Sidney Strotz and Fred Hummel, permission to rent the Stadium for shows to the new group.

Charles Bidwill, secretary of the Illinois Turf association, treasurer of Hawthorne race track, is president of the Stadium Operating company. Nate Lewis is matchmaker and Joe Foley, vice-president.

Marty Sampson, New York 160-pound boxer, won his third bout in as many appearances here against Rosy (Kid) Baker last week. Sampson stopped Jack Moran at the Stadium last year in his first local bout. Sampson is a stablemate of Johnny Pena. Both are managed by Tony Palazzola, at one time connected with Jack Sharkey, heavyweight titleholder.

Pena, a Spaniard, learned how to box at Mt. Loretta home, Staten Island, N. Y., in 1923 at the age of eleven. After seven years he left the home and joined the Infantry division of the United States army, where he gained considerable experience as a boxer. Before his two-year term expired he bought his way out of the army for $120. Since then, 1931, he has lost only one match.

Walter Cobb, eastern heavyweight, was born in Hutchinson, Kans., twenty-four years ago. His right name is Walker Rich. He is six feet three inches tall and weighs 220 pounds.

Billy Petrolle may be the Fargo Express to the fans, but he is only a model husband to his wife in Duluth, Minn. Although Billy has been boxing nine years and has been married for seven, Mrs. Petrolle never has watched him battle. However, she attends other bouts, accompanied by Billy.

Don Davis, former junior lightweight, manager of Don Messina, was hoping Messina would whip Billy Gladstone so that his lightweight would qualify for a contest against Paul Dazzo. Dazzo once was the property of Davis and Don thinks Messina can beat Dazzo.

Gladstone, now stablemate of Barney Ross, lost a six-round decision to Ross at the Stadium February 18, 1932.

Petey Hayes, New York featherweight, who replaced Nick Scalba, against Kid Irish here, is an Italian. He never has appeared in Chicago previously. Petey made his first professional start in January, 1930. He won twenty straight bouts before losing. Then he won seven and fought two draws.

Raphael Capabianca Giodano of California, whose ring name is Young Corbett, III, is the nineteenth welterweight champion, Corbett plans to defend the title against Jimmy McLarnin and Jackie Fields in the next six months.

Most boxers change their names when starting and Eddie Ran, welterweight champion of Poland, is no exception. His baptismal moniker is Edward Fitzmajester. He meant to change the name to Ryan, but in the first announcement of the moniker the letter Y was left out.

Jack Eile, manager of Harry Dublinsky, west side boxer, has turned wisecracker. When leaving friends he exclaims: "See you when I look at you!"

Freddy Langford, middleweight stablemate of Tuffy Griffith, was born Fred Jones. His brother, Johnny Jones, is fighting out of New York.

Art Laskey, Minneapolis, Minn., heavyweight, may meet Charlie Retzlaff at St. Paul soon. Promoter Johnny Salvatore is dickering for the match.

The new Illinois Athletic commission, which is composed of Joe Triner, chairman, and George Getz and Packey McFarland, indicates that it will not rejoin the National Boxing association. Gen. John V. Clinnin, former commissioner chairman, took Illinois out of the N. B. A. last December 13.

The third annual edition of The Blue Book of Boxing now is on sale at Kid Howard's gymnasium, 116 Madison street, and 802 North Dearborn street. Duke Barry, the publisher of the who's who in boxing, makes his headquarters at both places.

Verification of a scoop we obtained a year ago was received from Prague, Czechoslovakia. It appeared in the newspaper Prager *Presse* and follows: "Max Schmeling and Anni Ondra, Czechoslovakian film actress, will be married here this summer."

From here and there—The Johnny Pena-Jackie Sharkey ten-round bout at the Washington Boulevard arena drew six hundred. Receipts were $750. The Barney Ross-Tommy Grogan match at the Washington arena sold out. Two thousand paid $2,602 . . . . Sammy Wolff, Coliseum promoter, lost $100 on the Otto Von Porat-Tuffy Griffith contest. The attendance was 4,139 and receipts, $7,414 . . . . Texas Guinan, cabaret hostess, is an enthusiastic rooter at bouts.

Hot off the griddle—Dr. Frank A. La Gorio, chief medical examiner at the commission, is a brother-in-law of Joe Triner, boxing commissioner. Triner has two children, Joseph, seven years old, and Marion, nine. Mrs. Robert Klaus is a sister of the new commission chairman. So is Dr. L. S. Tichy's wife . . . . Tommy Maloy, head of the moving picture operator's union, is a good friend of Triner . . . . Judge Peter H. Schwaba was Louis (Chip) London's boss for eleven years previous to London's appointment as commission secretary.

Tony Palazzola's pet mannerism is to bite his lips . . . . Dick Axman, White City press representative, smokes cigars with the bands . . . . The second Johnny Phagan-Harry Schuman contest at the Cicero Stadium attracted a crowd of fifteen hundred. Receipts were $1,050. Twelve hundred paid $1,122.12 to watch the first one at the Cicero arena last January 20.

Sammy Wolff and Joe Jacobs had a falling out because of the following telegram to Schmeling before Max's bout with Mickey Walker at New York last summer: "You cost me lots of dough. I hope Walker knocks you out." Wolff's name was signed to the wire by someone else . . . . Davey Miller, Chicago referee, is on a diet . . . . Billy Cepak's latest rendezvous after his shows at the Cicero Stadium is at Steber's, 62nd and 22nd . . . . Jack Kirsch is the most recent addition to the refereeing staff here . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, is troubled with sinus trouble.

Some of this and a little of that—Izzy Gastanaga, Basque heavyweight, outsmarts practical jokers who pull shirts out of trousers by buttoning a rubber band onto the middle of his trousers and then attaching it to a button on his shirt . . . . The Marty Sampson-Rosy (Kid) Baker eight-round bout at White City attracted 471. Receipts were $444 . . . .

Johnny Pena wears suede (undressed kid), oxfords . . . . When Billy Petrolle signs a contract he prints his name . . . . K. O. Brown, former Cicero fighter, has been appointed an inspector at bouts here.

Do you know that—Tommy Grogan, Omaha junior welterweight, demanded $1,500 to meet Barney Ross at the Coliseum, but accepted twenty-five per cent to face Ross at the Washington Boulevard arena? Frankie Harmon, promoter, wears a diamond studded watch chain valued at $300, a gift from his wife, Ruth. Harmon has been married two years.

The Central A. A. U. will pay $390 for the three-night rental of White City in April when the annual boxing championships of the A. A. U. will be held? This charge includes the employment of ten ushers, and three cashiers, and set up of the ring and 3,300 chairs.

Ace Martin, Detroit light-heavyweight, boxed at Ogden, Utah, en route from California to Detroit and received seven hens, one turkey and ten bushels of potatoes in lieu of his purse? Mike Cantwell, Wheaton, Ill., Chicago representative of Max Baer, knocked out Jess Willard, former heavyweight champion, in a grudge match at Old Bill O'Connell's gymnasium on State Street? Packey McFarland, Joliet, Ill., former lightweight boxer, present Illinois Athletic commissioner, is a great practical joker? Bill Shortall, former chief inspector, state boxing commission, expects to install a hot dog stand on a highway leading into Chicago?

Opening the mail bag we find:

From Edward Lewis:

"Johnny Stanton, lightweight, has just returned from Texas where he had five matches, scoring four knockouts and one decision. We are coming to Chicago soon and would appreciate if you would give Johnny a send-off in your column."

From Billie Loomis, 3553 No. Maryland, Milwaukee, Wis.:

"Is Jean Frantand going to fight at the Chicago Stadium very shortly?"

Ans.—Not that the Stadium knows.

From Mrs. Finch of Chicago:

"Would like to know where my brother-in-law Bert Finch, is fighting."

Ans.—The only Bert Finch we know is the Buffalo fellow who manages Joe Doktor and other boxers. He is too old to fight.

FISTIC CHIPS—Elsie Skyrud, Blair, Wis., nurse, is present at every White City show . . . . The Chicago Stadium is saving $600 a day since it went into receivership, the interest on notes and bonds. The Stadium paid $90,000 in taxes in 1932 . . . . Sidney Strotz won $200 from Frankie Harmon when Varias Milling whipped Paul Dazzo . . . . Kid Irish, Dave Mearns, Benld, Ill., featherweight, challenges any featherweight to battle him . . . . Benny Barrish, Moe Schuman's 126-pound protege, is slinging barbecues at Solly's place, where Eddie, Georgie, Slats and Clara entertain the customers.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

MARTY McHALE, the fighting harp of Cleveland, has been a busy fellow around the sticks. He fought three good fights in the last three weeks. His first was at Youngstown, Ohio, with Frank Bojorski; then he fought Sammy O'Dell at Toledo; and was brought back to beat Johnny Adronie, Detroit Italian welterweight.

Joey Goodman, Tommy McGinty's good welterweight, finally got himself in New York where he was placed on a Garden card.

Tommy Freeman easily defeated Manuel Quintero, the Cuban youngster, at Hot Springs. Tommy is anxious to clash with Jeby or Vince Dundee.

Bobby Cleary, Buffalo light featherweight, is a corking good little club fighter. He will fight out of Cleveland under my management in the future.

Eddie LeRoy, Williamsport, Pa., 130-pounder, is still idle. He finds it hard to get any of the 130-pounders to take him on.

Si Marsh, of Akron, has a good, young colored boxer in Buddy Scrutchings. He stopped Johnny Castilino, coast lightweight of Suey Welch's stable at Barberton, and has been beating all comers around Akron. He is anxious to box any lightweight in the state.

Chub Kinney is promoting at Barberton, Ohio, where K.O. Christner beat Frankie Wine recently.

Walter Taylor, is promoting his second show at the Coliseum.

Jack Pallat won a home for himself at Pittsburgh by stopping Al Novack, Pittsburgh ace in a gruelling ten-rounder at the Arena. The boys were roundly cheered for their slugging fight.

After several days of dickering, the managers of Babe Triscara and Ross Fields could not get together on the weight question and the fight, a real Cleveland "natural," was declared off.

Triscaro, rated fourth best flyweight, has grown into a full-fledged bantamweight. He expects to appear soon in New York rings. Pittsburgh is also after an opponent for Babe.

Hans Birkie beat Eddie Simms, in Walter Taylor's opening show at the Coliseum and Paul Pirrone knocked out Patsy Pollock. Patsy Perroni knocked out Joe Doktor, of Buffalo, in the second round and Jackie Davis knocked out Johnny Rich in the second on the same card.

Steve Nugent, Cleveland featherweight, is training regularly and anxious to box any of the good featherweights.

Phil Zwick has lost two straight fights at Philadelphia. Benny Bass and Lew Massy polished off the lanky Clevelander.

Jack Petit, Cleveland light-heavyweight, pounded out a six-round decision over Jimmy Hayes, of Chicago, at Adrian, Mich.

Sam Otis, James Doyle, Alex Zarin & Co. worked very hard to put the Cleveland Glove 1933 tournament over and did a fine job of it. It was a big success and some great fights were witnessed by capacity crowds at the Cleveland Public Auditorium.

The big star of the tournament was one of Johnny Risko's spar-mates, Midnight Jack Terrill, who went through with knockouts galore up until the final night, when he was ousted out of the tournament for not giving his right name. Both Danny Dunn and Risko insist that Jack is a simon pure and made an awful fuss over Jack's disqualification.

Jimmy Dunn has moved his fighters back to the Argonne A.C. having cut loose from the soldier of fortune, Jerry Sachs.

Jimmy, however is still teaching some business men at Jerry's gym.

Lee Sheppard, Harry Brownie's little colored lightweight, has jumped right into a first stringer. He won three straight fights at Akron, Youngstown and Toledo.

Gorilla Jones and Suey Welch will soon go to California, and try to get Gorilla a chance at Young Corbett. He is also after Jeby for a title shot at the middleweight limit.

Convinced that somewhere in this native land are coming champions, Jerry Sachs has dug up his boxing gloves and his bags and is now seeking material to develop into star boxers. He wants all amateur and professional boxers interested in joining his stable to write to him at his gymnasium in Cleveland, Ohio. Sachs is one manager who teaches, coaches, trains, conditions and ballyhoos his own boxers, and has hopes of building up a crack crop of fighting men in all classes.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ED DICKERSON staged his first show in quite some time when he blossomed out with the Ramey-Jadick mill. The bout was advertised as for the junior welterweight championship, but Battling Shaw of New Orleans threw a bombshell into the promoters' plans as well as the gate receipts when he defeated Jadick a few days before the Grand Rapids bout. The battle was staged in the new Civic Auditorium, which has a large seating capacity, but the boys played to a small house. Ramey didn't have any trouble with the Philadelphia veteran. Ramey took eight out of the ten rounds.

Speaking of Ramey, we must pause here to remark that if Ramey does not win the lightweight championship before 1933 is over, we miss our guess. Ramey has already beaten Battling Shaw, the synthetic junior welter title holder, and Jadick recognized as the leading lightweight contender, and yet he is considered a rank outsider. Ramey's record shows that he has beaten the best and that he has lost only three fights. Steve Halaiko of Auburn, N. Y., was the first to beat Ramey, but Wesley has twice beaten him since. Pat Igoe stopped Ramey in three rounds in 1931, but Wes gave him a sound pasting in a return encounter. Manuel Villa received the decision over Ramey a couple of months ago in Mexico City, but all American critics who saw the fight insist that Ramey was jobbed. Then when you look at his column of wins and see the names of Harry Dublinsky, Cowboy Eddie Anderson, Steve Halaiko, Maxie Strub, Sammy Dorfman, Johnny Jadick, Ralph Lenny, Benny Bass, Battling Gizzy, Ray Miller, Santiago Zorilla, Tommy Grogan, Battling Shaw, Tony Herrera, and Eddie Ran you can't help but think of him as a comer. He is fast as a streak, is a solid right-hand puncher, and what is more he can take it. He proved that in his bout with Eddie Ran, when the Polish Pulverizer caught him flush on the jaw with a looping right. In the East they may think of Ramey as an unknown, but out here in Michigan we think of Ramey as the next lightweight champion.

Eddie Koppy, who has often been spoken of as the hardest punching lightweight in Michigan, was active during the month. Eddie fought a six-round draw with Heinie Schmid in the semi-final to Ramey, and Jadick defeated Nick Ellenwood of Fort Wayne at South Bend, and took a ten-rounder from Eddie Isaacs in Toledo.

Professional boxing is just about at a standstill in Michigan. Detroit promoters are staging good shows every once in a while, but the public for some reason or other doesn't go for them. Grand Rapids usually does fairly well when Wesley Ramey or Martin Levandowski is headlined, but nothing to compare with what they drew in Detroit a few years back. In 1928 and 1929 when Petrolle, McLarnin, Miller, and Grogan were headlining their shows, Detroit promoters made good money, but now promoting is a headache. I am in accord with Eddie Borden when he says that the promising preliminary boys are not given enough publicity. I firmly believe that it is the preliminary boys and the new faces that will bring the game back if anything will.

In Michigan at the present time there are plenty of promising boys who might, if handled properly, get somewhere. Probably the outstanding prospect is Ernie Maurer, an aggressive Detroit bantam. At this writing Ernie has had thirty-six bouts and has yet to meet defeat. His most notable fights were wins over Tony Marino and Frankie Jarr. Frankie Donnelly of Detroit is a good club flyweight. Dario Mareno, the Kalamazoo Mexican, looks good and has lost only one decision, this going to Varias Milling. Johnny Mitchell has a potent right hand and may get somewhere.

Wilbur Chevaliar is a good crowd pleaser and a solid puncher. Roger Bernard in his last two starts has beaten Young Geno and stopped Santiago. Billy Marrone is a young lightweight who hasn't been beaten. Chuck Woods is a Syrian lightweight who looks good. Jackie Sherman, East Side welter has scored three knockouts in eight fights. Johnny Vorce is a colored light-heavy who improves in each start. Jimmy Alverado lost to both Billy Wallace and Tracey Cox, but he is only twenty-one and may get somewhere.

Martin Levandowski has the punch and is apt to end a fight at any time. Marty Simmons of Saginaw is the middleweight champion of Michigan and has defended his title successfully twice. Johnny Miler, the former Olympic star, has had four professional fights, winning the Michigan heavyweight championship in his last start. Alex Borshuck is another young heavyweight who shows promise.

Harold Anderson, Flint light-heavy, has looked good recently. Stanley Krannenberg, now on the coast, is a good 140-pounder. Orrie Mosher is a formidable southpaw from Muskegon. George Riley went to New York some time ago and it is reported that he is doing well. Henry Gowatch has been doing well lately. Harry Robertson, 142-pounder from Port Huron, held Prince Saunders to a draw in his last start and will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

In the Golden Gloves tournament that was held during January and February, there were a lot of good prospects brought out. It is likely that most of the boys will turn professional and that will stimulate professional boxing greatly. What we need is a lot of new faces and boys that are willing battlers. Most of the Golden Glovers are aggressive and hard punchers and we expect to see some of the main ones succeed in the professional game.

Stanley Krannenberg of Grand Rapids lost to Johnny Martinez of Los Angeles in a preliminary to Miller and Arizmendi. Jimmy Alverado lost a close one to Tracey Cox at Indianapolis. Tracey outweighed Alverado and was too strong for the local boy. Ernie Maurer stole the show when he outpunched Henry Hook of Indianapolis in the ten-round semi-final. This was a return match the boys having previously battled to a draw at Fort Wayne.

Lansing went on the air for the first time in four or five months, with Harry Robertson and Prince Saunders on top. Robertson startled the wise ones when he held the boy who had met Eddie Anderson, Benny Bass, Tracey Cox, Roger Bernard, Harry Dublinsky, and Mike Dundee to a draw.

At the Olympia in Detroit, Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh's pride and Eddie Ran, the Warsaw Walloper, met in the main bout of the testimonial show to Harry Tuthill, the Grand Old Man of Michigan boxing. Tuthill has a heart ailment and will never be able to referee again, at least not much. Yarosz won in a walk having Ran on the floor in the seventh stanza.

Johnny Miler made his fourth professional start in the semi-final and took the heavyweight championship of Michigan from Flash Rizer. It was Miler's first ten-rounder. Miler is looking forward to a fight with Martin Levandowski. Johnny Nardoni subbed for Jackie Sherman in a preliminary and put the crusher on Mickey Misko in the third. The boys had fought previously, Misko having an edge.

Marty Simmons defended his state middleweight title again, this time against Jack December. December staged a spirited rally in the last two rounds, but Simmons had piled up too many points in the first eight rounds to win. Frankie Misko won by a technical knockout from Bob Albrecht of Mt. Clemens in the first of a scheduled six-rounder.

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Ernie Maurer was born on September 3, 1913 . . . . Jimmy Alverado has boxed Barney Ross, Prince Saunders, Young Peter Jackson, Billy Wallace, Mickey Cohen, Johnny Lamar, and Tracey Cox . . . . Johnny Mitchell has participated in several brother acts. He met Frankie Wallace twice, Paul Dazzo twice, Carlo Mazzola three times, Jimmy Vaughn, four times, Art Decker four times, Joe Palazolla twice, George Riley, three times, Juan Cruz, three times, and Leon Flores twice . . . . Eddie Ran was born in Riga, Latvia, twenty-four years ago . . . . His real name is Edward Fitzmajester . . . . Jack Beaton handles two of the best young heavies in Michigan, Johnny Miler and Alex Borshuck . . . . Morrie Sherman was in New York about a year, winning about ten fights over good boys, and when he came back to Detroit, he lost to Paulie Walker, Jack December, and Frankie Misko . . . . Patsy Suarez, who managed Tony Cancela and Tony Tassi when he was in Detroit a few years back, is now promoting in Tampa, Florida . . . . We haven't heard much of the Perlick twins lately . . . . Let us hope that they have hung up their gloves . . . . They were always good crowd pleasers but in the last two years they have been defeated or kayoed by most every good lightweight in the business . . . . Russell Bradford who was a good lightweight around Michigan a while back, is out on the Coast now. Other boys who originally hailed from Michigan who are out there now are Leonard Bennett, Don Burchard, Stanley Krannenberg, and Sammy Goldman . . . . Tony Tassi and Joe Palazolla expect to campaign out there when things pick up . . . . Pee Wee Gale has a cauliflower ear . . . . Franklin Young who met such good uns as Willie Davies, Frenchy Bellanger, Steve Rocco, and Happy Atherton says that Johnny Sili gave him his hardest fight. He also says that Marty Gold is the hardest puncher he ever met . . . . Joe Ruggizonni holds a six-round decision over Frankie Battaglia . . . . Battaglia flattened him in the third round of a rematch . . . . Billy Marrone trains at the Christ Church A. C. gym . . . . Most of the fighters train at the Monroe A. C. . . . . A few train at the Arena Gardens . . . . There are several good lightweights in Michigan . . . . The lightweight division has no title holder and although Wes Ramey is unquestionably the best man, Jimmy Alverado, Eddie Koppy, Chuck Woods, Billy Marrone, and Stanley Krannenburg are all leading contenders.

Promoters, Managers, and Boxers send in your news before the fifteenth of the month and it will get into THE RING. THE RING wants your pictures. Address me as follows: Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Snover, Michigan.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACK PETERSEN, the British heavyweight champion, defeated the tough German, Ernst Guhring, easily on points at the Albert Hall. Petersen showed that he is one of the gamest and most fighting-mad champions England has had in years, but, he was as wide open as a barn door and as impetuous as a novice. Try as he could, he could not connect with his right to the German's jaw until the tenth round, when he did and staggered Guhring.

Stoker Reynolds, welter, was given a very hard fight by a very promising youngster, Henri Revaud. Revaud was ill and under these conditions put up a great fight but lost on points over eight rounds.

All the supporting bouts were good with the exception of the fight between Moise Boquillon and Bob Carvill, which ended in a points win for the Frenchman. It was slow and uninteresting.

Ginger Foran, clever little Liverpool flyweight, went a step nearer to Jackie Brown's flyweight title when he outpointed Mickey McGuire (Newcastle) over fifteen rounds at the New Liverpool Stadium.

Foran's clever left-hand work would never let the conqueror of Young Perez and Jackie Brown near enough to do any material damage. Foran, only nineteen years of age, stayed the distance well and even had the tough McGuire going in the last rounds. I hope that this smart youngster will not be pushed along too quickly and be burned up as many other promising young Britishers have in the past.

In winning this contest Foran has established himself in the eyes of boxing fans and his style of beautiful boxing has gained him a big following.

Louis Botes, South African featherweight champion, was successful against the smart Welshman, Phineas John, in their bout at Leeds. When the South African gets really acclimatized he will give our best 126-pounders a run.

Larry Gains, the Empire champion, and Reggie Meen, the ex-champion of Great Britain met, in their much awaited bout at Leicester before about eleven thousand persons, and failed to cover themselves with glory. Meen was disqualified in the fourth round, after being severely punished for holding. Meen's comeback thus fizzled out as did the long-wanted match with its local rivalry. The large attendance was disappointed. Gains was once a sparring partner to the former champion and it was through Meen that he really got a chance in England. Gains is a classy man, but the breaks have been against him since he outpointed Primo Carnera before sixty thousand last year.

Johnny King, the 118-pound Champion of Great Britain, defeated Stan Davies (Rotherham) easily on a Thursday, married on the Saturday, and then journeyed on to Edinburgh to beat the Scotch champion, Jim O'Neill, decisively.

King believes in plenty of work, for on the following Monday, he met Dave Crowley in what was described as a winner take all match, at two pounds over the bantamweight limit and King won on points.

The champion has developed a left hook which shook Crowley several times.

Al Brown, world's bantamweight champion, gave a great exhibition before a packed house at the Ring when he easily beat Johnny Peters, the Battersea blond, over fifteen rounds. Brown gave the impression that he could have punched harder had he wished, but was satisfied just to go along showing the crowd what a real world's champion is like.

Jack Hood had his first fight for eleven months against Huib Huizenaar, the welterweight champion of Holland, and won easily on points over ten rounds. The Dutchman was no match for the clever Hood, who showed that even after this long lay-off, he still retains all his old skill and punch.

Lauri Raiteri, the Anglo-Italian, injured his hand against Seaman Rowles in their important bout at the Crystal Palace in one of the most terrific bouts seen for some time.

Rowles won the decision from Referee Bombardier Wells, but he knew that he had been in a fight, for both his eyes were practically closed and his nose and mouth bleeding.

Tommy Hyams and Jack Garland fought a draw on the same programme over ten rounds. This was Garland's first appearance at the featherweight limit for some time.

Yet another important contest at the Ring, Blackfriars, ended on a foul, when Tommy Hyams (King's Cross) was disqualified against Dick Corbett, the former bantam champion, for a low blow at the start of the fourth round. Corbett claimed a foul in the first few seconds of the initial round but the Referee, C. H. Douglas, a steward of the British Board of Control, disallowed this and the contest was carried on in intense excitement. Hyams was warned in the second round for hitting low and when Corbett went down grovelling in the fourth round, Mr. Douglas walked from the ring and awarded the fight to Corbett.

The Sequel to the Corbett-Hyams fiasco was a return bout two weeks later and Corbett won easily on points over fifteen rounds. The former bantamweight champion's boxing ability was too much for the fighting Hyams and he was continually frustrated from two-handed attacks by Corbett's brilliant left hand.

Jack Casey, the Sunderland middleweight, won his fight by a knockout against Eddie Maguire in a peculiar manner. During the third round, the referee was trying to break the two men from a clinch. When they broke suddenly Maguire dropped his hands and Casey took this opportunity to swing over a heavy right which put the South African down for the full count. As the English rules say that a man must defend himself at all times, it was hard lines on Maguire, especially as he was easily having the better of the fight when the end came.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight challenger, disposed of Leonard Steyaert, a Belgian middleweight, who proved nothing but a spoiler, in the eighth round by a right to the jaw.

Steyaert is a brother of Rene Devos. Devos also has a younger brother, Jules, a lightweight who has fought here and proved himself very useful.

Jack O'Malley, the Australian cruiserweight, confirmed a previous points win over that valiant warrior, Tommy Tucker, who, at the age of thirty-five, has attained more fame than at any other time in his career. The tournament was in aid of Jewish charity at Leeds and this is a show in which Ted Broadribb, right-hand man to Jeff Dickson, always takes an interest.

On the same program Tommy Hyams, a day after his second bout with Corbett, defeated the Belgian featherweight champion, Francois Machtens, after a smashing bout.

The surprise of the night, however, was left to George Daly who is employed in London as office boy to Jeff Dickson. Daly was brought in as a last-minute substitute against Sonny Lee, a really good feather and to the amazement of everyone, outfought Lee in nearly every round.

Archie Sexton, another aspirant to Len Harvey's title, put a touch of class into his finishing of Wal Dinsey, winner of an open competition at a charity affair at Hoxton.

A left feint followed with a sharp right to the jaw at the end of the thirteenth round had Dinsey unconscious for several minutes.

Louis Botes, the South African feather, who when deputizing for Al Brown, scored a surprising victory over Johnny Peters, was held to a draw by Jimmy Taylor, a third-rate performer.

Charlie Smith, the Deptford heavyweight, scored an unconvincing win over Gunner Bennett after twelve uninteresting rounds.

Ginger Foran added further to his laurels when he defeated the Scottish flyweight champion, Jim Campbell, in the eleventh round.

Ted Phillips, the undefeated amateur cruiserweight champion of Canada, has been winning all along the line here although the opposition has not been very stiff.

Kid Socks, a few years ago one of our best flyweights, holding decisions over such good boys as Johnny Brown, Spider Pladner, Francis Morrachini and Elky Clark, was beaten by Young Perez, the former holder of the world's flyweight title.

Len Beynon, the Welsh contender for premier bantamweight honors, went a step farther toward his goal when he beat Willie Vint, the champion of Scotland, in thirteen rounds in their elimination bout. Beynon, like most Welshman, is a very clever boxer and provided he gets the opportunity, he may go far.

Del Fontaine, the Canadian cruiserweight campaigning on these shores, is meeting with a fair measure of success. His great fights with Willie Unwin gained him a large following. His latest win was a knockout victory over Charlie MacDonald, a colored fighter from Sunderland, in the fourth round. Fontaine's bobbing and weaving style makes him a difficult target for the orthodox English boxers.

Douglas Parker, the hardest-hitting lightweight England has had for years, goes from victory to victory by the K.O. route. His left hook contains dynamite. Jim Travis, a useful boy from Oldham, was knocked cold by Parker with this punch, after taking several counts at Newcastle.

One of Parker's recent victims, Dom Volante "The fighting Wop," has decided to retire owing to bad eyes. Volante was one of the best boys England had at his weight. A testimonial is to be given to Dom in his home town of Liverpool and it will certainly be a big success.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG GILDO, 119, beat Y. Dumaguilas, bantam champ, in a non-titular go. Gildo recently returned from Australia.

Jose Villanueva, who placed third at the last Olympiad, turned pro and scored over Rush Amio, Alex Pasamore, Fighting Cabrera and drew with Little Olaes. Pasamore was the toughest boy Jose has met today.

Fighting Abordo, 135, kid brother of Y. Ignacio Fernandez, tucked Fighting Artana, 136, to sleep. Buddy Lynn, red-headed Filipino-American welter, knocked out Dommy Francisco in the second round.

Joe Eagle, 126, drew twice with Joe Velasco, Pampangas featherweight pride. Pablo Dano pasted Louis Gallup for ten rounds before the latter sailed for the good ol' States.

Speedy Dado, Young Tommy, Varias Milling, Max Tarley are dickering with the local management for a series of fights. Luis Logan, former middle and light-heavyweight champion of Europe, is also reported in correspondence with Manila. Alby Roberts, Australian aborigine welterweight king, and Cecil Kid Como are here for bouts. Raul Talan, welterweight champion of Mexico, with his countryman, Venturo Marquez, 126, arrived some time ago.

Leaders in each division here are:

FLYWEIGHT—(Title Vacant), Y. Dumaguilas, Pablo Dano.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Y. Dumaguilas (Champ), Y. Gildo, Pablo Dano, Cunning Nene, Fighting Obsiman, Jose Villanueva.

FEATHERWEIGHT — (Title Vacant), Joe Eagle, Joe Velasco, Clever Sison, Lew Pacion.

LIGHTWEIGHT — Kid Vicente (Champ), Fighting Abordo, Kid Arca, Mark Diaz.

WELTERWEIGHT—Kid Moro (Champ), Kid Arca, Y. Ignacio Fernandez.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Vacant, Y. Max Schmmeling, Y. Uzcudum.

HEAVYWEIGHT—Vacant, Eddie George.

There are no middleweights.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JACK ELLIOTT, Boston promoter, put on two wrestling shows at the National Theatre featuring Nick Lutze and Gus Sonnenberg. But both attempts failed to draw. Probably the failure of Strangler Lewis to appear was the cause of the poor attendance, which proved a big loss to the Boston empresario. Sonnenberg won both matches.

Joaquin Torregrosa, lightweight champion, scored a ten-round decision over Kid Calixto.

Prudencio Arce scored easily over Mario Valdes in a six-round melee. What a puncher is this Arce! He is a little Jack Dempsey in action. Joe Gandon, put the skids under Joaquin Torres in three rounds, scoring twelve knockdowns before the bout was halted.

Lucio Morejon, clever Cuban middleweight, surprised by stowing away Pedro Proenza. Proenza is one of Cuba's good performers. Proenza is a hard puncher.

Arthur Godoy, fistically known as the "Chilean Chin Chiller," scored a one-round knockout over Pantaleon Cuesta alias "Musolini," the Cuban heavyweight. This Godoy boy is a comer, and his manager, Louis Bouey, who also handles Stanislau Loyaza, has high hopes of bringing his protege up to New York for big time action.

Eugenio Ruiz, Spanish lightweight of note, disposed of Tomas Pina in four rounds. Panchon Martinez, pocket edition of Kid Chocolate, outboxed the Spirit of St. Louis in six hard-fought rounds.

Ponce De Leon, Cuba's ex-welterweight champion, just returned from a two-year tour in Europe where he won many bouts. After thirteen years of fighting Ponce looks as good as ever.

Fillo Echevarria, Spanish bantamweight, now in Spain, will soon return to Havana.

Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, now in France, defeated Marcel Thil in an overweight match, is a corking battler and should make a hit in the U. S.

Rememberto Duo, Cuban welterweight champion, will soon leave for South America.

Baby Face Quintana, lightweight, is back here again.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's sturdy bantam, after an accident at Panama, is now ready for action.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

YOUNG STRIBLING was suspended by the French Boxing Federation for what was designated unfair boxing. In the fight against Pierre Charles, he had all the better of the milling when he was disqualified by the referee for what the official called a foul. Everyone in the arena was taken by surprise. There was no foul on the part of Stribling. The official, who is above reproach, simply lost his head. Two days later the Federation suspended Stribling for three months.

I had a talk with our old friend Leon See. He had just returned from Italy, where he went to receive his giant fighter, Primo Carnera. According to the one and only manager of the big boy, after a long conversation he had with him, Leon informed me that it is not at all certain that Carnera will return to New York to meet Jack Sharkey in June—not unless he receives a substantial guarantee, or rather an assurance that his bit for a match against Sharkey will be of a substantial amount.

Al Brown, the world champion bantamweight, has had two losses recently, when at The Ring in London where he beat Peters in a fifteen-round bout, Al was "touched" for his expensive diamond pin. Of course Al should have known better than to have worn his diamond pin in the club which is situated in Blackfriars Road. The other loss that Al had was at Maisons-Laffitte, when his filly Marquisette, in the opening race which had sixteen starters, finished a close last.

Al then went to Italy where the king of the world's bantamweights easily outpointed Dominick Bernasconi, Italian title-holder, in a twelve-round title match.

The judges—English and American—awarded Brown seven rounds, Bernasconi three and called two even. Each weighed 117½ pounds.

Two hundred militiamen were stationed at the hall to prevent disorders, but the crowd of fifteen thousand was orderly.

Bernasconi made his best showing in the fourth, eleventh and twelfth rounds, but in most of the others, Brown, with a big advantage in height and reach, was much the better.

Walter Neusel, the twenty-two-year-old German heavyweight, went a few more steps up the pugilistic ladder when he was given a draw with Don McCorkindale, the South African champion, at the Royal Albert Hall, London. The bout, which was called a draw by Referee Matt Wells, was a verdict that did not please most of those at the ringside, who thought that Neusel was entitled to the nod. The London *Sporting Life* said that it was the most amazing decision rendered in England in many years. That paper and others gave Neusel ten out of twelve rounds. It was one slashing contest. Promoter Jeff Dickson turned hundreds away. He is the only promoter in all of Europe making the boxing game pay. He gives the customers the best talent possible and the boxing enthusiasts rally to his support. He has several excellent matches arranged for the open-air season in Paris, London and Spain.

Deckmyn, the French lightweight champion, scored a convincing victory over Sarfati, the Algerian, in a ten-round bout at Paris-Ring. The champion lived up to his reputation for coolheadedness and clever hitting in every round.

Georges Leperson has been named as official challenger for the European lightweight boxing title now held by Jose Girones, of Spain. The bout must take place before July 7.

Jack Pettifer, the King's Cross giant heavyweight, beat Peter Van Goole, of Holland, over ten rounds at Brighton, but the fight added nothing to Pettifer's reputation. He certainly deserved the verdict, despite a hostile reception by a section of the crowd, but his win was by no means impressive, writes "Straight Left."

Like in all other countries, the sport is on the down grade in Europe owing to the financial situation and the internal troubles in most countries. In Germany, in particular, boxing is practically at a standstill. The few boxers who are in the field do not care to box in their home land because there is no money and the unsettled conditions due to the Nazis uprisings, make it impossible to draw out crowds.

Then again the best promoters are Jews and they are afraid to stage any shows because of the hatred now being shown all Jews in Germany. In fact, the Jewish promoters, like the physicians, lawyers and judges, are banned in many localities. And still more, many of the best fighters in Germany are Jews and they are prevented from earning a livelihood by the action of the Hitlerites.

So there you are, so far as Germany is concerned. Even Max Schmeling couldn't draw in the Fatherland. That's why he prefers to fight in America, where he can pick up the American gold, then spend it in Germany.

In Spain the conditions are a little better, but the internal strife there also has hit boxing hard. England, France and Italy are the Big Three in Boxing and other branches of sport right now.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING

By JAMES J. MANNION

JACK CARROLL has just made use of a long-awaited opportunity to prove his superiority over local welters. He faced Billy (Blue) Jones with the title at stake, and it was about the softest job he ever tackled. Carroll carried Jones most of the time, and won by a knockout in round ten. The victory made him welterweight champion of Australia for the second time. He also holds the middleweight title. Taken all-round, Carroll is about the most brilliant gloveman in the country, although he is not nearly so effective as a few others when it comes to punching . . . . Father Time had something to do with Jones' inability to cope with challenger's speed and skill. He is long past his athletic prime.

After many delays, and yards of ballyhoo, Al Foreman has at last made his bow to local fans in a legitimate contest. His first opponent was Bobby Blay—a near-welter, and a really good lad. Foreman had too many guns, and won hands down in a fifteen-round pugilistic gem . . . . Al's next start was against Cecil Kid Como (U.S.A.). Foreman had a cakewalk. He hung up the K.O. in four heats . . . . There's no doubt about this little Englishman—he's the stuff that champs are made of. He is unlucky in that the crowds nowadays are scarcely noticeable, and the "gates" aren't worth a cuss.

Ambrose Palmer repeated his previous win over American Johnny Freeman. The fight was worth going a long way to see, and certainly was a grand tonic for the glove-starved fancy of Melbourne. It would not be at all surprising to see Palmer at the head of the 145-lb. rankings within the year . . . . Freeman hasn't had a very successful trip to this country. To date, he has been beaten all along the line; and to keep up the series, he has now dropped a decision to Tiger Jack Payne. Not a bad scrap, either.

Queensland fans are having nightmares galore on account of Ron Richards, their middleweight hope. When he came South, Ron had a splendid record, and extraordinary promise. Against Ambrose Palmer, he gave a really good display, though defeated rather comfortably. His supporters had solid grounds for hoping to see a vastly improved Richards in his next match. But when it came, Ron was no better than before. He was lucky to cut even with his opponent, Fred Hennekerry. It now remains to be seen whether or not Richards has reached the limit of his capabilities, maybe he has. Maybe he's only trying to find his sea legs against the higher-class opposition.

Les Ferris, Jim Richardson, and Jackie O'Brien —bantam, middle and welter respectively and all from Melbourne—have invaded Sydney with hellicose intentions. Ferris has a rosy chance of lifting the bantam title from Ern Evans' worthy brow.

It would not be altogether surprising to see Young Llew Edwards again matched with Al Foreman. In his latest start, Edwards performed brilliantly to win on points from Kid Como, in Sydney.

Filipino fans are soon to see Alky Roberts, welter, and Kid Como, in action up yonder. Sam Feldman included them in his baggage when he left for Manila recently. Before leaving, Roberts outpointed Harvey Vaughan (Wales) in twelve rounds; and lost to Royce McGrath, and Rus Critcher.

Harry Lister (N. Z.) and Clem Johns (Queensland) clashed in Sydney not so long ago. The bout was only a ten-round semi-final, but on its result depended the making of one and the breaking of the other, insofar as local "bigtime" was concerned. Naturally, each lad went all out to notch a clear-cut win. And as they were evenly matched, something had to happen. It did. In the eighth round Johns went down and out—to the Grim Reaper.

Bantam champ, Ern Evans, scored over Young Gildo and Jackie McDonald. Gildo also defeated McDonald. He has returned to Manila after quite a lengthy spell down here. Gildo was very popular in Sydney.

West Australian boxing has slipped back into the doldrums. The most noteworthy event of recent weeks was the lifting of the state middleweight championship by Jackie O'Brien (10.8). He easily defeated Danny Ryan (holder) on points, in his last Perth battle. O'Brien is only twenty, and looks good. He may make a name for himself in the Australian ring in the future.

But the West is not alone in its boxing slump. Mitt slinging is all but dead all over the country, for the time being. That's why these notes are short. And it's also why space must be filled with . . . .

SMALL FRY—Darkie Blandon, rising bantam, won per T.K.O. from Jackie McDonald . . . . McDonald seems to have dropped from a bundle of promise to a punch-bag . . . . Roy Barron outpointed Jimmy Day, but was himself stopped by Jack Fitzgerald . . . . Pat McHugh, late manager of Leichhardt (N.S.W.) Stadium, has taken over control of the West Melbourne and Fitzroy (Vic) houses, and hopes to revive boxing down that way . . . . In a swell twelve-rounder, Johnny Condon won on points from Tiger Andrews (both 11.4) . . . . Rus Critcher won over South African Barney Keiswatter, in the latter's Australia debut . . . . Ambrose Palmer is still having a heap of trouble with his perennial eye injury . . . . Jackie Cross easily won over George Lowe in ten sizzling rounds . . . . Royce McGrath, Wagga's welterweight hope, is recovering from the effects of a training mishap . . . . Alan Campbell (N.Z.) defeated veteran Jack Renault some weeks ago . . . . And I've looked all over the place, even under the bed, but I can't scratch up any more items for this column. It's just too bad! . . . . My address is: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

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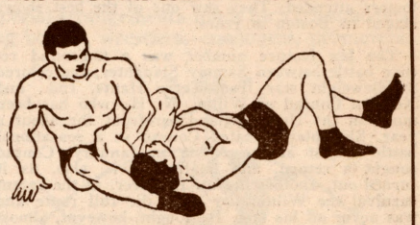

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BOXING did a comeback here in Boston, the night of March 13, all despite the hoodoo numeral, bad weather, bank holidays and tough commercial business. The occasion was a big carnival put on for the Mayor Curley Fund for the Unemployed, staged by Eddie Mack of the Argonne A.A. at the Boston Arena. The boxing part comprised five scheduled ten rounders, and two sixes, and, with one exception, these frays were corkers. About eight thousand cash customers attended. They saw one of the best shows staged in Boston in years.

The big feature number was a ten-round return battle between Sammy Slaughter, the colored middleweight star from Terre Haute, Ind., and Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., who has been much in the New England forefront for about a year. Slaughter defeated Conrad in a sensational battle fought at the Arena in January. Conrad sought a return, and finally got it, also, as it turned out, another defeat. However, in the recent carnival the Wilton boy went the full route and was never off his feet. He fought, however, almost entirely on the defensive and failed to make the impression expected. At that, not only did his peculiar stance have Slaughter bothered but, more than once, Conrad shook him with rights which he shot out from behind his fence.

Another ten brought together Steve Halaiko of Buffalo, and Paris Apice of Providence, R. I., clever boxers and stiff punchers who went the full route at top speed. The Bison came through with the win, but his margin over the Rhode Islander was not large. Apice did the bulk of the forcing and kept the Bison with the poker face on the job throughout the fray. Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, and Eino Nyholm of Maynard, both Bay State middles, furnished another ten-round number, with Bishop winning a fighting fight. Leo Larivee of Waterbury, Conn., made a fine comeback in a hot ten-rounder with Dutch Leonard of Waltham, winning the decision. Both scored knockdowns for counts of nine in the early rounds. Then Larivee got his long left into action, breaking up Leonard's heavy right-hand attacks. Walter Cobb of New York and Kansas, known as the "Bone Crusher" because he once bent in a couple of Carnera's ribs, or, was so credited, did not look so good against Bob Moody, the colored heavy, formerly of Cleveland but now hooked up with the Sharkey-Buckley stable. Moody, after bowling Cobb over several times, retired him in the second heat.

One Chocolate Bon-Bon, a colored boy booked as from Quincy, Mass., who is a dead image of Joe Walcott when that dark wonder was fighting his way to the front, drew Tommy Rawson, Jr., as his opponent in one of the sixes. Rawson has a lot of the cleverness of his father, a famous Boston ringster of years ago, but could not stand up under Bon-Bon's terrific slams to the body. It was stopped in the fourth, Rawson being on the floor at the time. In the other six, Jack Lightfoot, former amateur light-heavy champion of Canada, encountered Joe Uzdavinis of Haverhill, John Buckley's giant ex-amateur star. It was a smash-fest affair, the Canadian looking the better man. The ruling was "a draw." Lightfoot reminded of George Cook when that Australian heavy was in his prime.

Another of the numerous attempts to make a great fighter out of Johnny Dixon, a former Boston College football star, flashed in the pan at the Boston Garden. He was pitted against Jose Santa of Portugal in the top bout of a so-called "New Talent" show. The affair drew less than thirty-five hundred cash customers, which might have been expected, and, in the second minute of the third stanza, Dixon was knocked cold, all of which was no surprise. Dixon, a fine big boy of endearing personal qualities, is too tall and thin amidships to ever be a fighter. Despite the fact, he is repeatedly pushed into some very tough spots by his board of managers.

In the same show, a big hit with Boston fans was made by Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., claimant of the middleweight title for that state. He has lately signed up with Barney Fox, a veteran Boston trainer and handler, and seems headed for places. His opponent at the Garden was Juan Barcellos of Brazil, the tough chap who a few weeks before stopped Johnny Rossi, booked as from Worcester. McCoy showed a lot of boxing skill and punching power and beat his man all the way, receiving the decision.

In other bouts on the long card, Walter Carley of Athol, an ex-amateur light-heavy star, making his "pro" debut under the Dan Carroll colors, defeated Joe Zeeman of Winthrop in four heats, while Joe Uzdavinis, mentioned in a foregoing paragraph, knocked out Big Boy Burgess of Lewiston, Me., in two rounds. It was Uzdavinis' initial affair as a "pro."

Jack Sharkey, world's heavy champion, made his debut as a referee, when he handled the Slaughter-Conrad bout. The champion gave his services to help along the show, and made a very fine impression. He avoided the limelight, kept his hands out of the fight, did not interfere with the contestants nor harry them with commands. What commands he gave, they obeyed. The champion's work as third man made a big hit with the fans.

The Boston Garden, which is making an uphill fight to bring out and develop talent, staged another of its "New Talent" affairs. Ten four-rounders were staged. In the feature, Nap Proulx, Taunton, encountered Al Silva, booked as from Cambridge, a very clever performer, the result being a draw. Silva has a lot of ability—has made very good here thus far—but is merely a boy, and, in the opinion of many, is being pushed a bit too fast. Johnny Renda of Chelsea, a former middleweight star, who as a "pro" has been doing very well, received the award over Joey Silva of Taunton, at the end of a hot mix.

Others to come through in the Garden's show were Al McCoy of Maine in two rounds over Horace Burke of South Boston; Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H., over Joe Venuti of Boston, four rounds; Joey Kemp, Cambridge, over Tony Costa, New Bedford, four rounds; Walter Carley, Athol, over Mel Illsley, Watertown, three rounds; Eddie Demers, Portsmouth, N. H., over Red O'Brien, Lowell, four rounds.

The foregoing paragraphs sum up the "pro" events for an entire month in Boston, only one of which, the Mayor Curley Fund show, went very much "over the top" as regards gate receipts. The merry amateurs, however, had a big fighting session at the Arena when the annual State championships were battled out. Thirty-eight contests were staged. One of the best fights saw Paul Chute of Boston, a formidable chap, win in the heavyweight final from Hildreth Erickson of Gardner, a lighter man, the affair going the full route. The winners of the various State titles, follow: 118 pounds, Jimmy Riley, Lawrence; 112, Vito Gorrasi, Woburn, 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, Ralph Morgan, Roxbury; 147, Frank Sistitto, Worcester; 160, Con Leary, Somerville; 175, Frank Wilson, Somerville; heavy, Paul Chute, Boston.

A recent interview, wherein Alex A. MacLean, veteran Boston sport follower, aired his views as concerns the slump in boxing interest, has attracted wide attention. The corralling of boxing talent in big stables and the elimination of the small clubs and gyms are two of the main causes of the slump in his opinion. These conditions particularly concern Boston, but because of such, all New England has been affected. MacLean would de-centralize the boxing business, also have the present excessive state taxes and license fees lowered, thereby removing some of the conditions which make small clubs in Boston and vicinity impossible.

While the boxing promoters continue to find very little in their sport as material for cheers, the wrestling men have no complaints to offer. Their business continues to boom. At the Garden, Ed Don George, the new heavyweight mat champion, encountered Nick Lutze of California, the event drawing ten thousand spectators. George took the first fall in 23:54 with a tackle, lost the second in 11:05 via backflop, and won the third and match in 8:30 with a flying tackle, followed by a headlock and body press. The windup was unsatisfactory, and a re-match is likely. Just prior to the registering of the final fall, Referee Sam Smith was knocked out of the ring, and, while he was out, Lutze put George to the mat and pinned him there. Smith, being in no position to call the fall, gave no decision, and, a few minutes later, George, having freed himself, wound up the affair. It was the opinion of the cash customers that Lutze was the real victor.

Al Mello of Lowell, former N. E. welter champion, has announced his retirement from the active boxing ring for all time. Back in 1929, Mello, in a fight with Gorilla Jones, staged in the Boston Garden, received injuries to his back from which he never recovered. He laid off until 1931, then lost in six rounds to Lou Brouillard of Worcester, his welter title going along with the decision. After months of extensive medical treatment and rest, a few weeks ago Mello essayed to make a comeback. In his gym workouts, however, his arms and back gave out. Realizing that it was impossible for him to ever again even attempt to make the grade, Al stepped down and out. The sport has lost a game, fine performer—a boy loved and respected by all.

Returning for the moment to wrestling, Mephisto, right name, Frederic Turner, German claimant of the world's light-heavy title, successfully defended that honor against Paddy Mack, ex-University of Pennsy, at the Mechanics Building, a Promoter Charley Gordon offering, March 7. They put up a fine contest, mostly wrestling. Mack won the first fall in 8:52, but lost the second in 18:31, and the third and match in 13:02. The bout attracted six thousand mat followers.

Boston fistic fans are looking forward to the appearance here of Tommy King of Fall River, now a middleweight, who for more than a year has been making a name for himself out on the Pacific Coast. King, under the management of Harold Lawrence, has sent word that he plans to come East and will seek a bout with any of the N. E. middles in a Boston ring.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

JOHNNY KELLER, ex-amateur star who captained Canada's Olympic ring team last summer, is catching the imagination of the fans in Montreal. He seems to be headed for the heights in the lightweight division. After scoring over two tough opponents in his first tests as a pro, Keller was matched with Rene Loubier, heavy hitting Sherbrooke campaigner, in the semi-final to the Harold Stewart—Ossie Bodkin feature of Alex Moore's first Forum card of the year and got a draw against his seasoned opponent. Keller then took on Eddie Dorval, a rugged Quebec fighter, in a six-rounder on the following show two weeks later and handed that unfortunate young man the pasting of a lifetime.

Alex Moore is living up to predictions that he would stage biweekly shows. He presented the Stewart-Bodkin affair and then followed with the DeGrasse-Thomas event. The second show was much the better of the two as there wasn't a dull fight the whole evening and some three thousand fans went home happy.

Each card consisted of seven bouts. Harold Stewart, another promising local lightweight, was not too far below form to outclass Ossie Bodkin, Toronto, in the main eight-rounder. The semi-final six-rounder between Keller and Loubier was a draw, as already noted, and it was adjudged the best fight of the night.

Oliver Duguay, Harry Rappaport's promising New England welterweight, socked too hard for George Harrington, local battler, and was awarded a knockout in the third when Harrington got up just after the "ten." The French-Canadian lad looks like a comer. Leo Poirier was not too far out of condition to battle to a draw with Tommy Rolling in another sixer. Greggie Gregersen, colorful Danish bantam, cut Rene Mercier's eye with a slashing left hook in the first round and was awarded the duke via the T. K. O. in the second heat of what promised to be a rare battle. Henri Robert rallied after a first-round knockdown to beat Tommy Mitchell, Sherbrooke, in the four-round opener.

Pete DeGrasse, Indian flash from New York, who is popular here, flashed a smart performance to score decisively over Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh Negro bantam, in the ten-round main bout of the second Forum venture. The fight was even up to the eighth round when DeGrasse started his winning rally.

Rene Loubier got the nod over Willie Carruthers in a smashing battle that provided keen action throughout the six rounds. Carruthers made it close, but his rousing finishing rally was a little too late. Harold Stewart displayed the best form of his career when he was forced to cut loose with Leo Poirier (alias Wilbur Chevalier, his U. S. A. ring name) in a thrilling six-rounder. Johnny Keller plastered Eddie Dorval and Art Primrose drew with Larry Mercier in hard-fought six-round jousts.

Greggie Gregersen was finally convinced that he is no four-round fighter when he dropped the duke to Johnny Conlin, over whom he had scored in a previous six-rounder. This pair has now broken even in three tigerish battles with a draw and win apiece so that a "rubber battle" is logical.

The fiery-thatched Dorval "Red" Laniel substituted on less than an hour's notice for Jimmy Rogers and took a bit of a pasting from Henri Robert for two rounds in the curtain raiser.

The same thing happened in Winnipeg by the difference of a few rounds. Battling Sig Tracey, Montreal light-heavy, substituted for Laurie Peppin and slugged so steadily that Angelo Puglisi, Duluth, succumbed in the sixth of a charity bout.

STRAY SHOTS—Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight and welterweight champ, is still campaigning in Australia . . . . Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, is due to meet Jackie King, British champ, for Empire title soon . . . . Sam Gibbs, his pilot, is awaiting the transportation . . . . Harry Gerson, local ex-amateur star bantam, came back from farming holiday in Stanstead, Que., hale and hearty.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

CHANUTE, KANS.—Amateur results, John Hemphill beat Pat Gravel. Curley Karns beat Billy Robatzek. Everett Ogle beat Unk Gillian. Earl Rutherford beat Ugg Greeman. Arthur Bradley beat Inky Allen. Dick Roles beat View Seigler. Dave Fraser beat Billy Kmatz. Billy Dryden beat Jockey Adams. Ralph Stubbs stopped Abie Cole in two.

Topeka, Kans.—Jack Charvez knocked out Milt Schooley in the fifth of a ten-round main event. Bus Hall beat Bill Lawson in eight. Irish Del Kennedy beat Fred Ott in six. Johnny Owens beat Frank Kelly in four rounds.

Topeka, Kans.—Orville Harden won from Jack Charvez on a foul in the fourth round. Milt Schooley beat Irish Del Kennedy in eight.

Wichita, Kans.—Tractor Ass'n amateur boxing results:—Dick O'Connor beat Tom Morgan. Francis Sayres beat Pat Gravel. Billy Hemphill beat Dutch Jones. Freddie Raigoza beat Tony Lazerri. Mel Ward beat Johnny Hemphill. Dave Fraser beat Red Shelton. Curley Karns beat Charley Boyce. Mike Zeon beat Bobbie Freeman. Frankie Schaffer beat View Seigler. Pud Carlson beat Everett Ogle. Joey Hernandez beat Red Gravel. Menne Voth knocked out Bruce Mason in one.

Topeka, Kans.—Babe Hunt knocked out Chuck Elberts in the second. Bus Hall knocked out Batt Nelson in two. Bobby Raymond knocked Bob Austin in two.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Winners of three-day Western Kansas Amateur Tournament. (H) Doc Crowley. (L-H) Mack Johnson. (M) John Cunningham. (W) Francis Sayres. (L) Mel Ward. (F) Tiny Moyer. (B) Mickey Walker. (Fly) Lefty Honn.

Topeka, Kans.—Amateur results at Topeka A.C. Johnnie Torrez knocked out Jack Stapleton in two. Joe Monterea knocked out Ray Smith two. Earl Roberts beat Lawrence Chevelier. Ralph Hawkins beat Tuffy Dick. Johnnie Johnson beat Baby Joe Rivers. Rollie Secord beat Gene Lasater. Frank Lingren beat Blackie Bowman.

St. Louis, Mo.—Maxie Rosenbloom beat Al Stillman in fifteen rounds. Joe Huff beat Billy Hogan in eight. Allen Matthews knocked out Speedy Moulten in three. Nick Broglio beat Roy Mitchell in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Bus Breese beat Bus Ward. Chuck Reinhardt beat Chuck Eastley. Herbie Knecht beat Pete Blanchard. Mel Taylor beat Loyal Jones. Clint Castle knocked out Phil Harrison in one. Bobby Ames beat Sam Ferra. Mike O'Rourke beat Jimmy Messick. Bob Haggard knocked out Frank Chastain in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Tiny Burgess knocked out Fred Gordon in one. Chuck Reinhardt knocked out Lee Russell in one. Herbie Knecht knocked out Bill McKenzie in one. Dick Meiers knocked out Charley Bush in two. Carl Banta beat Lloyd Weems. Jack Sykes beat Petey Alcanter. Frank Termini beat Nick Asseff.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Les Showers, the Middle West's most successful Amateur boxing promoter and director, staged a three-day tournament at Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, with great success and will stage his next one at Yuma, Arizona. Billy Newton will promote in Joplin, Mo. under the V.F.W. organization, and is anxious to hear from both professional boxers and wrestlers. Jack Slattery is now promoting amateur fight shows at the Elks Club in Wichita. Dennis Magirl is keeping the game alive at the Topeka A.C. in Topeka, Kans. Ira Kruger of Neodesha is awaiting warm weather to open for outdoor boxing shows.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JOEY GOODMAN, Richmond, Va., welter, scored over Lew Raymond of Baltimore in a torrid ten-rounder at Baltimore. Goodman stepped out in the final three rounds to score an edge. Joe Finazzo and Walter Kirkwood fought a real battle in the six-round semi-final with honors even. Tommy Horn won over Izzy Caplan in six rounds.

Les Kennedy, West Coast heavyweight now making his home at Alexandria, Va., upset the dope and took a well-earned verdict over "Reds" Barry in the redhead's homecoming bout. Ray Bowen had an edge over Buster Brown in the eight-round semi-final encounter. Roy Manley had the better of George Esrick in six heats. The largest crowd of the season was on hand at the Portner Arena.

Bow Tow, Virginia heavy, beat Emil Prante of Philadelphia in eight heats. "Reds" Journee of Norfolk, Va., flattened Loyd Phellps in one minute. Billy Strickler knocked out Young Brousard in the first heat and Eddie Comptom made Pete Powell quit in five rounds. It was the shortest show seen at the Portner Arena this year.

Jimmy Tramberia lost a phony one to Angelo Meolia in the ninth round on a foul in Baltimore. Jimmy had the better of the first seven rounds and then started hitting low punches. After many warnings by Referee Short, the bout was stopped by orders of the Boxing Commissioners at ringside. Arthur Debeve surprised by licking Charlie Gomer in the six-round semi-final.

Benny Schwartz took the pasting of his long career when he tried to spot Pete Sarron many pounds in weight. Benny took his beating manfully for seven rounds and then decided to call it quits when Pete gashed him over the eye.

Jack Gentile beat Buddy Grimes in six heats. Billy Landers knocked out Sammy Ramono in four rounds. Stumpie Jacobs flatted Benny Whitler in four rounds and Carry Wright won over Jack Quigley in four rounds. The show was staged at the Portner Arena, Alexandria, Va.

Young Van and Henry Irving, two Washington preliminary boys, hooked up in the main bout at the Portner Arena and packed the house. Local interest was at a high pitch for this match and the boys fought a grueling bout to a draw. Stumpie Jacobs lost an unpopular one to Roy Manley. Tex Mills and Billy Essinger fought an interesting six-round draw. Bob Lowery lost to Jackie Leveston in six heats and Billy Landers knocked Tommy Horn cold in round number four.

PICKUPS—Bob Lowery looked promising even in his losing effort to Jackie Levenson at Portner's Arena. Joey Goodman looked considerably better in his winning effort over Lew Raymond in Baltimore. Les Kennedy looked like a champion in winning over Reds Barry, even outstepping the Washington boy. Marty Gallagher gets a crack at Bob Tow shortly. The Portner Arena is still packing them in with mediocre boxers. Young Van and Henry Irving, Washington middleweights, can box a return at Portner's and be assured of a sell-out. Ray Bowen, Washington's best boxer, is waiting for a windup hereabouts. In his last start he decisively licked the rough-and-ready Buster Brown.

At present Buck Taylor looks like Baltimore's most promising boxer. Taylor has progressed rapidly since Pat Starkey took him over. Another promising boy in Baltimore is K. O. Burns in the middleweight class. Burns recently trounced Joey Raymond in decisive manner. A match that would pack them in at Baltimore is Jackie Portney *vs.* Joey Goodman. Portney is anxious for the match. What about Joey? Goodman holds a technical K.O. over Portney of a couple years back at Virginia Beach, but Portney claims a broken hand for this one and thinks he will even the score if Goodman takes the match. Arthur Debeve, veteran French lightweight, gets better with age. Arthur recently gave Charlie Gomer a boxing lesson in Baltimore.

The writer of this column has about recovered from an automobile accident of last fall and will shortly resume handling boxers. Any good boys without strings looking for work should address me at the Mohawk Club in Washington, D. C.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

BOXING followers and fans of Oklahoma are looking forward to the passage of a bill creating a state athletic commission, if this bill should become a law, those interested in the boxing game can thank C. W. (Bill) Gray, Oklahoma promoter, for his untiring efforts in having the bill drafted and placed before the house committee, Mr. Gray also wishes to thank Mr. Nat Fleischer of THE RING magazine for furnishing data on the New York Boxing Law from which this bill was drafted.

Fighters in Texas and Kansas wishing engagements in this locality, should get in touch with the writer at the Elks Gym, 225 W. 4 St., Oklahoma City.

Johnny Ford of Oklahoma City continues to rule the light-heavy ranks of the Southwest by virtue of his slashing two-round victory over Pete Cortez of Mexico, Bob Williams, Chickasha heavy, has returned from California, where he scored a three-round K.O. over Vigo Doman. Bob is gunning for a shot at Babe Hunt, Babe suffered the first knockout of his career recently at the hands of Gastanaga in Chicago, Jackie Snyder popular young featherweight of Oklahoma has recovered from an operation on his nose and is training for a series of bouts in California.

Duke Duval, former bantam champion of Oklahoma, is now promoting boxing shows in Lawton, Okla. He has one of the most popular spots in the state and is drawing capacity gates.

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PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

FRANKIE GOOSBY, elongated colored middleweight, is proving quite a card in local rings. He has beaten or put away every one pitted against him here. His recent victims include Johnny Peppe, Paul Schaeffer, Joe Rugizzoni and others. He is managed by none other than Cherokee Tom Cox, noted handler of boxers.

The Smoky City still is holding its own as a fight center. With the withdrawal of the Moose Temple club from the field, Motor Square Garden and the Arena provide district cauliflower addicts with ample, adequate fistic entertainment. Jules Beck, who holds sway as Garden matchmaker, is running exceptionally good programs Monday nights. On Friday nights, heated competition is furnished by the Arena with Paunchy Lew Raymond at the helm.

At the Garden, Teddy Yarosz and Eddie Kid Wolfe clashed for the fourth time. They battled ten fast, furious rounds to a satisfactory draw in one of the best scraps witnessed here in many moons. Tommy Reilly, Philly referee who handled the first Dempsey-Tunney fight, was the third man in the ring. He rendered the drawn verdict following disagreement among the judges. Judge Lou Mieninger cast his ballot for Wolfe; Freddie Lux, for Yarosz.

Mose Butch, leading bantam and featherweight in these parts, came through with a smashing victory over Vidal Gregorio during the month.

For the past month Matchmaker Lew Raymond has been offering cards consisting of three ten-rounders plus a sixer, using fighters of superior quality.

Tommy Paul, former N. B. A. featherweight king, vanquished Jimmy Thomas, local colored battler, in a ten-round windup in Motor Square Garden—Jackie Wilson, clever colored featherweight, trounced Ross Fields and toyed with Johnny Mitchell in recent fights—Chino Alavarez, alleged Cuban kayo artist, took a lacing from Charley Baxter at the Garden—Cowboy Owen Phelps proved a flop in his only local appearance; Frankie Goosby had no trouble taking his measure —Eddie Zivic, of the fighting Zivic family, engaged his initial ten-round route bout and lost a close verdict to the seasoned Battling Gizzy—Carl Montebano, of Braddock, a rangy scrapper, surprised the multitude by stopping the rugged Paul Pirrone in the sixth at Motor Square. Jackie Davis, Cleveland lightie, trounced Jimmy Columbo, conqueror of Battling Gizzy—Tony Herrera wiped out any dubious superiority over Tony Falco by giving the latter a neat pasting at Motor Square Garden in their second match.

Mose Butch and his able manager, Jack London, plan a trip to California . . . Frank Novak and Jack Pallat waged a furious battle here . . . . Ray Foutts, manager of Teddy Yarosz, has consented to a Yarosz-Jackie Fields pairing . . . . Frankie Bojorski, fighting milk man, scored a victory over Joe Marcus recently. Marcus is the accommodating gent who stopped Maxie Strub and gave Tracey Cox a fit in previous showings and the Smoky City promoters were thinking of bringing on Benny Bass for Joe . . . . Other fighters seen in action here of late, the past month, in fact, are Frankie Wallace, George Riley, Pete Gulotta, Tony De Piero, Anson Green, Joe Rugizzoni Red Bruce, auburn-haired middleweight who kayoed Red Bush, of Baltimore, in one round; Tracey Cox, Paulie Walker, Morrie Sherman, Jimmy Mack, General Burr and Harry Weekly.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

BOB GODWIN won the light-heavyweight championship of the South and the N. B. A. when he beat Joe Knight of Cairo.

Whit Webb of Pelham knocked out Kid Baisden of Valdosta on the same card.

At Macon—Honeyboy Snipes beat Sammy Lucas. Billy Perkle, Macon, and J. P. Kid Gillion of Augusta, drew, while Ears Barfield won over Jimmy Wiles of Miami, Fla.

At Savannah—Carl Knowles of Rome, who is making a comeback, won over Eric Larson of Brooklyn. Carl, who is only nineteen years old, is one of the best boys in the South today. He has fought such men as Bob Godwin, Joe Knight, and others as good in the South.

Jimmy Boo Johnson of Rome, who is under the same management as Carl Knowles knocked out Young Sheppard.

Chino Alvarez, who set Savannah on fire with his knockouts, went all the way to Pittsburgh to take a walloping from Charley Baxter of Louisville, Ky.

At Waycross—Joe Knight won easily over Tex Wallace of California.

At West Palm Beach, Fla.—Joe Knight scored over Eric Larson.

Any good fighter wishing to make connections in the South will do well to write to the writer, 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

LEW MASSEY, South Philadelphian, was punching in his rarest form when he scored a technical knockout over Phil Zwick of Cleveland in the windup at the Olympia A. C. His jolting left hand opened a cut over Zwick's left eye and Dr. J. Webb Vaughn, attending physician, ordered the bout stopped at the end of the fourth round. Massey weighed 133 pounds to Zwick's 129.

Johnny Hayes, veteran West Philadelphia fighter, gave Paulie Walker of Trenton, a hard battle but the latter had too much class and was entitled to the eight-round decision. The Trenton welterweight who is credited with a victory over Young Corbett, 3rd, new champion, scaled 148 to Hayes' 145.

After a long and brilliant career, Eddie Law, South Philadelphian, has decided to hang up his gloves. In his farewell appearance he beat Bob Abel, also of South Phillie, this being the first setback for the latter in professional ranks.

When Frankie Fletcher's mother appeared at the Olympia entrance and refused to let her son go on with his scheduled bout with Lew Milano, the management was obliged to scurry around for another opponent and dug up "Baby Face" Palmer, but the sub-boxer was stopped in the third round.

Matt Adgie, matchmaker of the Olympia A. A., has been putting on some high class "popular price" shows, with many of Max Hoff's boys being used, including Benny Bass, who has staged a real comeback.

Unknown Winston, who has a penchant for being knocked down in his Philadelphia appearances, was dropped twice in the first round by Salvatore Ruggirello, 207-pound Italian, at the Arena, but came back strong to win the ten-round decision. The big foreigner outweighed the colored belter by seventeen pounds, but took a bad beating in the closing rounds.

Obie Dia Walker, of Atlanta, found the veteran K. O. Christner of Akron, just to his liking and pounded out a technical knockout in four rounds at the Arena. A cut on the right side of the forehead bled profusely and caused referee Tommy Reilly to stop the bout.

Ed Houghton, of Phillie, ran into a flock of trouble when he collided with Johnny Pilc of New York, at the Arena, and lost a six-round decision. They started punching right after the handshake and never let up until the final bell.

Tiger Henderson of Hartford, Conn., who boxes in the same stable with Unknown Winston, stopped Gene Klopsack of Chicago, in the latter's first professional appearance. Klopsack, a product of the western amateur ranks, was knocked down by Henderson's first punch and got his left eye closed shortly before the opening round ended.

Mike Loughran, (not related to Tommy Loughran) was beaten groggy by Guido Conte of Chicago, in three rounds at the Arena.

Those two veterans, Billy Angelo of Leiperville and Vince Forgione, South Philadelphia, put up a return bout at the Cambriad that turned out to be a "whale." Angelo evened the recent series by gaining the ten-round decision. In the semi-windup, Nick Venore of South Philadelphia put Johnny Dixon of Frankford, to sleep in the first round.

Bobby Reynolds, now in the surety obligations business, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his historic street brawl with Pat Bradley on March 4. This memorable fight started at 8th and South Streets and ended at 6th and Pine Streets, lasting two hours and forty minutes. They were both figures in Philadelphia rings.

An injured hand prevented Vince Forgione from going through with his scheduled bout with Dan Hassett at the Cambria club. Johnny Peppe took Forgione's place.

Billy Jones, clever South Philadelphia light-heavyweight, had planned a trip around the world but decided to postpone it when offered a bout with Tony Shucco in Madison Square Garden and several other American engagements. New Zealand, China, Japan, London, Paris and Germany were included in the itinerary of the colored fighter.

Steve Lomski, of the Newsboys A. C., has proven a sensation in the amateur boxing ranks in Phillie, judging by the manner in which he flattened his opponents in the recent junior A.A.U. tourney.